THE *Psalms of DAVID* IN METRE:

Fitted to the Tunes used IN Parish-Churches.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

AN EXPLICATION OF *Some WORDS*

Of leſs Common Uſe, For the Benefit of the Common People.

Words leſs common,	*Their Signification.*
A *Cquired*	Obtained.
Audacious	Bold, daring.
Benignity	Kindneſs, bounty.
Celebrate	Make renowned
Climes	Countries differing in length of days.
Congratulate	Give one joy.
Defamation	Diſcredit.
Detracting	Leſſening ones credit.
Diffuſive	Spreading wide.
Diſſipate	Diſperſe, ſcatter.
Enhance	Raiſe the value.
Enterr	Bury.
Evade	Eſcape.
Exert	Put forth.
Fluid	Yielding.

An Explication of ſome Words, &c.

Ignominy	Diſgrace.
Impetuous	Haſty, violent.
Infeſt	Annoy, moleſt.
Invoke	Call upon.
Lower Sphere	Meaner Eſtate.
Obnoxious	Faulty, guilty.
Orbs, Spheres	Bodies of round form
Receſſes	Places out of view.
Revere	To reverence.
Rude Maſs	Unſhapen matter.
Splendid	Bright, ſhining.
Stupendious	Aſtoniſhing.
Suppliant	Petitioner.
Theam	Matter of Diſcourſe.
Traduce	To ſlander, defame.
Tranſfer	To remove, carry.
Unceſſant	Never ceaſing.
Undeclining	Not changing.
Unexhauſted	Never drawn dry.

Pſalm

Pſalm I.

[*To the* 100 *Pſalm Tune.*]

1 BLeſt is the Man, whoſe vertuous ſteps
No wicked Counſels lead aſide:
Nor ſtands in Sinners ways; nor ſits
Where God and Goodneſs men deride.

2 But on the Laws Divine his Love
Is plac'd, his Soul's entire delight;
On theſe his mind is fix'd by Day,
On theſe his wakeful thoughts by night.

3 He like a Tree, from Living Streams
Derives his Sap and kindly Juice;
His Leaves are ever freſh and green,
His Branches timely Fruits produce.

No croſs Events ſhall blaſt his hopes,
Nor ſpoil the pleaſures of his mind;
4 Whilſt the ungodly are diſpers'd
Like Chaff, by every Stormy Wind.

5 Tho' Sinners here may paſs for Saints,
And vile Hypocriſie for Grace;
Their Guilt, when judg'd, will find no plea,
Nor they among the Juſt a place.

6 God will reward the Juſt mens work,
As he approves the ways they tread;
But the ſmooth paths of Sinners, down
To Death and to Damnation lead.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 HE's Happy, whom no wicked mens
Lewd Counſels lead aſide:

Nor ſtands in Sinners ways, nor ſits
Where Scorners God deride.
2 But on God's Laws his Love is plac'd,
His Soul's entire delight:
On theſe his Mind is fix'd by Day,
On theſe his Thoughts by Night.

3 He's like a Tree, that from pure ſtreams
Draws Sap and kindly Juice:
His Leaves are ever freſh and green,
His Boughs fair Fruits produce.
4 No Events ſhall blaſt his hopes, nor ſpoil
The pleaſures of his Mind:
Whilſt the Ungodly are like Chaff,
Diſpers'd by every Wind.

5 Tho' Sinners here ſhould paſs for Saints,
Hypocriſie for Grace;
Guilty, when judg'd, they'll find no plea,
Nor with the Juſt a place.
6 God will Juſt Men alone reward,
Who approves the path they tread:
But Sinners ways, tho' ſmooth, to Death
And to Damnation lead.

Pſalm II.

1 WHY do the Heathen Nations rage
And fooliſh things furmiſe?
2 Kings ſet themſelves againſt their God,
Rulers his Chriſt deſpiſe.
3 His gentle Government their yoke,
His Laws they count their chain;
Freedom they'll have without controul,
No Bands ſhall them reſtrain.

4 But God above will ſcorn their rage,
Their vain attempts deride;
5 His pow'r ſhall fright them, and his wrath
Vex their defeated Pride.
6 For all their ſpight, I've ſet my King
Securely on his Throne:
7 And what I had decreed before,
Proclaim'd him now my Son.

8 This is the Birth-day of thy rule,
Thy Sceptre I'll advance
O'er all the Earth, the Gentiles give
For thine Inheritance.
9 Thou with an Iron-Rod ſhalt bruiſe
Their diſobedient Neck;
Like brittle Potſherds, all their pow'rs
Without reſiſtance break.

10 Let the great Rulers of the World
This greater Lord revere;
11 Serve him with chearful willingneſs,
And his diſpleaſure fear.
12 In low Submiſſions to the Son,
Your Happineſs do's lie:
Then you are ſafe, when he's well pleas'd;
When he's provok'd, ye die.

Pſalm III.

1 WHat numbers, Lord, againſt me riſe,
And in my Troubles boaſt?
2 That ſay my hopes in God are vain,
And my Condition loſt?
3 But, Lord, in thee I'll glory ſtill,
And on thy pow'r rely:

Thou ſhalt defend me as a ſhield,
And lift my head on high.

4 To thee in my diſtreſs I cry'd,
And thou from Heav'n didſt hear:
5 Safely I ſlept without concern,
And wak'd without all fear.
6 Tho' Thouſands of my Foes conſpir'd,
My courage ſhould not fail;
Tho' they beſieg'd me, I ſhould be
Secur'd, or elſe prevail.

7 Ariſe and ſave me, O my God;
For thou haſt heretofore
Turn'd back mine Enemies with ſhame,
And broken all their pow'r.
8 Thoſe whom the Lord do's Love and own
He ſtill will bleſs and ſave;
Then let this Author of their good,
Their chearful praiſes have.

Pſalm IV.

1 HEar me, O Lord, the great ſupport
Of mine integrity:
Thou haſt my former troubles eas'd,
Now to my pray'rs draw nigh.
2 Fond men! that would my Glory ſtain,
My Government deſpiſe;
How long will ye purſue vain hopes,
And pleaſe your ſelves with lyes?

3 Know that the Lord ſelects a man
That's Godly, to advance:
And when I ſeek his aid, will ſend
Timely Deliverance.

4 Sin not, but fear; let quiet thoughts
Inſtruct and make you wiſe:
5 Joyn a pure heart with truſt in God,
As the beſt Sacrifice.

6 Tho' many thro' diſtruſt, for good
To others ſuccours fly;
Thou art our Hope; Lord, caſt on us
A favourable Eye.
7 Thy Love more chears my heart, than their's
Whoſe Corn has wiſh'd increaſe;
Or when a happy vintage makes
Their Wine o'erflow the preſs.

8 Down will I lie in Peace, and ſleep
Shall cloſe my wearied Eyes:
No fears diſturb me, whilſt I know
In God my Safety lies.

Pſalm V.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 LOrd hear my words, regard the Moans
And ſighs, that from my ſorrows ſpring:
2 Receive the Pray'rs, redreſs the wrongs
I ſpread before my God and King.

3 Sluggiſh deſires will not procure
The ſpeedy ſuccours I expect:
But timely help will come, when I
Betimes my pray'r to God direct.

4 Sinners in proſp'rous wickedneſs
By God abhorr'd, place their delight;
Excluded from his Favour here,
5 Hereafter baniſh'd from his Sight.

O juſt reward! for God to hate
Thoſe Fools, who will not practiſe good:
6 And thoſe at laſt deſtroy, who deal
In lyes, in treachery and blood.

7 But, Lord, may I the favour have
Within thy Courts again t'appear;
Before thy Preſence I'll fall down,
And worſhip thee with holy fear.

8 Lead me in plain and righteous paths;
9 Leſt thoſe that, like an open Grave,
Wait for my fall, in falſe diſguiſe,
True pleaſure in my ruin have.

10 Deſtruction's their deſerved doom;
Let their own Counſels make 'em fall;
Crimes oft repeated, and beyond
All hopes of Cure, for Vengeance call.

11 Let all that love and truſt in God,
Triumph in his protecting care.
Thy favour, Lord, will ſhield from harm,
And bleſſings for the juſt prepare.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 LOrd hear the ſilent moans and ſighs,
That from my ſorrows ſpring:
2 O clear my innocence, who appeal
To thee my God and King.
3 As thou my voice, when I firſt wake,
Shalt hear, ſo I expect
Thy timely help, when I betimes
My Pray'r to God direct.

4 The wicked works, that ſinners pleaſe,
Cannot be God's delight:

Theſe

These shall be excluded from his Love,
5 And banish'd from his sight.
6 'Tis just for God to hate those fools,
That will not practise good:
And those destroy, who deal in lyes,
In treachery and blood.

7 But, Lord, may I the Favour have
Within thy Courts t' appear;
Before thy Presence I'll fall down,
And worship thee with fear.
8 Lead me in righteous Ways, lest those
That, like an open Grave,
9 Wait for my fall in false disguise,
Joy in my ruin have.

10 Doom'd to destruction, may their own
Devices make them fall:
Crimes multiply'd and beyond hopes
Of cure, for Vengeance call.
11 Let all rejoyce, that love the Lord,
And in his Goodness trust:
12 Whom God will bless, and with his Love
Both crown and shield the just.

Psalm VI.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 LOrd I can suffer thy rebukes,
When thou with kindness dost chastise;
But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear;
O Let not this against me rise.

2 Pity my languishing Estate;
And those perplexities I feel,
3 While crushed by thy heavy hand;
O let thy gentler touches heal.

4 Lord

4 Lord, for thy Goodneſs ſake, return
And ſave my Life; for in the Grave
5 None can remember thee, nor thou
Thankfull acknowledgments canſt have.

6 See how I paſs my weary Days
In ſighs and groans; and when 'tis Night
I drown my Bed and ſelf in tears:
7 My grief conſumes and dims my ſight.

8 Depart ye wicked Foes, your hopes
Are daſh'd; for this my mournful Voice,
Will bring God nearer to mine aid,
When ye come flocking to rejoyce.

9 The Lord hath heard my pray'r; and thoſe
10 Who gap'd upon me as their prey,
Will vex themſelves at their defeat,
And in Confuſion turn away.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 LOrd, I can well endure, when thou
Doſt kindly me chaſtiſe;
But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear;
O let it never riſe.
2 Pity my weak Eſtate, and thoſe
Perplexities I feel,
3 While cruſhed by thy hand, O let
Thy gentler touches heal.

4 In mercy, Lord, return, and ſpare
My Life; for in the Grave
5 None can remember thee; nor thou
Canſt chearfull praiſes have.
6 See how I paſs my weary days
In groans; and when 'tis Night,

I drown my Bed and ſelf in tears;
7 My grief conſumes my ſight.

8 Depart ye wicked Foes; your hopes
Are daſh'd; my mournful voice
Will bring me help from God, when ye
Come flocking to rejoyce.
9 The Lord hath heard my pray'r and thoſe
That gaped for a prey,
10 Vexed at their defeated hopes,
With ſhame ſhall turn away.

Pſalm VII.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 O My good God, in thee I truſt,
Save me from harm, as thou art juſt.
2 With Lion's rage mine Enemy,
Will tear me, whilſt no Saviour's nigh.

3 But, Lord, if e'er my guilty mind
Has ſuch iniquity deſign'd;
4 Or I with ill returns of ſpite,
My peacefull Neighbour did requite:

If I've not ſav'd and ſet him free,
Who's now my cauſeleſs Enemy;
5 Then let him lay, as 'tis but juſt,
My Life and Honour in the Duſt.

6 In Anger, arm'd with pow'r, ariſe
To quell my raging Enemies:
Great Judge! Mens careleſs Juſtice here,
Calls for thy Judgments more ſevere.

7 Oppreſſed People round thee wait,
Till thou aſcend thy Judgment Seat.

8 God

8 God equal Juſtice will diſpence;
Clear then my wronged Innocence.

9 Make Malice and Injuſtice ceaſe,
And ſettle righteous Men in peace.
God ſees our thoughts and never can
Be brib'd to favour unjuſt Man.

Part II.

10 God knows my heart to be ſincere,
And will be my Deliverer.
11 He will defend the righteous cauſe,
'Gainſt wicked men, who break his Laws:

Whoſe Puniſhment tho' he delay,
He's angry with them every day.
12 But when forbearance proves a let
To their return, his Sword he'll whet.

After fair warnings to repent,
God's Bow's for Execution bent.
13 Whence, 'tis decreed, he'll arrows ſhoot,
Deadly to them that perſecute.

14 Forbear then further to deſign
Againſt a Life will ruin thine:
15 Nor be at pains to dig a pit,
When ſure thy ſelf to fall in it.

16 So ſtones with malice upward thrown,
To break my head, may cruſh thine own;
And violent dealing prove, when bent
To others harm, thy puniſhment.

17 Lord, in theſe juſt returns of thine,
Thy faithfulneſs do's brightly ſhine:
And as thy Name on high they raiſe,
Shall be the ſubject of my praiſe.

[Ana-

[*Another Metre.*]

1 O My good God in thee I truſt;
Save me as thou art juſt.
2 My Life, when there's no Saviour near,
A Lion's rage will tear.
3 But, Lord, if e'er my guilty mind,
Such wickedneſs deſign'd;
4 Or I with ill returns of Spite,
My Neighbour did requite;

If I've not ſav'd and ſet him free
Who is now mine Enemy:
5 Then let him lay, as 'tis but juſt,
Mine honour in the Duſt.
6 In Anger, arm'd with pow'r, ariſe
To quell mine Enemies.
Great Judge! mens careleſs Juſtice here,
Calls for thine more ſevere.

7 Oppreſſed People round do wait,
Till this Judge takes his Seat.
8 Impartial Juſtice he'll diſpence;
Clear then mine Innocence.
9 Make malice and injuſtice ceaſe,
Settle juſt men in peace.
God ſees our thoughts, and never can
Favour unrighteous man.

Part II.

10 God knows my heart ſincere to be,
And will deliver me:
11 He will defend my righteous cauſe,
'Gainſt thoſe who break his Laws.
Whoſe puniſhment tho' he delay,
He's angry every Day.

12 And if forborn they're wicked ſtill;
His Sword he whets to kill.

After fair warnings to repent,
His Bow lies ready bent:
13 From whence he'll deadly arrows ſhoot
'Gainſt them that perſecute.
14 Againſt my Life ceaſe to deſign,
'Twill only ruin thine:
15 Nor be at pains to dig a pit,
When ſure to fall in it.

16 So ſtones thrown up to break my head,
May cruſh thine own inſtead:
And violent dealing prove, when bent
T' hurt me, thy puniſhment.
17 Lord, in theſe juſt returns of thine,
Thy Truth do's brightly ſhine:
And as thy Name on high they raiſe,
Promote my Songs of Praiſe.

Pſalm VIII.

1 ALL the Earth's praiſes to thy Name,
Its Greatneſs, Lord, declare:
Heav'ns Luſtre, by thy Glory, is
Out-ſhin'd in brightneſs far.
2 From the weak pow'rs of Babes, thou mak'ſt
Thy Victories ariſe;
They ſtill the Triumphs of thy Foes,
And ſhame thine Enemies.

3 When I to Heav'n, thy glorious work,
Raiſe mine admiring Eye;
And there behold the Moon and Stars
That beautifie the Sky,

4 Lord,

4 Lord, what is Man, that he ſhould have
In thy kind thoughts a place?
Why doſt thou thus advance and bleſs
His miſerable Race?

5 Tho' lower than the Angels made,
He wears a glorious Crown:
6 Thy Works below all ſtoop to him,
And him their Sov'reign own.
7 The Beaſts that in the Paſtures feed,
Or in the Deſarts lie;
8 Fiſhes that move within the Seas,
Or Fowls beneath the Sky:

9 Theſe are his Slaves, but let not Man
Diſown God's Government;
Whoſe pow'r do's rule the World, whoſe
Alone is excellent. (Name

Pſalm IX.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 WIth all my Soul I'll bleſs the Lord,
And all his mighty works proclaim:
2 Gladneſs and Joy ſhall fill my heart,
Whilſt I ſing praiſes to his Name.

3 All my proud Foes did turn their backs,
And ſought their Safety in their flight?
When they ſaw God ſtand on our Side,
They wounded fell, and periſh'd quite.

4 When I oppos'd my ſelf againſt
That daring Foe who God defy'd,
He then maintain'd my Cauſe, and gave
An open Judgment on my ſide.

5 The

5 The Heathens Insolence was check'd,
When their tall Champion fell with shame;
Thou'st put an everlasting blot
Of Infamy upon their Name.

6 Then boast no more proud Enemy,
Our Countries Desolation;
What Cities thou wilt waste, and lay
In ruin'd heaps; these hopes are gone.

7 Th' Eternal God, from Change secure,
Has plac'd his Throne in glorious Light:
8 When he appears to judge the World,
His Sentence will be just and right.

9 From him th' oppressed will find relief,
He'll be their refuge in distress:
10 No good Man's Faith was ever sham'd,
His Pray'r ne'er wanted good Success.

Part II.

11 To God your chearful praises sing,
Who dwells in *Sion*, and proclaim
What wonders he for us has done,
That all may know and fear his Name.

12 He'll find out those that dare t'oppress
The Meek, and slay the Innocent:
Whose cries will quicken the approach
Of their delayed punishment.

13 By malice now reduc'd to Straits
God's mercifull regard I crave;
Who oft has sav'd me when I stepp'd
Upon the Threshold of the Grave.

14 *Sion*'s Assemblies then shall hear
The Songs of my Deliverance;

And

And in the Triumphs of my Joy,
Thy pow'r that sav'd me I'll advance.

15 For all shall see, what in the End
These God-less Sinners true shall find,
By th' Arts for others ruin us'd,
They their own Safety undermin'd.

16 God by the Judgments he inflicts,
Declares his Righteousness to all:
They who lay Trains to hurt the good,
Set Traps t' occasion their own fall.

17 Yea Hell their final ruin waits,
Who God and Justice disregard:
18 When poor mens wronged Patience
Obtains sure rescue and reward.

19 Arise, O Lord, and interpose
To blast the wicked's good Success;
20 And by thy Terrours, make them feel
They are but Men, and so confess.

Psalm X.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 WHY, Lord, dost thou so far withdraw,
And hide thy self in our distress?
2 Now that the wicked with such rage
And insolence the poor oppress?

3 Oh may their ill designs, in which
They boast so much, prove their own fall;
Who count the men of violence
Happy, tho' God abhors them all.

4 Such is his Pride, he'll not enquire
Whether there be a God or no;

But

But carelesly concludes there's none,
Or that he cares not what men do.

5 To do all mischief is his work;
God's Judgments make him not forbear;
All Men he sets at naught, and looks
On all his Foes below his fear.

6 He foolishly presumes, no Change
Shall ever happen in his State,
Nothing disturb his quiet rest,
Nor any trouble be his fate.

7 Nothing's amiss that serves his Ends;
He curses when he means to cheat:
And hides the mischief he designs
By Oaths of falshood and deceit.

8 He lurks in secret Coverts, where
Travellers pass without defence:
Unseen he spies and murders those
Whose only arms are Innocence.

9 Close as a Lion for his prey
He waits, as cruel to devour;
As Birds are drawn into the Net,
He gets the poor into his pow'r.

Part II.

10 Harmless and innocent he seems,
By putting on a humble guise;
The poor man he intends to seize,
To his assaults more open lies.

11 He fansies those whom he designs
For ruin, are by God forgot,
Or shall not be relieved by
His pow'r, because he sees them not.

12 Stretch forth thy mighty Arm, O Lord,
And all these Blasphemies confute;
Thus by thine help the poor will know,
That God do's hear their humble Suit.

13 Why should the wicked thus insult,
And God with so much scorn contemn?
And why, because forborn, conclude
That God will never punish them?

14 Thou all their Villainies dost see,
And wilt their spiteful rage requite:
The poor that has no Friend, commits
Himself to thee, to do him right.

15 Break thou the pow'r of evil Men,
Who strive injustice to maintain;
Search and avenge their wickedness,
Till nought that can do harm remain.

16 Thou art the same Almighty Lord,
Whose Kingdom shall for ever stand;
Whose pow'r has heretofore expell'd
The Heathen Nations from this Land.

17 Thou, Lord, hast oft th' afflicted heard
When they to thee have made complaint;
Thou wilt dispose their hearts to wait
Meekly on thee, and Audience grant.

18 Thou wilt assert the poor mens rights,
And from their proud Oppressors free;
That Tyrants, sprung out of the Earth,
Their Terrour may no longer be.

Psalm XI.

1 I Trust in God, why should I then
By those discourag'd be,

Who

Who bid me, like a frighted Bird,
Unto the Mountains flee.

2 For crafty Foes my ruin wait,
Have ready bent their Bow;
3 If the Foundations be destroyed,
What can the Righteous do?

4 God in his Sanctuary dwells,
Heav'n is his glorious Throne,
From whence he views the Sons of Men,
And judges every one.

5 When he examines righteous Men,
He do's their works approve:
Such as are wicked and unjust,
His Soul can never love.

6 Snares shall befall them, and for these
This mixture is made up,
Fire, brimstone, and tempestuous storms,
The Portion of their cup.

7 God, who himself is righteous, does
In righteousness delight:
And still will favour and protect
The Man that is upright.

Psalm XII.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 IF thou, Lord, dost not rise and help,
Goodness from Earth will fly away;
And faithful Men will hardly find
A place, if thou much longer stay.

2 Dissimulation credit gains,
They're counted wise that act a part:
Who tho' their words are smooth and fair,
Intend no kindness in their heart.

3 God

3 God will baſe Flatterers deſtroy,
And their deceitful Arts will ſhame;
Whoſe pride no vengeance fears from God,
And count Religion but a Name.

4 Pow'r is their Juſtice, whoſe defects
By fraud and falſhood they ſupply;
And plead for their injurious Tongues
An uncontrouled Liberty.

5 But God, who hears the poor man's ſighs,
And groans of ſuch as are oppreſt;
At length will vindicate their cauſe,
And raiſe his pow'r to give them reſt.

6 God's words from all deceit are pure,
His faithfulneſs has oft been try'd;
Refined Silver's not ſo free
From droſs, tho' ſeven times purify'd.

7 Thy promiſes ſhall never fail;
Thou, Lord, ſhalt keep the Juſt from harm;
8 Tho', when the vileſt Men have pow'r,
The wicked every where will ſwarm.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 LOrd, if thou doſt not come and help,
Goodneſs will fly away;
And faithful Men will find no place,
If thou much longer ſtay.
2 Diſſimulation credit gains,
They're wiſe that act a part;
Who tho' their words are ſmooth, intend
No kindneſs in their heart.

God will baſe Flatterers deſtroy,
And their vile Arts will ſhame;

Who

Who fear not God's Revenge, and count
Religion but a Name.
4 Pow'r is their Juſtice, whoſe defects
By falſhood they ſupply;
And plead for their injurious Tongues
Unbounded Liberty.

5 But God that hears the Sighs and Groans
Of ſuch as are oppreſt:
Will vindicate their cauſe, and raiſe
His pow'r to give them reſt.
6 God's words from all deceit are free,
His Truth has oft been try'd:
Silver is not ſo free from droſs,
Tho' Seven times purify'd.

7 Thy promiſe, Lord, ſhall never fail
To keep the juſt from harm:
8 Tho' when the vile have pow'r, bad men
On every ſide will ſwarm.

Pſalm XIII.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 HOW long ſhall I complain, like one
Whom God do's never think upon?
Can I, whilſt thou thy face doſt hide,
Still wait, and pray, and be deny'd?

2 O how ſhall I t' a Calm reduce
My thoughts, whoſe ſorrows have no truce?
How long ſhall my exalted Foe
Triumph, whilſt I'm depreſs'd ſo low?

3 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,
Before my Death conclude my grief;

And

And by thy favour diſſipate
The darkneſs of my gloomy State.

4 Elſe mine inſulting Enemies
Will boaſt aloud their Victories;
And whilſt to Heav'n in vain I call,
Proclaim their Joys to ſee me fall.

5 But, Lord, whate'er my Fears ſuggeſt,
Or Foes deviſe, thou art my reſt:
Thy Mercy ſhall my hopes advance
To Joys, in my deliverance.

6 My well-tun'd heart ſhall alſo raiſe
My Voice to chearful Songs of praiſe:
Whoſe kindneſs, I can do no leſs,
So largely bleſt, than ever bleſs.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 HOW long ſhall I complain, like one
Whom God ne'er thinks upon?
Can I, whilſt thou thy face doſt hide,
Still wait, and be deny'd?

2 How to a Calm my thoughts reduce,
Whoſe Sorrows have no truce?
But hear the Triumphs of my Foe
Rais'd high, whilſt I'm brought low,

3 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief;
Before death ends my grief;
And by thy Favour diſſipate
The Fears of this dark State.

4 Elſe mine inſulting Enemies
Will boaſt their Victories:
And whilſt to Heav'n in vain I call,
Rejoyce to ſee me fall.

5 But when my Fears ſad things ſuggeſt,
By truſt in God I've reſt:
He will my hope to Joys advance,
In my Deliverance.

6 My well-tun'd heart my voice ſhall raiſe
To chearful Songs of Praiſe:
Whoſe kindneſs, I can do no leſs,
So largely bleſt, than bleſs.

Pſalm XIV.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 THE Fools believe there is no God
Who minds th' Affairs of men below;
For tho' they ſpeak it not aloud,
They live as if they thought it ſo.

Their Principles are all corrupt,
Hateful and vile their actions are:
They're onely skilful to do ill,
But from all good eſtranged far.

2 God from his Glorious Throne above,
Look'd down and took a ſtrict Survey,
What Men did ſeek and know the Lord,
And did his juſt Commands obey.

3 He found them all degenerate,
With loathſome wickedneſs o'ergrown;
None truly pious were, and juſt,
Or practis'd goodneſs, no not one.

4 'Tis ſtrange they ſhould without remorſe,
Like Bread thy People thus devour;
Yet neither own thee by their pray'rs,
Nor dread the Vengeance of thy pow'r.

5 For

5 For all their Confidence and Pride,
Terrours ſhall ſeize them unawares,
When God appears to help the Juſt,
And puniſhment for theſe prepares.

6 You now deride their truſt in God:
7 But when from Bondage he ſhall bring
Salvation to his people, then,
You ſhall be ſad, and they ſhall ſing.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 FOols in their hearts have ſaid, no God
Do's mind th' affairs below;
For tho' they ſpeak it not aloud,
They live as if 'twere ſo.
Their Principles are all corrupt,
Their actions hateful are:
They're skilful only to do ill,
From good eſtranged far.

2 God from his Throne above look'd down,
And took a ſtrict Survey,
What men did ſeek and know the Lord,
And his juſt Laws obey.
3 He found them all degenerate,
With loathſome ſins o'ergrown;
What was religious, juſt and good,
None practis'd, no not one.

4 Strange! that they ſhould without remorſe,
Like Bread the poor devour;
Yet neither own thee by their pray'rs,
Nor dread thy mighty pow'r.
5 For all their Confidence, ſtrange fears
Shall ſeize them unawares:

When God do's help the juſt, for theſe
Due Vengeance he prepares.

6 You now deride their truſt in God,
But when his pow'r ſhall bring
Salvation to his people, then
You'll ſigh, and they ſhall ſing.

Pſalm XV.

1 LOrd, let me know that happy man
Whom thou ſo well doſt love:
That he may praiſe thee here below,
And dwell with thee above.

2 'Tis he, whoſe Life is free from blame,
Whoſe Works are right and juſt;
Whoſe heart and words are true, and whom
One may ſecurely truſt.

3 His Neighbour's Name he never wounds
By a detracting Tongue:
Nor in his Infamy delights;
Much leſs would do him wrong.

4 Vile men and their lewd practices,
His vertuous Soul do's loath;
But ſhews to ſuch as fear the Lord,
Kindneſs and Honour both.

Who do's not break his Oath, when he
To his own damage ſwears;
But his ſtrict Vertue far before
His Intereſt preferrs.

5 Who hates Exaction, and rejects
Bribes to betray the Juſt:
This man ſhall ne'er be mov'd, but may
In God ſecurely truſt.

Pſalm XVI.

1 PReſerve me, Lord, in this Diſtreſs,
Who truſt in thee alone:
2 My Soul, which owns thee for my God,
Knows thus I've always done.
Not that my Goodneſs can deſerve,
Much leſs thy Love requite:
3 Thy Saints ſhall feel its good effects,
Who are my Soul's delight.

Theſe, who in Vertue do excell,
In all my goods ſhall ſhare:
4 Let others multiply their woes,
Who fond of Idols are.
By bloody offrings to falſe Gods
My hands I'll not defile;
I hate to mention, more to ſwear
By Names that are ſo vile.

5 God is my Portion, all my good
From his rich Mercy flows;
And his good providence ſecures
The Bleſſings he beſtows.
6 I envy not the great man's State,
Nor pine to ſee his Store;
With what I have I'm pleaſed much,
With what I hope for, more.

7 I'll bleſs the Lord, ev'n when he makes
Troubles mine Exerciſe;
Thoſe ſad and ſolitary thoughts
Inſtruct and make me wiſe.
8 When God is preſent to my Mind,
My fears are over-blown;

When he ſtands by me with his Aid,
No pow'r ſhall caſt me down.

9 Therefore my heart and tongue rejoyce,
In him my Fleſh ſhall truſt:
10 Thou wilt not leave my Soul in Hell,
Nor Body in the Duſt.
11 The Path of Life they both ſhall find,
And in thy Preſence taſt
Pleaſures to full Perfection grown,
And Joys that ever laſt.

Pſalm XVII.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 FAlſely accus'd, to thee I fly,
Hear, O thou righteous Judge, my cry;
And let my Pray'r thy Audience gain,
That goes not out of Lips that feign.

2 In favour of me Sentence paſs,
Who know'ſt the right of every caſe.
3 Thou ſearcheſt every thought of mine,
And, when retir'd, what I deſign.

Like Gold, when in the furnace try'd,
In me thou'ſt no baſe Mixture ſpy'd;
And my firm purpoſe ſtill ſhall be,
To make my words and thoughts agree.

4 I've not, when tempted, ſteer'd my courſe
By common practice of the worſe;
Thy word reſtrains me from defence
Procur'd by Acts of Violence.

5 Let nothing make me to decline
Thoſe ſafe and bleſſed paths of thine.

6 Truſting my God will not deny
To right my cauſe, to him I cry.

7 Thy kindneſs will the more appear,
Preſerving me when danger's near:
Whoſe pow'r is wont to interpoſe,
To ſave the Righteous from their foes.

Part II.

8 Preſerve me with that tender care
To th' apple of our Eye we bear:
Afford ſuch ſafety to the good,
As the Hen's wings do to her brood.

9 Now, Lord, ſecure me in diſtreſs,
From wicked men who me oppreſs;
From foes for cruelty renown'd,
Who to deſtroy beſet me round.

10 Full ſtufft with Wealth, and ſwoln with pride
Their Mouths in boaſting open wide:
11 And now we're brought into a Streight,
With poring Looks our ruin wait.

12 No Lion's greedier for his prey,
Nor young ones cloſer lurk than they.
13 Ariſe, O Lord, defeat and caſt
Them down, who to my ruine haſt.

The wicked's ſword may wound me ſore,
But ſave me from its killing pow'r.
14 From men prepar'd with ſtrength and skill
If God give leave, to do all ill.

Whoſe minds the World do's ſo bewitch,
Their only care is to be rich,
And leave to their Poſterity
Th' unſpent remainder, when they die.

15 To me tho' poor, but innocent,
Thy preſent favour gives content;
Who ſhall all ſatisfaction gain,
When I awake with thee to reign.

Pſalm XVIII.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 I All my Love on thee beſtow,
To whom my Safety, Lord, I owe.
2 To God, as to a Rock or Fort,
I for Security reſort:

He ſaves me from mine Enemies;
On God, my Strength, my hope relies:
No Buckler can defend ſo well,
Nor horn aſſailing force repell.

A Tow'r ſo high, no violence
Can reach me there, or force me thence.
3 His praiſe I'll ſing, his aid implore,
So ſhall my Foes triumph no more.

4 When deadly toils and nets prepar'd,
5 Had juſt ſurpriz'd me and inſnar'd;
When a mad root ſwell'd like a Flood,
And ſeem'd too great to be withſtood;

6 My Cries in this diſtreſs did move
God's pity, being heard above:
7 Who by a dreadfull ſtorm that roſe,
Declar'd his wrath againſt my foes.

This made the very Earth to quake,
And th' hills from their foundations ſhake:
8 Nothing was ſeen but ſmoak and flame,
Whence burning coals among them came.

9 The

9 The Heav'ns did bow when he came down;
Under his feet thick clouds were thrown.
10 A Cherubin his Chariot was;
Winds joyn'd their wings more ſwift to paſs.

11 Darkneſs his ſecret Glories ſhrowds,
With watry vapours and thick clouds:
12 Th' incloſed ſplendors break thro' all,
Then Coals of fire and hailſtones fall.

Part II.

13 God's thundring voice was heard aloud,
Hailſtones and flames broke from the cloud:
14 His Lightnings in their faces flaſh'd.
Theſe Darts diſpers'd them all abaſh'd.

15 Ev'n th' Earth was torn and cleft ſo deep,
One to th' Abyſs below might peep.
All this was at that wrathfull blaſt,
Which, breathing flames, his Noſtrils caſt.

16 When dangers compaſs'd me about
Like drowning waves, he drew me out.
17 He oft my kind Deliverer was
From foes, whoſe ſtrength did mine ſurpaſs.

18 Surpriz'd and weak, I'ad been their prey,
Had not the Lord, my prop and ſtay,
19 When brought to ſtraits, my Liberty
Reſtor'd, becauſe he loved me.

20 He did my righteous cauſe regard,
And mine Integrity reward;
21 For his preſcribed way I took,
Nor wickedly my God forſook.

22 His precepts were my Rule and Guide,
Nor, as I pleas'd, were laid aſide:

23 For ſufferings I rather choſe,
Than mine Integrity to loſe.

I felt th' injuſtice of their hate,
Whoſe wrongs I would not imitate:
Their ſins when I could not prevent,
I kept my ſelf ſtill innocent.

24 Tho' charg'd with fouleſt crimes I've been,
I'll bear't, ſince God accounts me clean:
It's he my righteous Cauſe regards,
And mine Integrity rewards.

Part III.

25 God's Mercy they ſhall ever find,
Who have been merciſull and kind.
26 He'll to the upright and the pure
Juſtice and Faithfulneſs ſecure.

Him that to crooked ways inclines
He'll croſs and ruin his deſigns.
27 God with deliverance will crown
Th' afflicted, and the proud bring down.

28 He makes my dimmer Lamp burn bright;
Turns my dark ſtate to joy and light.
29 A Troop of foes before me falls;
By him I ſcale their higheſt walls.

30 God's dealings equal are and juſt;
His word ſo try'd, none need diſtruſt:
He as a ſhield will thoſe defend,
Who with firm faith on him depend.

31 What God, among the Heav'nly Pow'rs,
Or Rock for ſafety, is like ours?
32 Courage he gives, when danger's nigh,
And clears my way to Victory.

33 By him my foes, with ſwifteſt pace,
O'er high and cragged hills, I chaſe.
34 He skill in Arms on me beſtows,
And ſtrength to break the ſtrongeſt bows.

35 When numbers would have made me yield,
He interpos'd his ſaving ſhield:
His hand upheld me, and I grew
Great and victorious with a few.

36 He enlarg'd my ſteps on every ſide,
And ſuffer'd not my feet to ſlide.
37 My foes, put to a ſhamefull flight,
I chas'd, till I deſtroy'd them quite.

38 The wounded their hard fate deplore,
And could renew the fight no more:
The proud that bore their head ſo high,
Now at my feet all proſtrate lie.

Part IV.

39 Thee, Lord, I own and ever bleſs,
Both for my Courage and Succeſs:
40 That thoſe who hate me, to my will
Submit their necks, to ſave or kill.

41 They cry'd for aid, but none was near;
Men could not help, God would not hear.
42 Like duſt, that here and there is blown,
They fled, like dirt I trod them down.

43 By thee my peoples ſtrifes all ceaſe,
In me they all unite in peace:
Ev'n Heathens own me for their King,
And unknown Nations tribute bring.

44 The mention of my conqu'ring Name
Such terrour ſtrikes, as makes 'em tame:

They feign old grudges to forget,
Offer their ſervice and ſubmit.

45 Like withered leaves the Aliens fade,
Their courage daunted and diſmay'd,
Forth from their holds and holes they creep,
To yield up what they dare not keep.

46 Prais'd be the Living Lord, from whom
My Succours and Salvation come.
47 With vengeance he my foes purſues.
And Nations to my Rule ſubdues.

48 He ſav'd me from mine Enemies,
And made me to a Throne ariſe;
Was my deliverer and Defence,
From the known man of violence.

49 Heathens ſhall hear me loudly ſing,
50 How ſtrangely God has ſav'd his King:
And the ſame Mercies he has known,
Shall to his ſeed be ever ſhown.

Pſalm XIX.

1 THE Heav'ns, whoſe beauteous frame we (ſee,
God's Skill and pow'r proclaim:
2 The Laws by which each day ſucceeds
The Night, declare the ſame.
3 Theſe, tho' they have no voice like ours,
Nor words to them belong:
4 Yet they expreſs to all the World
Thy praiſe, without a Tongue.

5 The Sun has there a glorious Tent:
No Bridegroom ſhews his face
So chearfull, and no Champion runs
With ſo much ſtrength his Race.

6 Forth

6 Forth from the Eaſtern Coaſt he bends
His courſe unto the Weſt:
All th' Earth rejoyces in his Light,
And by his heat is bleſt.

7 God's Law's a perfect rule of Life,
Our Errors this deſcries;
Sinners to goodneſs this converts,
And makes the ſimple wiſe.
8 To Reaſon and our better pow'rs
His juſt Commands accord:
Their Joys are pure, and to the Soul
Both Food and Light afford.

Part II.

9 Thy fear, O Lord, can cleanſe our Souls,
And keep them pure and bright:
Thy Judgments are exactly true,
And altogether right.
10 More to be priz'd than Treaſures, which
With fineſt Gold are fill'd:
Sweeter than Honey, and the drops
From Honey-combs diſtill'd.

11 Theſe are my Monitors, to whom
My proſperous State I own;
And in obſerving theſe ſhall gain
Rewards that are unknown.
12 But all the failings of his Life
What Man can call to mind?
Lord, let thoſe faults thy pity move,
And eaſie pardon find.

13 Tho' frail I am, let no bold crimes
Enſlave my Soul to ſin:
So ſhall I blameleſs Innocence
Maintain, and peace within.

14 My Pray'rs and Praiſes then ſhall be
A pleaſing Sacrifice
To thee, my God, in whom my ſtrength;
And my Salvation lies.

Pſalm XX.

[*As the* 113 *Pſalm.*]

1 THE Lord to thy requeſts give ear,
When Danger or Diſtreſs is near,
His mighty pow'r be thy defence.
2 And ſince his Sanctuary's plac'd
In *Sion* with his preſence grac'd,
Support and ſend thee help from thence.

3 Pleas'd with th' Oblations thou doſt give,
4 May'ſt thou thy hearts deſires receive.
Thy great deſigns all proſper ſtill.
5 We'll Trophies to God's Honour raiſe,
Thy Triumphs ſpread in Songs of Praiſe,
When he ſhall thy requeſts fulfill.

6 Thou, Lord, wilt ſave thy King, we're ſure,
Thine aids his Conqueſts will ſecure,
When thy right hand ſhall interpoſe:
7 Whilſt others boaſt their chariots force,
The Strength or Numbers of their Horſe,
We ſet thy Name againſt our Foes.

8 See how they're from their chariots thrown,
They and their Horſes tumble down,
And on their fall our Conqueſts riſe.
9 Lord ever ſave the King we pray,
And no leſs in diſtreſſes may
God hear his pray'r, than he our cries.

Pſalm XXI.

1 O Lord, how joyfull is the King,
With thy Salvation bleſt!
2 Thou'ſt given him his hearts deſire,
And granted his Requeſt.
3 Prevented by thy wondrous Love,
A ſplendid Crown he wears:
4 The Life he asked was prolong'd
T' innumerable Years.

5 By thee preſerv'd his Glory's great,
With Majeſty array'd.
6 By thee he's ever highly bleſt,
And in thy favour glad.
7 The King do's on the Lord rely,
Whoſe grace will make him ſtand:
8 But thoſe that are thy foes, ſhall know
The Terror of thy hand.

9 Thy flaming wrath ſhall them devour,
10 And all their Seed root out:
Repay the Miſchief they deſign'd,
But could not bring about.
12 Theſe ſhall be made the mark, at which
Thy killing Arrows aim:
13 Thus, Lord, exalt thy pow'r, and we
Will ſing and praiſe thy Name.

Pſalm XXII.

1 MY God, my God, why thus withdrawn
From me oppreſs'd with grief;
Why after loudeſt Cries to thee,
So far from my relief?

2 Tho'

2 Tho' I'm not heard, each day and night
My Cries to thee can tell:
3 Yet God is holy, and remains
The praiſe of *Iſrael*.

4 Our Fathers found thy ready help,
When they on thee rely'd:
5 Their hopes in thee were never ſham'd,
Nor fervent Pray'rs deny'd.
6 But like a deſpicable Worm,
Not like a Man, I'm us'd;
7 Trod under-foot, and thus in Scorn
By vileſt Men abus'd.

8 " To own and ſave him, he believ'd
" That God would now appear:
" Let him deliver him, and ſhow
" That he to God is dear.
9 But from my Mother's womb, by thee
At firſt I was releas'd;
I was thy Charge, when yet I hung
Upon my Mother's Breaſt.

10 From my Infant Age, I have been
Entirely on thy care;
And of thy loving kindneſs had,
Lord, an unuſual ſhare.
11 And now when other Succours fail,
In this diſtreſs appear:
O do not thou withdraw thyſelf,
When trouble is ſo near.

12 Thoſe that beſet me, are like Bulls,
Armed with rage and pow'r:
13 No hungry Lion is more fierce,
Or readier to devour.

Part II.

14 I'm weak as water, and my bones
From one another ſtart:
As wax before the fire diſſolves,
So fails my fainting heart.
15 My Moiſture's ſo dry'd up, to move
My tongue ſcarce ſtrength I have
To tell my griefs; I ſeem like one
Juſt fitted for a Grave.

16 Mine Enemies, like greedy Dogs,
Round to incloſe me meet;
And with inhumane Cruelty
Have pierc'd my Hands and Feet.
17 My fleſh with grief conſum'd, my bones
May all be told with eaſe:
This moves no pity; but their Eyes
With this ſad ſight they pleaſe.

18 My Garments they divide, and Lots
Upon my veſture caſt:
19 Lord, let thy pow'r now interpoſe,
And to my Succour haſt.
20 Save from their Sword my Life, from what
Their Malice elſe employs;
21 Which like the Teeth, and Paws and Horns
Of ſavage beaſts deſtroys.

22 To all my brethren I'll declare
The greatneſs of thy Name;
And in th' Aſſemblies of thy Saints,
Thy Goodneſs thus proclaim.
23 "All ye that are of *Jacob*'s Seed,
"And Servants of the Lord;
"Let him be glorify'd and prais'd,
"And with due fear ador'd.

24 "He

24 " He did not with disdain behold
" Th' afflicted's Miseries;
" Nor in displeasure hid his Face,
" But always heard their Cries.

Part III.

25 The Praises due to thee, O Lord,
Shall in thy Church be paid;
Before thy Saints those Vows perform'd,
That in distress I made.

26 The longings of the poor and meek
Thy Goodness shall supply:
Thou shalt revive their fainting hopes
Who on thy strength rely.

27 The Gentiles by his kindness won,
Shall turn unto the Lord;
By all the Kindreds of the Earth
His Name shall be ador'd.

28 The Lord is King; and under him
Princes their Scepters sway;
All Nations to his rule submit,
And Homage to him pay.

29 The rich with plenty fill'd, the poor
That wallow in the Dust;
Both shall adore, and thee alone
Their great Preserver trust.

30 A chosen Seed shall to their Race
His Righteousness declare:

31 All own this Work of God's, and tell
How great his Mercies are.

Psalm XXIII.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 GOD is my Shepherd, who will see
That all my wants he still supply'd;

I ſhall not be expos'd to wrong,
Nor left to ſtray without a guide.

2 The Paſtures are both freſh and green,
Where I have Eaſe and ſweet Repaſt:
The Streams are cool and quiet, where
I quench my thirſt, and pleaſe my taſt.

3 His Comforts, which revive my Soul,
Life's tedious Journey pleaſant make:
And in the peaceſull ways of Grace
He leads me, for his Goodneſs ſake.

4 Tho' I ſhould walk where black deſpair,
And ſorrow caſt a diſmal ſhade;
Thy power and thy tender care
Would chaſe my fears, and make me glad.

5 Thou ſpread'ſt my Table, where my foes
Behold thy Bounty, and repine
To ſee rich Oils anoint my Head,
To ſee my Cup o'erflow with Wine.

6 Surely the Goodneſs of the Lord
Shall ſtill ſurround me all my Days:
I will frequent thy Houſe, and there
Diſplay thy Love, and ſing thy praiſe.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 THE Lord my watchfull Shepherd is,
I to his Flock belong:
I ſhall not ſtray without a Guide,
Nor be expos'd to wrong.

2 The Paſtures they are freſh and green,
Where I have food and eaſe;
He leads me to the quiet ſtream,
Where I my thirſt appeaſe.

3 His

3 His Comforts which refreſh my Soul,
Life's Journey pleaſant make;
He guides me in his righteous Paths,
For his own Goodneſs ſake.
4 Tho' I ſhould walk where black deſpair
Reflects a diſmal Shade,
Thy Rod and Staff would chaſe away
My fears, and make me glad.

5 In preſence of my foes, thou ſpread'ſt
My Table, who repine
To ſee rich Oils anoint my head,
My Cup o'erflow with Wine.
6 Surely the goodneſs of the Lord
Shall crown my future days;
I will frequent his Houſe, to ſhew
His Love, and ſing his Praiſe.

Pſalm XXIV.

1 THE Earth's the Lord's, to him belong
All creatures it contains:
His gracious care to all the world
Extends o'er which he reigns.
2 He did upon the floating Seas
The Earth's great Fabrick lay:
And on th' unſtable Floods, he made
Her fixt Foundation ſtay.

3 Into that Hill where God reſides
Who ſhall admitted be?
Lord, who within thy holy place
May ſtand and worſhip thee?
4 He whoſe unſpotted hands no crimes,
Whoſe heart no ſtains defile; (ſwears
Whoſe Tongue blaſphemes not God, nor
His Neighbour to beguile. 5 This

5 This is the Worshipper alone,
Whom God delights to bless;
On whom he'll faithfully bestow
His promis'd happiness.
6 These, as God's People, may with hopes
Of favour, seek his face;
And as true Proselytes be joyn'd
To *Jacob's* faithfull Race.

7 Ye Gates and everlasting Doors
Be open and make room:
Lift up your heads, and you shall see
The King of Glory come.
8 If you demand what King is this,
That's with such Glory crown'd?
It is the mighty Lord, in Fight
For Victories renown'd.

9 Ye Gates and everlasting Doors
Be open and make room.
Lift up your heads, and you shall see
The King of Glory come.
10 If you demand what King is this,
Whose Glories so excell?
God, who commands the Heav'nly Hosts,
Comes now with us to dwell

Psalm XXV.

1 TO God I make my pray'r,
In him my trust repose;
2 O let me not become a Scorn,
Or triumph to my Foes.

3 Let no events cast down
Their Souls, who wait on thee.

Let

Let Disappointments shame their hopes
That deal perfidiously.

4 Lord, set thy ways before
Mine Eyes in clearer Light;
And teach me always to perform
What's pleasing in thy Sight.

5 From the strait paths of Truth,
Ne'er let me go astray:
On thee, my Saviour, I wait
To teach and guide my way.

6 Lord, call to mind that Love
Thou didst of old express;
How thou hast graciously reliev'd
Thy Servants in distress.

7 Into my youthfull sins
No strict enquiry make:
Those early faults, O Lord, forgive
For thine own Goodness sake.

Part II.

8 God who is good and just,
Will erring Souls instruct;
Their wandring steps, to the safe paths
Of Vertue will conduct.

9 The humble Souls he'll guide,
And teach the Meek his way:
10 Kindness and truth express to such
As his just Laws obey.

11 Encourag'd by thy Grace,
For Mercy I entreat:
Pardon my sins, O Lord, that are
Both numerous and great.

12 Who

12 Who is that happy man
That fears the Lord above?
He'll ever lead him in the ways
That he himself do's love.

13 Possess'd with quiet thoughts
His Seed shall dwell at ease;
His Soul shall after him enjoy
Prosperity and Peace.

14 By those that fear the Lord
His Secrets understood:
How he, by a sure Covenant, stands
Engag'd to do them good.

Part III.

15 In all my troubles, Lord,
Mine Eyes are towards thee;
I hope thy Goodness at the last
From all will set me free.

16 Lord turn a gracious Eye
To me, and Mercy show;
Great are th' afflictions I endure,
And find no help below.

17 My troubles are enlarg'd,
Lord, send me quick relief;
18 Grant me forgiveness of my Sins,
And then remove my grief.

19 Consider how my foes
In number still encrease;
How they with causeless hatred seek
The ruin of my Peace.

20 Preserve and keep my Soul
From shame as well as guilt:

O never disappoint the hopes
That I on thee have built.

21 Let my try'd Innocence
Find sure supports from thee:
22 At length thy chosen people, Lord,
From all their troubles free.

Psalm XXVI.

1 PLead thou my cause, O thou that know'st
My Soul's Integrity:
Nothing shall shake my Confidence
Whilst I on thee rely.
2 Mine inmost thoughts I offer, Lord,
To thine impartial Eye;
O try my heart, least any Sin
Should there concealed lie.

3 The Contemplation of thy Love
Gives me the best delight:
This both engages and excites
My care to walk aright.
4 To false and treach'rous men I have
My free converse deny'd;
To those, who under specious shows
Designed Mischiefs hide.

5 All such Assemblies I detest,
Which evil things contrive:
My presence to their lewd consults
No countenance shall give.
6 My thoughts and actions I'll preserve
Free from Impurity;
And then th' Oblations I present,
Shall acceptable be.

7 Then

7 Then I aloud with chearfull Voice
Thy Goodneſs will proclaim;
And tell of all thy wond'rous works,
To magnifie thy Name.

Part II.

8 O how I love the place, where thou
Thy preſence doſt afford;
And where thy Glory brightly ſhines,
To bleſs and praiſe the Lord.

9 Since wicked men's Society,
And bloody Crimes I hate;
Let me not in their ſufferings ſhare,
Nor periſh by their Fate.

10 No miſchief they decline to act
That ſerves their vile intent;
Juſtice by Brib'ry they'll pervert,
T' undo the Innocent.

11 But I in uprightneſs intend
God and my ſelf t' enjoy;
In Mercy ſave my Life, which they
Would cruelly deſtroy.

12 Firm and unmov'd by thee I ſtand;
And, Lord, I hope t' appear
In the Aſſemblies of thy Saints,
To bleſs and praiſe thee there.

Pſalm XXVII.

1 GOD is my Saviour and my Light,
Why ſhould I be diſmay'd?
'Tis he defends my Life, of whom
Then need I be afraid?
2 When my inhumane foes drew near
And to devour me gap'd;

They ſtumbled e'er they ſeiz'd their prey,
They fell, and I eſcap'd.

3 I would not fear, ſhould mighty hoſts
Encamp'd againſt me lie;
Nor, if by open force aſſail'd,
Deſpair of Victory.

4 One thing I beg of God, and hope
I ſhall not be deny'd;
T' attend his Service in his Houſe,
And ever there abide.

Frequent converſes with him there
Freſh pleaſures will create;
To have my doubts reſolv'd, I'll there
For his Directions wait.

5 In Dangers no retiring place
Could me ſo ſurely hide;
Nor in a Fortreſs on a Rock
Could I more ſafe abide.

6 As ſoon as Victory my head
Above my foes ſhall raiſe
Off'rings of Joy I'll thither bring,
And there will ſing thy praiſe.

Part II.

7 Hear my requeſts, and, Lord, return
An Anſwer full of Grace;
8 Thy Face thou bad'ſt me ſeek, and I
Reſolv'd to ſeek thy Face.

9 Lord, do not in diſpleaſure hide
Thy Face, nor me reject:
Thoſe Succours I have had before,
From thee I ſtill expect.

10 My Parents Love is not ſo great
As thine, nor Care ſo large:
When they forſake me, I become
Still more thy Care and Charge.
11 Lord, let me plainly ſee the way
Where I may ſafely tread;
Avoiding all the cunning Snares
Mine enemies have laid.

12 Leave me not to their will, who firſt
My Name with Slanders blaſt;
And all the Cruelty they breath
Will execute at laſt.
13 How wretched had I been, when I
With troubles was oppreſt,
Had I not hop'd thy Mercy would
Secure my Peace and Reſt.

14 Wait ſtill on God, my Soul, from him
Courage and Strength derive;
Tho' he delay, he will at length
Thy fainting heart revive.

Pſalm XXVIII.

1 HEar me, O Lord, my ſure defence,
When I thy Succour crave;
Elſe I ſhall be like them that lie
Neglected in the Grave.
2 Grant my deſires, when with loud Cries
Thy favour I intreat;
And ſpread out my imploring hands
Towards thy Mercy-ſeat.

3 O let not that ſad Fate be mine
That waits thoſe Sinners end,

Who whilſt all Miſchiefs they contrive,
Speak like the kindeſt Friend.
4 Let their Reward be like their Work:
Since t'others they deſign'd
Ruine; it is but juſt that ſuch
Should their own ruine find.

5 God's former mighty Works were done
Before their eyes in vain:
His laſt ſhall be their overthrow,
Never to riſe again.
6 Bleſt be the Lord, who heard the pray'rs
That in diſtreſs I made:
7 I truſted in his Strength, and found
His ſeaſonable aid.

Thy favour, Lord, has made my heart
Exceedingly rejoice:
In grateſull Hymns I will advance
Thy praiſe with chearfull voice.
8 Thoſe that upon his pow'r rely,
God will protect and own;
And his Anointed ſave, whom he
Has raiſed to his Throne.

9 Lord, bleſs thy People, who to thee
Do all their Safety owe;
Feed thou thy Flock, and raiſe them up,
When they are fallen low.

Pſalm XXIX.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 THE Glorious Empire of the Lord
Ye Rulers of the World proclaim:

2 And

2 And in his Sanctuary give
The Honour due unto his Name.

3 Hark, how his thund'ring Voice do's run
Thro' all the Regions of the Sky:
The Seas are frighted with the noiſe,
4 So full of Pow'r and Majeſty.

5 The loſty Cedars bow their Heads,
And break before the mighty Sound:
6 Mountains that bear them feel the ſhock,
And like a frighted Calf rebound.

7 Before this Voice the dreadfull Flames
Of pointed Light'nings tear the air:
8 *Kadeſh*'s wild Inhabitants,
Think they're not ſafe, but quake for fear.

9 This makes the timorous Hinds to calve,
Wild Beaſts the naked coverts leave;
But in his ſacred Temple all
Fearleſs to God their praiſes give.

10 The Lord's Dominion do's extend
To Clouds above and Floods below:
11 This great Protector of the good,
Will reſt and peace on His beſtow.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 YE mighty Rulers of the World,
God's glorious Reign proclaim:
2 And in his Sanctuary give
Due Honour to his Name.
3 Whoſe thund'ring Voice do's run thro' all
The Regions of the Sky:
The Seas ſtart at the Noiſe, ſo full
4 Of Power and Majeſty.

5 Tall Cedars bow their heads, and break
Before the Mighty Sound:
6 High Mountains feel the Shock, and like
A frighted Calf rebound.
7 Before this Voice the pointed Flames
Of Light'ning tear the air:
8 *Kadeſh*'s wild Inhabitants
Quake, as not ſafe, for fear.

9 This makes the Hinds to calve, wild Beaſts
The naked Coverts leave:
But in God's Temple, fearleſs all
To him their praiſes give.
10 God's Empire do's extend to Clouds
Above, and Floods below:
This great Protector of the good,
Will Peace on his beſtow.

Pſalm XXX.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 MY God ſince thou haſt rais'd me up,
Thee I'll extoll with thankfull Voice:
Who haſt ſecur'd me from thoſe harms,
That would have made my foes rejoice.

2 With troubles worn, and grief oppreſs'd,
To thee I cry'd, and thou didſt ſave:
3 Thou didſt ſupport my ſinking hopes,
My Life didſt reſcue from the Grave.

4 Wherefore rejoice ye Saints of his,
Proclaim the praiſes of the Lord;
His Goodneſs often call to mind,
And his Fidelity record.

5 His Anger is but ſhort; his Love,
Which is our Life, do's longer ſtay:
Grief may continue for a Night,
But comfort riſes with the Day.

6 In my Proſperity I ſaid,
I ne'er ſhall be diſturbed more:
7 Vain thought! it was thy favour, Lord,
My Mountain made ſo ſtrong before.

For when thy preſence was withdrawn,
New troubles did my State invade:
8 And then anew my fervent pray'r
Thus my addreſs to God I made.

9 "What profit will it be to thee
"To ſee me ruin'd? can the Grave
"Declare thy Truth? from ſilent Duſt
"What praiſing Songs, Lord, canſt thou
(have?

10 "Hear, I beſeech thee then, and take
"Compaſſion on my ſad Eſtate;
"Help me, and my loſt happineſs
"Reſtore, before it be too late.

11 By thee my mournfull State is chang'd,
My ſackcloth now is thrown away:
And gladneſs girds me, who before,
In black deſpair and horrour lay.

12 My tongue no longer ſilent be,
But to the Lord due Glory give;
And ſtrive, that in thy thankfull Verſe,
His Fame eternally may live.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 SInce thou haſt rais'd me, I'll extoll
My God with thankfull Voice;
Who freed me from thoſe harms, that would
Have made my foes rejoice.
2 With grief and troubles worn, to thee
I cry'd, and thou didſt ſave;
3 Thou, Lord, my ſinking hopes and life
Didſt reſcue from the Grave.

4 Then let the Saints with Joy proclaim
The Praiſes of the Lord;
His Goodneſs call to mind, and his
Fidelity record.
5 His Wrath's but ſhort; his Love which is
Our Life, do's longer ſtay:
Weeping may for a Night endure,
But Joy comes with the Day.

6 In my Proſperity, I ſaid,
I ſhall be mov'd no more:
7 Vain thought! ſince 'twas thy favour made
My Mount ſo ſtrong before.
For when thy preſence was withdrawn,
Troubles did me invade:
And then to God my fervent pray'r,
Thus my addreſs I made.

9 "What profit will it be, to ſee
"Me ruin'd? can the Grave (Duſt
"Declare thy Truth? Lord, from the
"What praiſes canſt thou have?
10 "Hear I beſeech thee then, and take
"Pity on my ſad State;

"Help

" Help me, and my loſt happineſs
" Reſtore, e'er't be too late.

11 My mournfull State is chang'd, and now
My ſackcloth's thrown away;
Gladneſs ſurrounds me, who before
In diſmal Sorrows lay.
12 My tongue no longer ſilent be,
To God due praiſes give;
That in thy thankfull Verſe, his Fame
Eternally may live.

Pſalm XXXI.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 MAY no defeated hopes diſgrace
The truſt that in my God I place:
May all in my Deliverance ſee
Thy Mercy and Fidelity.

2 Haſten thy Succours, for from thence
Comes all my ſafety and defence.
3 Better than to a Rock or Fort,
I to thy Cuſtody reſort.

4 Break by thy pow'r th' intangling Net
My treach'rous Enemies have ſet.
5 My Life I to thy care commit,
Who haſt ſo oft redeemed it.

6 I'll never to Diviners run,
Nor ask the Stars what I muſt ſhun;
(All Heathen Cheats to be abhorr'd)
My truſt's entirely in the Lord.

7 His ſure Protection makes me glad;
Who, in Straits ſuch Care of me has had:

8 Ready to fall into their Trap,
He made a way my foes t' escape.

9 In Mercy, Lord, thy servant own,
Into new Difficulties thrown:
Who lie dispirited and faint,
Pined with grief, and pinch'd with want.

10 My Life thus spent, must quickly end,
Too weak to hold, if God contend.
11 Reproaches from my foes I hear,
My Friends all shun me out of Fear.

Part II.

12 Unminded like the dead am I,
Who in the Grave neglected lie:
As pieces of a broken Pot
Are thrown away, so I'm forgot.

13 The Slanders by so many spread
Show the designs I ought to dread:
For when Rebellion is my guilt,
It's time, say they, my Blood were spilt.

14 This they devise; God's my Defence,
My Trust, and Judge of m' Innocence.
15 They have not leave yet to destroy
A Life, which sorely they annoy.

Rescue it still, O Lord, from those
My cruel persecuting Foes.
16 Oh make thy Face on me to shine,
In Mercy save me, who am thine.

17 Lord, may no disappointments shame
My hopes, who call upon thy Name:
But let the wicked's death prevent
Their troubling of the Innocent.

18 Stop thou their Mouths, laid in the duſt,
Who openly defame the Juſt:
Whom they with higheſt crimes traduce,
And all they plead with ſcorn abuſe.

Part III.

19 O what great Joys reſerved be,
For thoſe that fear and truſt in thee;
Whoſe Goodneſs, now ſo little known,
'Fore all the World the Lord will own.

20 Sometimes they're forc'd in Caves to hide
Themſelves from perſecuting Pride:
God's favour makes this dark retreat,
A Lightſome, ſafe and quiet ſeat.

21 God's love to me do's ſtill abound:
In a ſtrong City compaſs'd round,
I lay inclos'd as in a Trap,
Yet he made way for my eſcape.

22 When in a haſty Flight, I ſaid,
I'm loſt, without all hope t' evade;
My humble pray'r again he heard,
And reſcued me from what I fear'd.

23 Love God, ye Saints, for by his Care
The Faithfull ſtill preſerved are:
And when the proud inſult the moſt,
God's wrath will plague them, to their coſt.

24 Let no afflictions then prevail
So far, to make your Courage fail:
Firmly to God if you adhere,
He'll ſtrengthen you to perſevere.

Psalm XXXII.

[*As the 100 Psalm.*]

1 O Happy Man! whom God forgives,
And hides what he has done amiss;
2 Owns him as if he had not sinn'd,
Whose heart sincere and upright is.

3 My woes increas'd, whilst I suppress'd
My Guilt; no quiet I could get:
4 Thy wrath did press me like a weight,
And scorch'd me like the Summers heat.

5 I then resolved to disclose
My crimes, and open all my wound;
I humbly did confess my Sins
To thee, and easy pardon found.

6 This Mercy shall invite good men
In Season to implore thine aid;
Then tho' their troubles like a Flood
Should rise, they need not be afraid.

7 Thou, Lord, shalt be my safe retreat;
To thee I'll fly in all distress;
Thou wilt preserve me; and in Songs
Of Victory I'll thee confess.

8 I'll counsel sinners to obey;
9 And not be like the Horse or Mule,
Whose Fury, till they're broke or tam'd,
No Rein can guide, no Curb can rule.

10 Such sinners meet with heavy stroaks:
11 Whilst those that trust in God, shall prove
The happy men: then let the Just
Rejoice and triumph in his Love.

[*Another*

[*Another Metre.*]

1 O Bleſſed Man! whom God forgives,
And hides what's done amiſs:
2 On whom no ſin is charg'd; whoſe heart
Sincere and upright is.
3 When I ſuppreſs'd my inward guilt,
No quiet I could get:
4 Thy hand did preſs me down, thy wrath
Scorch'd me like Summer's heat.
5 I then reſolved to diſcloſe
My crimes, and ope my wound;
I humbly did confeſs my ſins,
And eaſy pardon found.
6 This Mercy ſhall in ſeaſon draw
Good men t'implore thy aid:
Then tho' the floods of trouble riſe,
They need not be afraid.
7 Thou art my refuge, Lord, to thee
I'll fly in all diſtreſs;
Thou wilt preſerve me; and my Songs
Thy Mercies ſhall confeſs.
8 I'll teach proud men t'obey; and not
Be like the Horſe and Mule;
9 Whoſe Fury, till they're broke, no Rein
Can guide, no Curb can rule.
10 Such meet with heavy ſtroaks, whilſt thoſe
That truſt in God, ſhall prove
11 The happy men: then let them joy
And triumph in his Love.

Pſalm

Psalm XXXIII.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 YE righteous in the Lord rejoice,
And let his praise be your delight;
For Praise is lovely and becomes
The Lips of those that are upright.

2 Join th' Harp and other Instruments
T' express and to excite your Joys:
3 And let your Songs be new, and play
With skill, and with a chearfull noise.

4 God's word is like its Author, good;
His Laws from all injustice free;
His Promise sure, and all his works
Are done in Truth and Equity.

5 Works that are right and just, secure
His favour, and his Pleasure are;
The Earth with various Blessings fill'd,
To us his Goodness do's declare.

6 The vast extended Orbs of Heav'n,
By his commanding word were made,
And all its numerous Host, from his
Creating breath their Beings had.

7 The Sea's proud waves within the shores,
To which they are confined, keep:
Whose Waters safely are laid up
In the great Store-house of the Deep.

8 To this great Lord by Men on Earth
Let fear and due regard be shown;
May all the World his awfull Pow'r,
By humble Adorations own.

9 For as he ſpake all things were made,
All fix'd as he Commandment gave:
10 And a whole Nation's deep deſigns,
Without him no Succeſs ſhall have.

11 What God decrees none ſhall defeat,
Nor can his orders countermand;
But every Age, what he reſolves,
Will ſee immovably ſhall ſtand.

Part II.

12 Bleſt Land! whoſe fear and ſervice ſhows
That God its choſen Ruler is;
And happy they, whom God declares
By's ſpecial favour to be his.

13 Th' Almighty on the Sons of Men
Looks down from his celeſtial Throne.
14 And all the dwellers on the Earth
Views from his glorious Manſion.

15 He equally did make them all,
Their hearts he faſhion'd one by one;
And all their inmoſt thoughts, to him
Better than to themſelves are known.

16 No numerous Hoſt a King can ſave,
Nor Strength a mighty Man ſecure:
17 No Horſes force or ſwiftneſs makes
The Riders preſervation ſure.

18 The Lord on thoſe that fear his Name
Looks with a favourable Eye;
He ne'er will fail their hopes, that on
His Goodneſs ſteadfaſtly rely.

19 When Plagues without diſtinction kill,
Their Lives he'll reſcue from the Grave.

In

In time of Famine, due Supplies
All their neceſſities ſhall have.

20 Now, Lord, we wait for thee, thou art
Our Succour, and our ſure Defence:
21 What-e'er befalls us, we may truſt
In thee with chearfull confidence.

22 So let thy Mercies, Lord, on us
Deſcend, like a refreſhing ſhow'r,
As all our hope and joys depend,
Upon thy favour, and thy pow'r.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 REjoyce ye righteous in the Lord,
And praiſe him with delight:
For thankfulneſs becomes the Lips
Of thoſe that are upright.
2 Joyn th'Harp and other Inſtruments,
T' excite and tell your Joys:
3 Sing a new Song, and play with skill,
And with a chearfull noiſe.

4 His word is good, and all his Laws
Are from injuſtice free:
His promiſe ſure; and all his ways
Are truth and equity.
5 Works that are juſt ſecure his Love,
As they his pleaſure are:
The Earth with Bleſſings fill'd, to us
His Goodneſs do's declare.

6 Th' extended Orbs of Heav'n by his
Commanding word were made;
And from his breath its num'rous Hoſts
Their ſeveral beings had.

7 The Seas proud waves within the ſhores
Confined Limits keep;
Whoſe Waters are laid up within
The Store-houſe of the deep.

8 Let all Men fear the Lord, to him
Let due regard be ſhown:
May all the world his awfull pow'r
By humble worſhip own.

9 For as he ſpake all things were made,
All fix'd by Laws he gave.

10 No Nations counſels, without him,
Tho' deep, ſucceſs ſhall have.

11 God's purpoſes none can defeat,
Nor orders countermand:
But every age, what he reſolves,
Will ſee ſhall firmly ſtand.

Part II.

12 Bleſt Land! whoſe ſervice ſhows that God
Its choſen Ruler is:
And happy they, whom God declares
By's care, that they are his.

13 God on the Sons of Men looks down
From his celeſtial Throne:

14 Views all the Dwellers on the Earth,
From his bright Manſion.

15 He made them equally, their hearts
He faſhion'd one by one.
More clearly all their thoughts to him,
Than to themſelves are known.

16 Great Hoſts can ſave no King, nor ſtrength
A mighty Man ſecure.

17 No Horſes force or ſwiftneſs makes
The Rider's ſafety ſure.

18 The Lord on those that fear his Name,
Looks with a gracious Eye:
And ne'er will fail their hopes, that on
His Goodness do rely.
19 When Plagues without distinction kill,
He'll rescue from the Grave
Their Lives, in time of dearth their needs
All due Supplies shall have.

20 Now, Lord, we wait for thee, who art
Our help and our defence.
21 In all estates we'll trust in thee
With chearfull Confidence.
22 Lord let thy Grace on us descend
Like a refreshing show'r;
For all our hope and joys depend
On thine Almighty Pow'r.

Psalm XXXIV.

1 GOD, who my kind Preserver is,
I will at all times bless;
My tongue shall daily be imploy'd,
His Goodness to confess.
2 In God my Soul shall boast, good men
Shall hear it and rejoyce;
3 And to exalt his glorious Name
Joyn both in heart and voice.

4 I sought the Lord in my distress,
And graciously he heard;
His timely succours did prevent
The threatning harm I fear'd.
5 In all their Straits good men shall look
To him and be reliev'd;

Nor

Nor in their hopes they place in God,
Shall ever be deceiv'd.

6 I'm that poor man, who deſtitute
Of help, God's ſuccours crav'd;
He heard my cry, and out of all
My troubles I was ſav'd.
7 Bleſt Angels which on God attend,
Yet wait to encompaſs ſuch
As fear him, to preſerve them ſafe,
When dangers near approach.

8 O taſt and ſee, as I have done,
And then you muſt confeſs,
That God alone is good, and them
That truſt in him will bleſs.
9 O fear the Lord, ye Saints, be ſure
You in good ways abide;
He'll ſee, in all your wants, you be
With needfull things ſupply'd.

10 Young Lions that for hunger roar,
For lack of Prey may faint;
But thoſe that wait on God, ſhall have
All good he knows they want.

Part II.

11 Come ye, who are diſpos'd to learn,
And with attention hear;
I'll give you wiſe Inſtructions,
How ye the Lord ſhould fear.
12 What man would have his years prolong'd,
And happy days would ſee?
13 Refrain thy Tongue and Lips from all
Deceit and Injury.

14 From

14 From all unrighteous ways depart,
From doing good ne'er ceaſe;
Seek all mens quiet, and purſue
The things that make for peace.
15 God loves the Righteous, and on them
He caſts a gracious Eye;
His Ear's attentive to their ſuits,
And open to their Cry.

16 The Lord's an Enemy to thoſe
Whom wicked Works employ;
In his fierce wrath, them and their Race
He'll utterly deſtroy.
17 The Righteous never cry in vain;
God's help in ſtraits they have:
18 He will draw near to broken hearts,
And contrite Spirits ſave.

19 Tho' good men oft afflicted are,
At length God ſets them free:
20 His care do's to their Bodies reach,
No Bone ſhall broken be.
21 Bad men ſhall periſh, when they're plagu'd,
With all that hate the Juſt:
Whom God will keep, and never fail
Their hopes that on him truſt.

Pſalm XXXV.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 MAintain, O Lord, my injur'd Rights,
And take my part againſt my Foes,
2 I need thy buckler and thy ſhield
Againſt their fierce Aſſaults t'oppoſe.

3 When

3 When I am forc'd to fly their rage,
Draw out thy ſpear and ſtop their way;
And that my Courage may not fail,
I'll be thy ſure Deliverer, ſay.

4 Who-e'er deviſe my hurt, and ſeek
My ruine, all their hopes defeat:
Their warlike preparations turn
T' a ſhamefull and confus'd retreat.

5 Chas'd by thy Angel, let them be
Diſpers'd, like Chaff before the Wind:
6 Vengeance purſue 'em, where no path,
But a ſteep precipice they'll find.

7 For unprovok'd they lay their toils,
And hunt me like ſome ſavage Beaſt;
Would treacherouſly deſtroy my life,
Who have not injur'd them the leaſt.

8 Let ruin ſeize him unawares,
(A fit reward for ſuch a Foe)
And caught in his own wiles, himſelf
Suffer the ſame he thought to *do*.

9 This wonderfull deliverance
My Joys to th'higheſt pitch ſhall raiſe:
10 Thy Goodneſs all my pow'rs poſſeſs,
And all ſhall triumph in thy praiſe.

Thy Mercy I'll aloud proclaim,
Thy pow'r to be beyond compare:
Who ſav'ſt the poor from violence,
And wrongs of thoſe that ſtronger are.

Part III.

11 Falſe witneſſes, lay to my charge
Things that ne'er came into my mind:

12 Ev'n

12 Ev'n those would now destroy my Life,
To whom I had before been kind.

13 But as for me when they were sick,
My cloathing spoke that I was sad;
My Fasts and Pray'rs repeated, show'd
If they did well, I should be glad.

14 A Friend or Brother's dangerous case,
Seem'd not to be a sadder cross;
Nor had my looks been more cast down,
Had I bewail'd a Mother's loss.

15 But when misfortunes me befell
Together to rejoyce they flock;
The vilest abjects meet, and make
My miseries their laughing-stock.

16 With them are joyn'd the wretched crew
Of Trencher-flatterers at Feasts;
Whose Rage could eat me up, and there
Fall on me with abusive jests.

17 Lord look not always on: at length
Rescue me from their unjust pow'r;
Who, when destroy'd in Goods and Name,
My Life, like Lions would devour.

18 Then will I give thee thanks and praise:
And when I've Liberty to go
Into th' Assemblies of thy Saints,
All shall thy pow'r and goodness know.

19 Let not my causeless Enemies
Rejoyce, that they the day have won;
Nor shew by winking signs, their rage
Is satisfy'd, and I'm undone.

Part III.

20 My Foes all concord hate, and ſtrive
By devis'd falſhoods to encreaſe
Hatred to thoſe who fain would live
Under the Government in peace.

21 With open Mouth they me traduce,
And a falſe Traitor boldly call:
To all they meet, recoycing ſay,
So, ſo, we've now diſcover'd all.

22 Thou know'ſt me better, Lord, than they,
And how I'm wrong'd: do not neglect
23 To do me right; but own my cauſe,
And me without delay protect.

24 No partial favour, Lord, I crave;
To thy known Juſtice I appeal:
According as thou find'ſt, with me,
Not as they falſly charge me, deal.

25 Prevent the wicked's joys, who will
Applaud themſelves and prouder grow
To ſee me ruin'd: ah, they'll cry,
Now things, as we would have them, go.

26 Let thoſe who're glad to ſee me low,
And longing wait to ſee me loſt;
Bluſh at their diſappointed hopes,
Hang down their heads, and no more boaſt.

27 Let thoſe that own my righteous cauſe,
Triumph for joy and loudly ſing,
Bleſſed be God who *David* ſav'd,
And made him a victorious King.

28 As for my Tongue, 't ſhall be employ'd
Thy Truth and Goodneſs to proclaim;

And

And whilst I live shall never fail,
To bless and praise thy Holy Name.

Psalm XXXVI.

1 WHen I behold a wicked Man
All righteous Laws despise;
I must conclude there is no fear
Of God before his Eyes.
2 Tho' he by craft and false disguise
May be conceal'd awhile;
He'll, when his Sin's found out, appear
Hatefull to all, and vile.

3 His kind professions are all frauds
To cover ill designs;
He will not know what's just, much less
To practise good inclines.
4 To muse on mischief 's his delight,
His sleep he'll break for this;
So set on evil, none that serves
His ends can come amiss.

5 Beyond the limits of the Sky
Thy Mercy, Lord, extends:
Thy faithfulness the narrow bounds
Of space and time transcends.
6 Mountains may be remov'd, before
Thy Truth shall fail the least;
Thy Judgments none can fathom; thou
Preservest Man and Beast.

Part II.

7 Lord, who can prize enough that Love
Thou beares't to the Just;
Under whose Providence and care
Good Men securely trust.

8 They

8 They to the plenty of thy Houſe
For all Supplies ſhall look;
And freely of thy Pleaſures drink
As from a running Brook.

9 For all the Springs of Joy and Life
Derived are from thee;
From thy continued favour flows
All our Felicity.
10 To thoſe that thus eſteem thy Love,
Thy kindneſs ſtill impart;
And all thy promiſes fulfill
To men of upright heart.

11 Let him not tread me down, whoſe pride
Is equal to his hate.
Nor let the wicked's pow'r combin'd
Subvert my quiet ſtate.
12 I ſee them fall, and their deſign
Againſt me ruin'd lies:
By ſuch a pow'rfull hand caſt down,
They never more ſhall riſe.

Pſalm XXXVII.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 LET none be envious when he ſees
The wicked's proſperous eſtate;
Nor, tempted by their good Succeſs,
Grow bold their Crimes to imitate.

2 For ſo the graſs is freſh and green,
Before the Mower cuts it down;
And beauteous Flow'rs, within a while,
Are withered by the ſcorching Sun.

3 He's wise that's always doing good,
And on God's Goodness do's rely:
4 Thus thy Enjoyments he'll secure,
And all thy just Desires supply.

5 Leave thy concerns unto his care,
In firm dependence on him live;
He'll either grant what thou would'st have
Or what he knows is better give.

6 Tho' slanders and detracting Tongues
Like Clouds, thy righteousness obscure;
He'll clear thy Innocence, the Light
At noon shall not appear more pure.

7 In silence patiently expect
God's Mercies; but by no means fret,
To see men thrive by wicked Arts,
And what they have a mind to get.

8 If anger in thy breast arise,
Suppress it when it first begins;
Lest it boil up to wrath, and thou
Be hurried to commit their Sins.

9 They shall possess who wait on God,
The good things of his promis'd land;
But evil doers have their doom,
To be cut off by God's just hand.

Part II.

10 The wicked's ruin in a while
Thou'lt see; and if the place thou mind
Where once thou saw'st him flourishing,
Nothing remaining of him find.

11 Then shall the meek, whom they oppress'd
Possess the Land; and with increase

Of

Of all good things their lives be bleſt,
And nothing ſhall diſturb their peace:

12 The wicked in miſchievous plots,
Enrag'd againſt the juſt, combines:
13 But God, who ſees his ruine near,
Derides both him and his deſigns.

14 Tho' he ſtands ready arm'd to ſlay
The poor and harmleſs innocent:
15 His Arms ſhall turn againſt himſelf,
And ſerve for his own Puniſhment.

16 Think not mere wealth makes happy men;
That little which contents the poor,
Is better far than wicked men's
Ill-got, or ill-imployed Store.

17 The wicked's pow'r, tho' ne'er ſo great,
God will in pieces ſurely break;
But good men, by his potent Arm,
Shall be upheld, tho' ne'er ſo weak.

18 The days which they in ſorrow paſs
And patient waiting, God regards;
And with his promis'd happineſs,
Them and their children he rewards.

19 In evil times, they ſhall not bluſh
That all their hopes on God rely'd:
In days of Famine, by his care,
They ſhall be ſure to be ſupply'd.

Part III.

20 God's enemies when thriving moſt,
Shall periſh by his angry Stroke;
Like fat of Lambs on th' Altar laid,
Conſume and vaniſh into ſmoak.

3 He's wise that's always doing good,
And on God's Goodness do's rely:
4 Thus thy Enjoyments he'll secure,
And all thy just Desires supply.

5 Leave thy concerns unto his care,
In firm dependence on him live;
He'll either grant what thou would'st have
Or what he knows is better give.

6 Tho' slanders and detracting Tongues
Like Clouds, thy righteousness obscure;
He'll clear thy Innocence, the Light
At noon shall not appear more pure.

7 In silence patiently expect
God's Mercies; but by no means fret,
To see men thrive by wicked Arts,
And what they have a mind to get.

8 If anger in thy breast arise,
Suppress it when it first begins;
Lest it boil up to wrath, and thou
Be hurried to commit their Sins.

9 They shall possess who wait on God,
The good things of his promis'd land;
But evil doers have their doom,
To be cut off by God's just hand.

Part II.

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Where once thou saw'st him flourishing,
Nothing remaining of him find.

11 Then shall the meek, whom they oppress'd
Possess the Land; and with increase

Of

Of all good things their lives be bleſt,
And nothing ſhall diſturb their peace:

12 The wicked in miſchievous plots,
Enrag'd againſt the juſt, combines:
13 But God, who ſees his ruine near,
Derides both him and his deſigns.

14 Tho' he ſtands ready arm'd to ſlay
The poor and harmleſs innocent:
15 His Arms ſhall turn againſt himſelf,
And ſerve for his own Puniſhment.

16 Think not mere wealth makes happy men;
That little which contents the poor,
Is better far than wicked men's
Ill-got, or ill-imployed Store.

17 The wicked's pow'r, tho' ne'er ſo great,
God will in pieces ſurely break;
But good men, by his potent Arm,
Shall be upheld, tho' ne'er ſo weak.

18 The days which they in ſorrow paſs
And patient waiting, God regards;
And with his promis'd happineſs,
Them and their children he rewards.

19 In evil times, they ſhall not bluſh
That all their hopes on God rely'd:
In days of Famine, by his care,
They ſhall be ſure to be ſupply'd.

Part III.

20 God's enemies when thriving moſt,
Shall periſh by his angry Stroke;
Like fat of Lambs on th' Altar laid,
Conſume and vaniſh into ſmoak.

21 These freely borrow to grow rich,
Never intending to restore:
The Righteous man as freely lends
And parts with Wealth, to help the poor.

22 The blessings of the promis'd land
By them and theirs shall be enjoy'd;
The other, followed with God's Curse,
Be rooted out and quite destroy'd.

23 The Lord directs a good Man's steps,
And he delighteth in his way;
24 He is not ruin'd by his falls,
God's pow'r is his Support and Stay.

25 In all th' experience of my Life.
That lib'ral Man I ne'er could see,
Whose Alms expos'd himself to want,
Or brought his Race to Beggary.

26 He's ever mercifull and lends,
And thus his seed a Blessing gain;
27 Wouldst thou in peace and safety dwell?
Do good, and from all sin abstain.

28 For God, whose Nature's good and just,
Those who are like himself will own;
They shall continue, when the Race
Of wicked men is overthrown.

Part IV.

29 Sure Title to the promis'd Land
The Good and Just can only plead:
And to their pious Seed intail
Its blessings after they are dead.

30 Wise and just precepts he instills,
Men's minds to form, and manners guide:

31 And ſince God's Law he loves, and makes
His Rule, his goings ſhall not ſlide.

32 The wicked plots againſt the juſt,
And lies in wait to ruine them:
33 God will not leave them in his pow'r,
Nor, as he judges them, condemn.

34 Wait then on God and keep his way,
So ſhall his promis'd bleſſings be
Thy portion; and when thou art rais'd,
The wicked's ruine thou ſhalt ſee.

35 I've ſeen the wicked riſe to pow'r,
Flouriſh like Lawrels ever green;
36 But ſuddenly their ruine came,
And no remainder could be ſeen.

37 Mark but the good and perfect Man,
And him that's upright in his ways;
Mercy attends his happy Life,
And quiet peace concludes his days.

38 But bold Tranſgreſſors ſhall not long
Eſcape God's ſad but righteous doom,
Whoſe utter extirpation
At laſt ſhall with a vengeance come.

39 Mean while the Lord will never fail
The Good and Juſt to ſave and bleſs;
Who may ſecurely on his ſtrength
Rely, for Succours in diſtreſs.

40 He'll ſurely help them in their need,
And be their reſcue from th' unjuſt:
His Truth and Honour is ingag'd,
To ſave them, for in him they truſt.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 LET none be troubled, to behold
The wicked's prosperous State:
Nor by their good Success grow bold
Their crimes to imitate.
2 For Grass is fresh and green, before
The Mower cuts it down;
And beauteous flow'rs, within a while,
Are withered by the Sun.

3 He's wise that's doing good, and on
God's goodness do's rely:
4 Thus thy Enjoyments he'll secure,
Thy just desires supply.
5 Leave thy concerns to him, in firm
Dependance on him live;
He'll either grant what thou wouldst have,
Or what is better give.

6 Tho' slanderous tongues should, like a cloud
Thy righteousness obscure;
He'll clear thy innocence, the Light
Shall not appear more pure.
7 In silence for God's Mercies wait,
Thy self by no means fret;
Tho' bad men thrive, or by ill Arts,
What fain they would have, get.

8 If Anger in thy breast arise,
Check it, when't first begins;
Lest it boil up to wrath, and thou
Be hurried to their sins.
9 They shall possess who wait on God,
Good things i'th' promis'd Land;

But

But evil do'ers are doom'd to be
Cut off by God's juſt hand.

Part II.

10 Soon ſhall the wicked's ruine come;
And if the place thou mind,
Where once thou ſaw'ſt him flouriſhing
Nothing remaining find.
11 Then ſhall the injur'd meek poſſeſs
The Land, and with increaſe
Of all good things their Lives be bleſt,
And none diſturb their peace.

12 The wicked in miſchievous Plots
Againſt the juſt combines:
13 But God, who ſees his ruine near,
Will laugh at his deſigns.
14 Tho' he ſtand ready arm'd to ſlay
The poor and innocent:
15 His arms ſhall wound himſelf, and ſerve
For his own puniſhment.

16 Think not mere wealth makes happy men;
For what contents the poor,
Is better than bad men's ill-got,
Or ill-employed ſtore.
17 God will the wicked's pow'r, tho' great,
In pieces ſurely break;
But good men by his Arm ſhall be
Upheld, tho' ne'er ſo weak.

18 Their patient waiting, and their days
Of Sorrow, God regards;
And with his promis'd happineſs
Them and their ſeed rewards.
19 They ſhall not bluſh, that in ill-times
Their hopes on God rely'd:

In days of Famine, by his care,
They ſhall be ſtill ſupply'd.

Part III.

20 God's Enemies, when thriving moſt,
Shall periſh by his Stroke;
Like fat of Lambs conſume away,
And vaniſh into Smoke.
21 Theſe freely borrow to grow rich,
Not meaning to reſtore:
The righteous man as freely parts
With wealth, to help the poor.

22 The Bleſſings of the Earth, by them
And theirs ſhall be enjoy'd,
The other, curs'd of God, ſhall be
Cut off, and quite deſtroy'd.
23 The Lord, that guides a good man's ſteps,
Delighteth in his way:
24 He is not ruin'd by his falls,
God's pow'r will be his ſtay.

25 In all my Life I never yet
That lib'ral man could ſee
Whoſe Alms expos'd himſelf to want,
Or Race to Beggary.
26 He mercifully lends, and thus
His ſeed a Bleſſing gain:
27 If thou wouldſt ſafely dwell, do good
And from all Sin refrain.

28 God, that is good and juſt, will thoſe,
That him reſemble own.
They ſhall continue; when the Race
Of bad men is o'erthrown.

Part IV.

29 Sure Title to the promis'd Land
The Juſt can onely plead;
And to their pious ſeed entail
Its Bleſſings when they're dead.
30 Wiſe precepts he inſtills, men's minds
To form, and manners guide:
31 And ſince he makes God's Law his Rule,
His goings ſhall not ſlide.

32 The wicked plot againſt the juſt,
And wait to ruine them:
33 God will not leave them in their pow'r,
Nor as they judge, condemn.
34 Wait on the Lord; and keep his way;
His promis'd good ſhall be
Thy portion; and when thou art rais'd,
The wicked's ruine ſee.

35 I've ſeen the wicked riſe, and ſpread
Like Lawrels freſh and green:
36 But when his haſty ruine came,
No remnant could be ſeen.
37 Mark but the perfect Man, and him
That's upright in his ways;
Mercy attends his happy Life,
And peace concludes his days.

38 But bold Tranſgreſſors ſhall not ſo
Eſcape God's righteous Doom;
Whoſe utter Extirpation
Shall with a vengeance come.
39 Mean while the Lord will never fail,
The juſt to ſave and bleſs:
Who may ſecurely on his pow'r
Rely, in all diſtreſs.

40 He'll help them in their need, and be
Their reſcue from th' unjuſt,
His Truth to ſave them is engag'd,
Becauſe in him they truſt.

Pſalm XXXVIII.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 LOrd, thy rebukes I can endure,
When thou with kindneſs doſt chaſtiſe;
But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear,
If this, unmix'd with favour, riſe.

2 I feel how ſharp thine Arrows are,
How faſt they ſtick in a deep wound;
The heavy load thy hand lays on,
Preſſes me down unto the ground.

3 My unſound Body tells how ſad
It is, th' Almighty to diſpleaſe;
And, how provoking are my Sins,
I know, by pains that have no eaſe.

4 A flood of overwhelming woes,
Threaten to ſink me every hour;
Too great a load for me to bear,
Unleſs ſuſtained by thy pow'r.

5 Ulcers and noiſome ſores have fill'd
My Body, and my Follies ſhow:
6 Diſtorted and with trouble bent,
I bowing like a Mourner go.

7 For fiery boils my loins inflame.
Ill humours run thro' every part:
8 Feeble and worn away with pain,
I roar, for anguiſh of my heart.

9 I'll add no more; for, Lord, to thee,
Both what I want, and how I groan,
10 My troubled thoughts, and reſtleſs mind,
Decays of ſtrength and ſight, are known.

Part II.

11 My Friends and Lovers, who I thought
Some pity to me would expreſs,
All left me; and my neareſt kin
Stood a far off in my diſtreſs.

12 Mean while my foes, on miſchief bent
Againſt my Life, they ne'er give out;
This they diſcourſe, and this contrive
By fraud and lyes to bring about.

13 Like one amaz'd, I ſilent ſtood;
Or like a Man both deaf and mute;
14 Who neither knew their calumnies,
Nor their reproaches could confute.

15 Thus I behav'd my ſelf, in hopes
The Lord, that heard, my cauſe would plead;
16 Nor ſuffer them, when I was low,
T'inſult, and proudly raiſe their head.

17 My weak and ruinous Eſtate,
Gives a ſad proſpect to my view:
18 My ſins, which I with grief deplore,
Have made theſe Puniſhments my due.

19 Mean while mine Enemies are ſtrong,
Live in proſperity and peace;
And, by the falſe reports they raiſe,
Making me odious, they increaſe.

20 Ev'n they to whom kind Offices
I've done, againſt me all combine,

'Cauſe

'Cauſe I the common good purſue,
Which they as ſtudiouſly decline.

21 But, O my God, in this diſtreſs
Forſake me not, as they have done:
Deferr no longer my relief,
Whoſe ſafety lies in thee alone.

Pſalm XXXIX.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 REſolv'd I was with care t' obſerve
My ways, and chiefly watch my tongue;
To ſtifle paſſionate complaints,
How much they thriv'd who did me wrong.

2 Neither good words nor bad I ſpake,
But like a dumb man held my peace;
Tho' whilſt I thus deny'd all vent,
My inward grief did more increaſe.

3 My muſing thoughts pent in, grew hot;
My ſtifled ſorrows wanted eaſe;
The kindled flame at length brake forth,
Into ſuch words to God as theſe.

4 Lord, teach me, when my latter end,
And number of my days I view,
To meaſure right my ſelf and them,
How I am frail, and they are few.

5 My days extent is but a ſpan,
Mine Age is nothing unto thee!
Man in his flouriſhing Eſtate
Is altogether Vanity.

6 A ſhadow's all that he purſues,
But his Vexations real are;

He

He heaps up wealth, and knows not who
Shall reap the Profit of his Care.

Part II.

7 Let others fooliſhly expect
How kind the flatt'ring world will prove;
I'll ſeek my God alone to pleaſe,
And be ambitious of his Love.

8 Forgive me all my heinous ſins,
And then remove thy ſmarting Rod;
Leſt Fools ſhould fancy me caſt off,
And laugh at all my Truſt in God.

9 As yet I've ſilently ador'd
Thy Juſtice in my Puniſhment:
10 Remove thy heavy ſtroak, for elſe
My ſtrength to bear it will be ſpent.

11 How weak and nothing we appear,
When God for ſin do's man chaſtiſe;
Like Garments fretted by the Moth,
So all his beauty ruin'd lies.

12 My earneſt pray'r, O Lord, regard,
And to my mournfull cry give ear:
A wandring ſtranger here on Earth
I am, as all my Fathers were.

13 Lord, my decaying ſtrength repair,
And ſpare me yet a while, that I
May make my peace with thee, before
I go away from hence, and die.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 I Was reſolv'd to obſerve my ways,
And chiefly watch my tongue;

L 6 Leſt

To ſtifle all complaints, how much
They thriv'd, who did me wrong.
2 Neither good words nor bad I ſpake,
As dumb I held my peace;
Tho' whilſt I thus deny'd all vent,
My grief did more increaſe.

3 My muſing thoughts grew hot, my griefs
Thus ſtifled wanted eaſe:
The kindled flame at length brake forth
Into ſuch words as theſe.
4 Lord, teach me, when my end and days
I have to live, I view;
To know my ſelf and them, how I
Am frail, and they are few.

5 My days are but a ſpan, mine Age
Is nothing unto thee;
When Man is in his beſt Eſtate,
He's onely Vanity.
6 A ſhadow he purſues, but his
Vexations real are;
Gets wealth, and knows not who ſhall reap
The profit of his Care.

Part II.

7 Let others fooliſhly expect
How kind the world will prove;
I'll ſeek to pleaſe my God, and be
Ambitious of his Love.
8 Forgive me all my ſins and then
Remove thy ſmarting Rod;
Leſt fools think me caſt off, and laugh
At all my truſt in God.

9 Thee I have ſilently ador'd,
In my juſt puniſhment:

10 Remove thy ſtroke, or elſe my ſtrength
To bear it will be ſpent.
11 How weak alas! we are when God
For ſin do's Man chaſtile;
Like Garments fretted by a Moth,
His beauty ruin'd lies.

12 My mournfull ſtate, O Lord, regard,
And to my cry give ear;
I am a ſtranger here on Earth,
As all my Fathers were.
13 Repair my ſtrength, O God, and ſpare
Me yet a while, that I
May make my peace with thee, before
I go from hence, and die.

Pſalm XL.

1 'TIS good with patience to attend,
And on the Lord rely:
When other ſuccours fail'd, to him
I pray'd, who heard my cry.
2 I, that in miſery was plung'd,
Surrounded with deſpair;
Am ſafely plac'd above my fears,
And firm my goings are.

3 And now I'll chearfull praiſes ſing
To God, who ſet me free;
Whilſt this thy Goodneſs do's invite
Others to truſt in thee.
4 O happy Man! that truſts in God
And can the proud deſpiſe;
With the deceitfull Arts of ſuch
As turn aſide to Lyes.

5 Thy wond'rous works, and thoughts of love
To us ſo many are;
If I would tell them, they exceed
My thoughts and value far.
6 When ſacrifices, Lord, to thee
No longer gratefull were;
And when Obedience thou before
Burnt-offerings didſt preferr.

7 Inſtead of theſe, that I ſhould come,
Thy ſacred Books recite:
8 Thy Law is in my heart, and I
To do thy will delight.
9 Within thy Courts I have made known
How great thy Mercies are;
Thy Truth and Faithfulneſs, my tongue
To publiſh ſhall not ſpare.

10 Theſe are too great and good to lie
In private thoughts conceal'd;
What all are ſo concern'd to know,
To all I have reveal'd.

Part II.

11 O let my preſervation ſpeak
How true thou art and kind;
And thoſe Compaſſions I proclaim,
Lord, let me ever find.
12 I never needed more thy help,
With dangers round beſet;
Nor wonder at it, when my ſins
So many are and great.

Their number I no more can tell
Than th' hairs upon my head:
My heart is quite depreſs'd, and feiz'd
With horrour and with dread.

13 Lord,

13 Lord, ſince my troubles with ſuch haſte
To ruine me advance;
O do not ſtay, but come as faſt
To my Deliverance.

14 Let thoſe who would deſtroy my life
Their own Confuſion meet;
And when they attempt my hurt, with ſhame
Be forced to retreat.

15 Let ſuch as make my griefs their ſport,
Themſelves unpitied be;
Thoſe who deride my truſt in God,
Reward with Infamy.

16 To all true Worſhippers, who ſeek
Their God alone to pleaſe,
Do thou thy Favour, Lord, expreſs,
And make their joys t'increaſe.
Let thoſe whoſe hopes on thee depend,
And thy Salvation love,
Ever have cauſe and hearts to ſay,
Praiſed be God above.

17 O look upon my ſtate oppreſs'd
With Miſery and Grief:
Thou art my Saviour and my help,
Lord, ſend me quick relief.

Pſalm XLI.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 BLeſt is the Man, whoſe tender ſenſe
Is touched with another's grief;
Who when he hears the poor Man's cry,
Affords him pity and relief.

God

God will his Charity repay;
In time of need will be his Friend:
When troubles to his Lot ſhall fall,
He'll make 'em have an happy end.

2 Threatned by Danger or Diſeaſe,
His life he'll reſcue from the Grave;
Proſper his State on Earth, and from
His Foes and all their malice ſave.

3 He'll ſtrengthen him upon his Bed
Of languiſhing Infirmity:
Secure of God's Compaſſions,
His weary Limbs will ſofter lie.

4 Wounded and ſore oppreſt with guilt,
I cry'd for pity and for eaſe;
Lord, let thy Mercies heal my Soul,
Whoſe ſins are onely leſs than theſe.

Part II.

5 My Foes, t' afflict me more, my Name
With Defamations ſtrive to blot;
They wiſh me dead, and then they hope
To ſee my Reputation rot.

6 He ſeems, when preſent, to condole
With me, but all's deceit and fraud;
He picks up matter for his Lyes,
And ſpreads them, when he goes abroad.

7 In cloſe Aſſemblies they conſerr
Who hate me, and my hurt deviſe:
8 An ill diſeaſe ſticks to him faſt,
He's laid, ſay they, ne'er more to riſe.

9 Yea my familiar Friend, in whom
I put the greateſt confidence,

Who

Who to my Family retain'd,
Spurns at me with ſtrange Inſolence.

10 But Lord, in mercy raiſe me up,
And once more ſeat me on my Throne;
That by juſt puniſhments, I may
Repay, what wickedly they've done.

11 Thy kindneſs to me, by thy Care
I know, which thou doſt not recall:
That I'm in ſafety, and my Foe
Has miſs'd his Triumph in my fall.

12 With thankfulneſs to thee, I own,
Thou haſt ſuſtain'd my Innocence;
And, as to ſerve thee I'm advanc'd,
Wilt be for ever my defence.

13 Bleſt be that Majeſty above,
Whom all true Worſhippers adore;
Let every Age conſent, and ſay
Amen, till time ſhall be no more.

Pſalm XLII.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 O God, the ſpring of all my joys,
For thee I long, to thee I look:
No chaſed Hart do's pant ſo much
After the cooling Water-brook.

2 Leſs grief it is to be exil'd
From mine own houſe, O Lord, than thine
O how I wiſh t' approach that place,
Where all thy Glories uſe to ſhine.

3 The ſorrows of my Baniſhment
Increaſe, and tears become my food,

Whilſt

Whilſt mine inſulting foes reproach
My Faith, and ſay, where's now thy God?

4 Paſt joys renew my grief, to think
How to thine Houſe in Troops we came;
What chearfull Feaſts we kept, and ſang
Praiſes in conſort to thy Name.

5 Why ſhould I cheriſh theſe ſad thoughts,
Whence nothing but diſquiet flows?
Since you procure not what I wiſh,
Why ſhould you hinder my repoſe?

I've learnt this Remedy at laſt;
To keep my paſſions calm and ſtill,
I'm nearer Help by hope in God,
And Reſignation to his will.

6 While thus exil'd I wander from
This Mountain to the other Hill,
Grief do's oppreſs me: but the thoughts
Of thy great Goodneſs, chear me ſtill.

Part II.

7 Into deep Miſeries I'm fall'n,
Where one the other ſeems to invite;
Toſs'd in a Sea, where every Wave,
Threatens to overwhelm me quite.

8 God's Kindneſs ſtill will give me cauſe
To ſing his praiſe both Night and Day;
I'll thus commend my ſelf to him,
The Author of my life, and pray.

9 "O God my refuge, why ſo long
"Do I thus unregarded lie?
"Why do I mourn without relief,
"Oppreſſed by mine Enemy?

10 "This

10 "This wounds me deeply like a Sword,
"To hear my Truſt in thee with Scorn
"Reproach'd, by them who flouting ask,
"Where's now thy God? thou wretch for-
(lorn!

11 Why ſhould I cheriſh theſe ſad thoughts,
Whence nothing but diſquiet flows?
Since you procure not what I wiſh,
Why ſhould you hinder my repoſe.

I've learnt this Remedy at laſt,
To keep my Paſſions calm and ſtill:
I'm nearer help by hope in God,
And reſignation to his Will.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 BLeſt fountain of my joys, for thee
I long, to thee I look;
No chaſed Hart do's pant ſo much
After the Water-brook.

2 Leſs grief it is to be exil'd
From mine own houſe, than thine;
O how I wiſh t'approach the place
Where all thy Glories ſhine.

3 This makes my ſorrows to increaſe,
And tears become my food;
To hear my Foes reproach my Faith,
And ſay, where's now thy God?

4 Paſt joys renew my grief, to think
How to thine Houſe we came
In Troops to feaſt, and praiſes ſang
In conſort to thy Name.

5 Why ſhould I cheriſh theſe ſad thoughts
Whence nought but trouble flows?
Since

Since you procure not what I wiſh,
Hinder not my repoſe.
I've learnt this Remedy, to keep
My Paſſions calm and ſtill:
I'm nearer help by hope in God,
And a reſigned Will.

6 While thus exil'd I wander from
This to the other Hill,
Grief caſts me down, but thoughts of God's
Great Goodneſs, chear me ſtill.

Part II.

7 Deep are my Miſeries, and one
Another ſeems t' invite:
Toſs'd in a Sea, where every wave
Threatens to drown me quite.
8 Thy Kindneſs, Lord, will give me cauſe
To praiſe thee Night and Day;
I'll thus commend my ſelf to thee,
God of my life, and pray.

9 " O God my Refuge, why do I
" So long forgotten lie?
" Why do I mourn without relief,
" Oppreſs'd by th' Enemy?
10 " This wounds me like a Sword, to hear
" My Truſt reproach'd with ſcorn,
" By them, who flouting ask, where's now
" Thy God? thou wretch forlorn!

11 Why ſhould I cheriſh theſe ſad thoughts,
Whence nought but trouble flows?
Since you procure not what I wiſh,
Hinder not my repoſe.
I've learnt this Remedy, to keep
My Paſſions calm and ſtill;

I'm

I'm nearer help by hope in God,
And a resigned will.

Psalm XLIII.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 THou Righteous Judge of all the world,
Be thou my gracious Advocate;
And clear mine Innocence from those
Whose craft is equal to their hate.

2 Why, Lord, dost thou with-hold that pow'r,
On which my soul alone relies?
And look'st not on my mournfull State,
Oppress't by cruel Enemies?

3 Thy Mercy and thy Truth display;
That by the Conduct of thy Light,
Thy Courts I may attain, and there
May have of thee a fuller sight.

4 T'approach thine Altar would revive
My Soul, and all my Gladness raise:
Where I thy Goodness would proclaim
With all the Instruments of praise.

5 Why should I entertain sad thoughts
Whence nothing but Disturbance flows?
Since they procure not what I wish,
Why should they hinder my repose?

I've learnt this Remedy at last,
To keep my Passions calm and still;
I'm nearer help by hope in God,
And resignation to his will.

[*Another*

[*Another Metre.*]

1 GReat Judge of all the world, be thou
My gracious Advocate;
To plead my cauſe, 'gainſt thoſe, whoſe craft
Is equal to their hate.

2 Why, Lord, doſt thou with-hold that pow'r,
On which my Soul relies?
And look'ſt not on my State oppreſs'd
By cruel Enemies?

3 Thy Mercy and thy Truth diſplay,
That, guided by thy Light,
I may attain thy Courts, and have
Of thee a fuller ſight.

4 T'approach thine Altar would revive
My ſoul, my joys would raiſe:
Where I thy Goodneſs would proclaim
With Inſtrumenrs of praiſe.

5 Why ſhould I entertain ſad thoughts,
Whence nought but trouble flows?
Since you procure not what I wiſh,
Hinder not my repoſe.
I've learnt this Remedy, to keep
My Paſſions calm and ſtill;
I'm nearer help by hope in God,
And a reſigned will.

Pſalm XLIV.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 THE wonders, Lord, thou didſt of old,
We've often heard our Fathers tell;
2 To plant thy People in their land,
How thou the Heathen didſt expell.

3 Their

3 Their ſpeedy Conqueſts were not gain'd
By their own Valour or their Sword:
But by the preſence of thy Pow'r,
And ſpecial favour of the Lord.

4 O God my King, ſave *Jacob*'s Seed,
Whoſe pow'rfull word alone can do't:
5 Then ſhall our foes before us fall,
And we ſhall tread them under-foot.

6 It is not by our Sword or Bow
We hope to conquer, but by thee:
7 By whom ſo oft we have been ſav'd,
And they oft made with ſhame to flee.

8 In God we glory and we praiſe
9 Thy Name: yet now our caſe deplore:
Thy preſence is withdrawn, that us'd
To head our Armies heretofore:

10 Caſt off by thee, our Courage fails,
Our Enemies with eaſe us foil;
We turn our backs, and they come on
With greedy haſt to take the ſpoil.

11 Like Sheep deſign'd for ſlaughter, ſome
Fall into cruel Butchers hands;
Others led Captive, are diſpers'd
In far remote and Heathen Lands.

12 Diſown'd by God; by all deſpis'd
Like vileſt Slaves they're ſold and bought;
And being priz'd as little worth,
Their owners part with them for nought.

13 We're to our Neighbours a reproach,
To all about a Laughing-Stock:

14 The Heathens by-word when they speak,
When Signs they only make, their mock.

Part II.

15 The Ignominy of our State,
Confounds me with perpetual shame:
16 To hear the Scoffs wherewith our foes
Reproach us, and blaspheme thy Name.

17 Our only Comfort is, tho' all
These Miseries are our sad Lot,
We've not been false unto our God,
Him or his Covenant forgot.

18 We have not entertain'd worse thoughts,
Nor thy Religion less have lov'd;
Nor hitherto our steps have balk'd
Thy way, nor we Apostates prov'd.

19 Tho' broke and shatter'd, where not me
But Dragons rather fury breath;
Our state is utterly forlorn,
And dismal like the shades of Death.

20 Had we to worship God forgot,
Or pray'd to their false Deities;
21 God's Vengeance we had not escap'd,
Who all our secret thoughts espies.

22 That for thy sake we're daily kill'd
Like butcher'd Sheep, is seen by all;
When rather than forsake our God,
We chuse his Sacrifice to fall.

23 Awake and rise for our defence,
Thy long neglected people own:
24 No more displeasure show, when we
Under such sad oppressions groan.

25 Low

25 Lower we cannot lie; the ground
And we one Body seem to make:
26 Rise for our help, and raise us up;
Oh save us, for thy Mercies sake.

Psalm XLV.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

DIvinely now inspir'd I'll sing
The Praises of a mighty King:
What I recite, shall flow so fast,
No Scribes quick pen can make such hast.

O Glorious King! thy form divine,
Created Beauties do's out-shine:
All Graces on thy Lips are pour'd,
On thee Eternal Blessings showr'd.

Gird thy bright sword upon thy thigh,
The Ornament of Majesty;
Like an illustrious Prince appear,
And shew how great thy Glories are.

Ride on in triumph, and maintain
The Vertues that adorn thy train;
Wrong'd Meekness, Truth and Equity
Look onely for support from thee.

Thine Enemies amazed stand,
Struck with the terrour of thy hand;
Who needs must fall, since thy keen darts
Will find a passage to their hearts.

Thy Throne, O God, is fixed sure,
Thy Kingdom ever shall endure;
Thy Law's, the Scepter in thy hand,
Oppress not those whom they command.

7 Sin thou doſt hate, but juſtice love;
Therefore thy Glories far above
Thy Fellows ſhine; thy God has ſhed
More Oil of Gladneſs on thy head.

Part II.

8 None ever did appear ſo glad
In Nuptial Garments richly clad,
So fragrant from th' Ivory rooms,
As if made up of meer Perfumes.

9 Daughters of Kings did not diſdain
T' attend among the princely train:
The Royal Bride at thy right hand,
In pureſt Gold array'd did ſtand.

10 Great Queen! thou wilt be happier yet,
If thou'lt thy Country's Rites forget:
11 The King will prize thy Beauty more;
For he's that Lord thou muſt adore.

12 Rich *Tyre*, and thoſe of greateſt port,
With preſents ſhall thy favour court.
13 Thy Mind all graces do's inſold,
More ſplendid than thy cloth of Gold.

14 She to the King in raiment wrought
With rich embroid'ry, ſhall be brought;
Her Maids of Honour after go
Attending in the pompous ſhow.

15 Whom they with forward joy ſhall brin
Into the Palace of the King.
16 Inſtead of Parents, from thy Womb,
Princes to rule the Earth ſhall come.

17 And this my Song, ſhall make thy Nam
Survive, Great King, and ſpread thy Fame
Th

Thee future Ages shall adore
And praise, till time shall be no more.

Psalm XLVI.

TH' Almighty Lord is our defence,
The Strength whereby we stand;
When Troubles their approaches make,
His help is still at hand.
Our Faith may then remain unmov'd,
Tho' th' Earth should be displac'd;
Or tho' into the Seas vast Gulph
The Mountains should be cast.

Altho' the Ocean's troubled waves
A frightfull noise should make;
Should rise and swell unto the Clouds,
And cause the Hills to shake.
There is a quiet stream makes glad
The City of the Lord:
His presence shall secure her peace,
And timely help afford.

The Nations rage and threaten War,
But God is on our side;
One word of his dissolves their force,
And daunts their swelling pride.
See what his hand has done, it draws
The Sword out of its sheath;
Which, while he gives it leave triumphs
In Slaughter and in Death.

Then by another word he makes
Destructive wars to cease;
He breaks their Arms, the Bow and Spear,
And crowns the Earth with peace.

10 Ceaſe then, fond man, to ſtrive with God,
Whoſe pow'r is over all;
For fear, he ſhould exalt himſelf
In your unpitied fall.

11 This is our Glory that the Lord
Of Hoſts is on our ſide;
We in his Care, as in a Fort,
In Safety ſhall abide.

Pſalm XLVII.

1 O All ye people clap your hands,
And make a joyfull noiſe;
With Acclamations to your God,
Declare your inward joys.
2 His high Perfections do proclaim
Him greatly to be fear'd;
This King of all the world commands
Your Honour and Regard.

3 By him o'er warlike Nations we
Our Conqueſts do advance:
4 And he this happy Land has choſe
For our Inheritance.
Here he reſides too, and in this
All People we excell:
A ſignal Token 'tis of Love
When God with us will dwell.

5 In a triumphant ſtate our Lord
T' his holy Place aſcends;
Loud noiſe of trumpets all the while
Our ſhouts of joy attends.
6 Sing chearfull praiſes to our God,
Sing praiſes to our King:

7 He

7 He's Lord of all the Earth, his praiſe
With underſtanding ſing.

8 He makes the Heathen feel his pow'r,
And him their Sov'reign own;
He ſeats himſelf upon the Ark,
As on his holy Throne.

9 Rulers and People at ſet times
Do all aſſemble here;
And whilſt they worſhip *Abr'ham's* God,
From foes no danger fear.

God, who their ſafety undertakes,
Superiour is to all:
His Rule extends o'er thoſe whom men
The *Earth's Defenders* call.

Pſalm XLVIII.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 GReat Praiſes to the greateſt Lord,
Are due from none ſo much as thoſe
Of his own City, in that Mount
He for his ſolemn worſhip choſe.

2 For Situation, the whole Land
None ſo delightfull do's afford;
Seen Northward of *Jeruſalem*,
The City of our Mighty Lord.

3 As in a Royal Palace, there
God keeps his ſolemn Reſidence:
His Divine preſence makes it ſafe,
No Fort can give it ſuch defence.

4 The Forces of Confed'rate Kings
Drew near, this City to attack:

5 They ſaw it, and like men amaz'd
In great Confuſion haſted back.

6 Terrour and fear ſeiz'd all their Hoſt;
No child-bed throws come on ſo faſt:
7 Such as the Mariners feel, whoſe ſhips
Toſt by fierce Tempeſts, break at laſt.

8 God's City has ſuch wonders ſeen,
As heretofore our Fathers told:
His Mercy, which has ſav'd us now,
Will ſtill protect, and it uphold.

Part II.

9 Not truſting to our Arms or Forts,
We to thy Temple did repair;
Thought on thy Love, and waited there,
What God would do, by humble pray'r.

10 Thy Name's the Lord of Hoſts, we found
Thee ſo, in our Deliverance:
And all the World thy glorious pow'r
In chearfull Praiſes will advance.

Thy hand for works of Mercy, Lord,
As well as Juſtice is renown'd:
11 Let *Sion* then begin her Songs,
Follow'd by *Judah*'s Cities round.

12 Go round the Holy Mount; her Tow'rs,
13 Her Palaces and Bullwarks view;
All are entire; and with what Care
'T has been by Heav'n preſerved, ſhew,

14 Record it too, that after times
May truſt in God, whom we have try'd:
Then he, who now our Guard has been,
Will ever be our God and Guide.

Pſalm

Psalm XLIX.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 LET all the People round the Earth,
Their Ears with great attention bow,
To words that equally concern
2 Both rich and poor, both high and low.

3 Wise and grave Maxims I lay down;
4 And with attention quick and sharp
My self will listen, while they're sung
To the soft Musick of my Harp.

5 Why should the Man who trusts in God,
Affright himself with needless fear
In days of evil; when old Age
Approaches, or when Death draws near.

6 Vain men applaud their Stores, yet none
7 His Brother can from dying save;
8 Life's purchase is too great; no wealth
9 Can buy our freedom from the Grave.

10 The Ashes of the Wise and Good
With Fools together mingled lie:
The Rich, tho' loth to go, must leave
The World, with all their wealth, and die.

Part II.

11 Some think on houses that they build,
Their Fame eternally shall stand;
And to preserve their Memory,
Give their own Names unto their Land.

12 Death levels all their State with Beasts,
Makes all their splendid Titles fade:

13 Yet their poſterity approves
The follies and miſtakes they made.

14 Driv'n to the Grave like ſheep, their ſtrength
And beauty quite conſum'd away;
They in Death's fold ſhall lie 'nclos'd,
Till the great Reſurrection-Day.

A Day in which the Juſt ſhall reign,
And o'er the Bad Dominion have:
15 Then I ſhall be receiv'd to bliſs,
After I'm raiſed from the Grave.

16 Be not concern'd when one's made rich
Or honour'd here; for when he dies,
17 Naked he goes away from hence,
And ſtript of all his Glory lies.

18 Tho' whilſt he liv'd he bleſs'd himſelf,
And other Men are apt to praiſe
His prudent Management, who ſtrives
His Wealth or Family to raiſe:

19 It's folly all; ſince he muſt tread
The Path his Fathers went before;
And in the place where now he dwells,
Never ſee Light or Comfort more.

20 Man that to Honour is advanc'd.
And with true Wiſdom is not bleſt;
Tho' pleas'd with falſe and flatt'ring hopes,
Shall die and periſh like a Beaſt.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 ALL People round the Earth, your ears
With heedfull liſt'ning bow:
2 My words concern both rich and poor
Alike, both high and low.

3 Wiſe

3 Wiſe and grave Maxims I compoſe,
And with attention ſharp
4 My ſelf will liſten, whilſt they're ſung
To my Melodious Harp.

5 Wherefore ſhould he that truſts in God
Affright himſelf with fear
In evil days; to ſee old Age
Approach, or Death draw near?
6 Men boaſt their Stores, and yet none can
7 From Death his Brother ſave:
8 Life's purchaſe is too great, to buy
9 Our Freedom from the Grave.

10 The Aſhes of the wiſe with fools
Together mingled lie;
The rich, tho' loth, muſt leave the world
With all their wealth, and die.
11 Some think on houſes that they build
Their Fame ſhall ever ſtand;
And that their Names may not be loſt,
They give them to their Land.

12 Death levels all their pomp with Beaſts,
Makes all their Titles fade;
13 Yet their poſterity approves
All the miſtakes they made.

Part II.

14 Driv'n to the grave like ſheep, mens ſtrength
And beauty fades away;
And there ſhall lie incloſed, till
The Reſurrection Day.
Then ſhall the juſt men reign, and o'er
The Bad Dominion have;
15 Then I ſhall be receiv'd to bliſs,
When raiſed from the Grave.

16 Envy

13 Yet their posterity approves
The follies and mistakes they made.

14 Driv'n to the Grave like sheep, their strength
And beauty quite consum'd away;
They in Death's fold shall lie 'nclos'd,
Till the great Resurrection-Day.

A Day in which the Just shall reign,
And o'er the Bad Dominion have:
15 Then I shall be receiv'd to bliss,
After I'm raised from the Grave.

16 Be not concern'd when one's made rich
Or honour'd here; for when he dies,
17 Naked he goes away from hence,
And stript of all his Glory lies.

18 Tho' whilst he liv'd he bless'd himself,
And other Men are apt to praise
His prudent Management, who strives
His Wealth or Family to raise:

19 It's folly all; since he must tread
The Path his Fathers went before;
And in the place where now he dwells,
Never see Light or Comfort more.

20 Man that to Honour is advanc'd.
And with true Wisdom is not blest;
Tho' pleas'd with false and flatt'ring hopes,
Shall die and perish like a Beast.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 ALL People round the Earth, your ears
With heedfull list'ning bow:
2 My words concern both rich and poor
Alike, both high and low.

3 Wise

3 Wiſe and grave Maxims I compoſe,
And with attention ſharp
4 My ſelf will liſten, whilſt they're ſung
To my Melodious Harp.

5 Wherefore ſhould he that truſts in God
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In evil days; to ſee old Age
Approach, or Death draw near?
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And there ſhall lie incloſed, till
The Reſurrection Day.
Then ſhall the juſt men reign, and o'er
The Bad Dominion have;
15 Then I ſhall be receiv'd to bliſs,
When raiſed from the Grave.

16 Envy not him that's glorious here
Or rich, for when he dies,
17 Naked he goes away, and ſtript
Of all his Glory lies.
18 Tho' whilſt he liv'd he bleſs'd himſelf;
And men are apt to praiſe
That prudent Management, which wealth
And Families do's raiſe:

19 It's Folly all; for he muſt go
Where others went before;
And never, where he now muſt dwell,
See Light or Comfort more.
20 Man that is honour'd here, and with
True wiſdom is not bleſt;
Tho' pleas'd with flatt'ring hopes, ſhall die,
And periſh like a Beaſt.

Pſalm L.

1 THE Mighty God, and Lord of all,
Calls the whole Land to hear;
And ſummons all from Eaſt to Weſt
Before him to appear.
2 *Sion*'s the beauteous Palace, where
God keeps his Reſidence;
He'll go in greateſt Splendour forth
And Kingly State from thence.

3 All ſhall have notice of it; when
Lightnings devouring flame,
And thundring Tempeſts round about
His coming ſhall proclaim.
4 So publick, that both Heav'n and Earth
His witneſſes ſhall be;
And all the world the Equity
Of his Proceedings ſee.

5 He'll

5 He'll give ſtrict charge, to gather all
His Saints to this Aſſize;
Who have a Solemn Covenant made
Confirm'd by Sacrifice.
6 Conſpicuous as the Heav'ns themſelves
His Juſtice ſhall appear;
Since God himſelf, the Righteous Judge,
Will paſs the Sentence there.

7 O *Iſrael*, hear to what my charge
Againſt thee do's amount;
It is thy God, who gave thee Laws,
Now calls thee to account.
8 But I'll not charge thee with neglects
Of legal Sacrifice;
The Smoak of whoſe burnt Offerings
Daily to Heav'n do's riſe.

9 Think not by Store of theſe, amends
For other Sins to make:
I need not Bullocks or He-Goats
From thy ſhort Stores to take.

Part II.

10 The Cattle on a thouſand Hills,
The Beaſts both wild and tame;
11 Fowls of the Mountains by me known,
All as mine own I claim.
12 Could I be hungry, I'd not ask
Thee to provide me Food;
Since all the Earth to me belongs,
With its full ſtores of good.

13 Nor 'cauſe the fleſh and blood of beaſts
Are on mine Altar, think
I have ſuch Appetite, as craves
Supply of meat and drink.

14 Offer to God thy thanks; and pay
Thy Vows to the moſt high:
15 In trouble pray to him; when ſav'd
Him only glorifie.
16 But, wicked wretch, why doſt thou name
God's Covenant in thy talk?
Urge others to obſerve his Laws,
17 Which thou doſt ſlight and balk?
18 Thou canſt allow and ſhare with thefts,
And foul Adulteries:
19 Slanders imploy thy Tongue, thy mind
Contrives deceit and lyes.
20 Thy Calumnies ſpare not ſo much
As thine own Mother's Son:
21 Thou thought'ſt too, 'cauſe ſo long forborn,
I lik'd theſe things thou'ſt done.
But I'll correct thee, and in view
They ſins in order ſet.
22 You're warn'd, and now conſider well
All ye that God forget.
Abuſed Patience will make
His wrath the more ſevere,
And none have pow'r to reſcue thoſe
Whom he'll in pieces tear.
23 Know then, that whoſo offers praiſe,
Pleaſes and honours me;
And he who orders right his ways,
Shall my Salvation ſee.

Pſalm LI.

[*To the Tune of the Lamentation, Or as the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 LOrd, look upon my ſinfull Soul,
That unto thee for Mercy flies;

As

As thy Compaſſions boundleſs are,
So blot out mine iniquities.

2 O waſh me throughly from my crimes,
For thou alone canſt make me clean:
3 With tears I now confeſs my guilt,
Amaz'd to ſee how vile I've been.

4 None elſe can call me to account,
But thy Tribunal, Lord, I fear;
For if arraign'd and judg'd by thee,
I muſt be caſt, and thou be clear.

5 I was conceiv'd and born in ſin,
Too prone and bent to do amiſs;
6 But inward Purity to thee,
And Truth of Heart moſt pleaſing is.

7 Lord, ſhew me thou art reconcil'd,
As thoſe with Hyſſop ſprinkled know
They are abſolv'd; thy Grace can waſh
And make me whiter than the Snow.

8 My ſins have forfeited the joys
And inward peace that once I had;
Thy pard'ning voice would heal again
My broken bones and make them glad.

9 No longer, Lord, behold my ſins
With a ſevere and angry look;
O take their ſtains out of my Soul,
And blot their guilt out of thy book.

* *To thee, O Father, to the Son*
And Holy Ghoſt, whom we adore;
Be Glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and ſhall be evermore.

* *This may be here added, when the Tune of the Lamentation is uſed.*

14 Offer to God thy thanks; and pay
Thy Vows to the moſt high:
15 In trouble pray to him; when ſav'd
Him only glorifie.
16 But, wicked wretch, why doſt thou name
God's Covenant in thy talk?
Urge others to obſerve his Laws,
17 Which thou doſt ſlight and balk?
18 Thou canſt allow and ſhare with thefts,
And foul Adulteries:
19 Slanders imploy thy Tongue, thy mind
Contrives deceit and lyes.
20 Thy Calumnies ſpare not ſo much
As thine own Mother's Son:
21 Thou thought'ſt too, 'cauſe ſo long forborn,
I lik'd theſe things thou'ſt done.
But I'll correct thee, and in view
They ſins in order ſet.
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Too prone and bent to do amiſs;
6 But inward Purity to thee,
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Be Glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and ſhall be evermore.

* *This may be here added, when the Tune of the Lamentation is uſed.*

Part II.

10 Create in me, O God, a heart
Clean and unſpotted in thy ſight;
Renew a well compoſed mind,
Unmov'd from Goodneſs and upright.

11 Lord, do not caſt me from thy ſight,
As one whom thou no more canſt love;
Nor let thy Spirit, whoſe Grace I need,
Tho griev'd too much, from me remove.

12 Its ſaving comforts and free aids,
T' uphold my feeble pow'rs, afford.
13 Thus Sinners will be drawn t'amend
Their ways, and turn unto the Lord.

14 O ſave me from the crying guilt
Of Blood, that ſin of crimſon dye;
Thy Faithfulneſs I'll then proclaim,
And loudly ſing thy Clemency.

15 My opened Lips ſhall ſpeak thy praiſe;
16 For this thou rather doſt deſire,
Than coſtly Sacrifice of Beaſts
Conſumed wholly in the fire.

17 Thou, Lord, a broken contrite heart
Doſt more than bloody offerings prize;
This preſent now I humbly make,
Which God, I truſt, will not deſpiſe.

18 Thy people whom thou lov'ſt, delight
To bleſs, defend and ſuccour them:
Do good to *Sion*, Lord, and build
The Walls of thy *Jeruſalem*.

19 The Praiſes of the Righteous then,
How kind thou art, ſhall loudly tell;
And all their choiceſt Offerings laid
Upon God's Altar, pleaſe him well.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 BEhold, O Lord, my ſinfull Soul
To thee for Mercy flies;
Thy boundleſs Mercy can blot out
All mine Iniquities.

2 O waſh away my crimes, for thou
Alone canſt make me clean:

3 I now confeſs my guilt, amaz'd
To ſee how vile I've been.

4 Tho' none can call me to account,
Thy Sentence, Lord, I fear;
If judg'd by thee, I know I muſt
Be caſt, and thou be clear.

5 I was conceiv'd and born in Sin,
Too prone to do amiſs;

6 But Purity and Truth of Heart
To thee moſt pleaſing is.

7 Shew thou art reconcil'd, as thoſe
With Hyſſop ſprinkled know
They are abſolv'd; thy Grace can waſh,
And make me white as Snow.

8 My Sins have forfeited the Joys
And Peace that once I had;
Thy voice would heal my broken bones,
Thy Pardon make them glad.

9 No longer, Lord, behold my ſins
With a diſpleaſed look:
O take their ſtains out of my Soul,
Their Guilt out of thy Book.

Part

Part II.

10 Create in me, O Lord, a heart
Unſpotted in thy ſight;
Renew in me a mind unmov'd
From Goodneſs, and upright.
11 Lord, do not caſt me from thy ſight,
As one thou canſt not love;
Nor let thy Spirit, tho' griev'd too much,
Its Grace from me remove.

12 Its Comforts and free aids, t'uphold
My feeble pow'rs afford:
13 Thus Sinners will amend their ways,
And turn unto the Lord.
14 O ſave me from the Guilt of Blood,
That ſin of crimſon dye;
Then I'll proclaim thy Faithfulneſs,
And ſing thy Clemency.

15 My opened Lips ſhall ſpeak thy praiſe;
For this thou doſt deſire,
16 Rather than ſacrifice of Beaſts
Conſumed in the fire.
17 Thou doſt a broken contrite heart
More than all Offerings prize;
This preſent now I humbly bring,
Which God will not deſpiſe.

18 Delight to bleſs thy People, Lord,
Defend and ſuccour them;
Do good to *Sion*; build the walls
Of thy *Jeruſalem*.
19 The Praiſes of the Righteous then,
How kind thou art, ſhall tell;
And all their Offerings laid upon
God's Altar, pleaſe him well.

Pſalm

Pſalm LII.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 VAin mighty Man! to vaunt it ſo
That thou canſt mighty Miſchief do!
Unlike to God, who's not inclin'd
By 'Almighty pow'r, to be leſs kind.

2 Thou Hypocrite! Malice did whet
Thy Tongue, like Razor newly ſet;
The firſt miſchievous Inſtrument,
Prepar'd to ſlay the Innocent.

3 Tho' Truth and Right are ſpoke with eaſe,
Evil and Lyes thee better pleaſe.
4 Thy Calumnies, falſe Tongue, have pow'r
At once a City to devour.

5 Thou canſt not God's juſt Doom avoid,
Thy turn is next to be deſtroy'd:
He'll pluck thee from thy dwelling-place,
And root out all thy curſed Race.

6 The Juſt ſhall dread to ſee thy fall,
Yet thus expreſs their Joys withal.
7 " See here the wretched end, yet juſt,
" Of one that made not God his Truſt,
" Who meant by treach'rous Arts and Lyes,
" By wicked practices to riſe; (thought
" And ſtrengthned by great wealth he
" Himſelf ſecure; he's brought to nought.

8 Whilſt I, deſign'd for ruin, ſtand;
Supported by the Almighty's hand;
And flouriſh like an Olive-tree:
God's Mercy ſtill my Truſt ſhall be.

What

9 What God has done, I'll celebrate,
For what h' has promis'd ever wait;
Tho' other ways bad men propound,
This the beſt courſe his Saints have found.

Pſalm LIII.

[*As the* 25 *Pſalm.*]

1 THE Fools believe no God
Do's mind th' affairs below:
For tho' they ſpeak it not aloud,
They live as if 'twere ſo.
All are corrupt and vile,
Their Actions hatefull are;
They're only skilfull to do ill,
From Good eſtranged far.

2 God from his Throne look'd down,
And took a ſtrict Survey,
What men did ſeek and know the Lord,
And his juſt Laws obey.

3 All were degenerate,
With loathſome Sins o'ergrown;
What was Religious juſt and good,
None practis'd, no not one.

4 Strange Madneſs! that they ſhould
Like Bread the poor devour;
And neither own thee [by their pray'rs,
Nor dread thy mighty pow'r.

5 Where all their fears were vain,
Great terrours ſeiz'd them there;
God who deſpis'd them, made their fall
As ſhamefull as their fear.

6 Delay not, Lord, to ſet
Thy captive people free: When

When thy Salvation ſhall appear,
Great will their triumphs be.

Pſalm LIV.

1 SAve me, O God, thy glorious Name,
Thou righteous Judge, advance:
2 O hear my pray'r, and ſhew thy pow'r
In my Deliverance.
3 For Enemies to me unknown,
And Strangers to thy fear,
Seek to betray me, and to take
Away my Life, draw near.

4 See how my gracious God appears,
And brings unlook'd-for aid:
Since he my threatned Life ſecures,
I'll be no more afraid.
5 God will repay their wrongs, contriv'd
With ſuch malicious fraud:
When thy juſt Vengeance on them falls,
All will thy Truth applaud.

6 My free and gratefull ſacrifice
Of praiſe to God I'll bring;
His Pow'r and Wiſdom celebrate,
His Goodneſs ever ſing.
7 For now I'm ſafe from all my fears,
And I with pleaſure ſee
Mine Enemies retreat with ſhame,
Who gloried over me.

9 What God has done, I'll celebrate,
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His Pow'r and Wiſdom celebrate,
His Goodneſs ever ſing.
7 For now I'm ſafe from all my fears,
And I with pleaſure ſee
Mine Enemies retreat with ſhame,
Who gloried over me.

Pſalm LV.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 LOrd hear my pray'r, and do not hide
Thy ſelf from thy poor Suppliant:
2 Conſider how I mourn, and make
A doleſull noiſe in my Complaint.

3 My wicked Foe has War proclaim'd,
And now reduc'd me to ſore ſtraits;
And loading me with forged crimes,
With rage purſues me, whom he hates.

4 Sore Anguiſh pains me to the Heart,
I feel even Death's ſtrange Agonies:
My Danger threatens me ſo loud,
5 That trembling horrors on me ſeize.

6 Oh who will lend me wings, as ſwift
As Dove's, who have their innocence,
That to a ſafe and quiet place
I might retire, by flying hence.

7 I'd chuſe to wander any where,
Or to ſome unknown Deſart go:
8 I'd haſten my eſcape, nor ſtay
Till this fierce Tempeſt did o'erblow.

9 May all their Counſels diſagree,
And their Deſtruction ſpring from thence;
The City's with Contention fill'd,
By Rapine caus'd and Violence.

10 Theſe, day and night go round the Walls,
Miſchief and Woe keep centry there:
11 Iniquity, deceit and guile
In th' head of every ſtreet appear.

12 I was not by an open Foe
Reproach'd, one made by quarrels fierce;
I could have born it then, or elſe
Been ſafe, by ſhunning his converſe.

13 But thou, perfidious wretch, waſt one
Belov'd, my Councellour, my Friend;
14 With whom my hours, both at my own
And at God's Houſe, I oft did ſpend.

Part II.

15 Let them be ſeiz'd by ſudden death,
And ſink alive into a Grave;
For elſe, where-e'er they go or ſtay,
Miſchievous plots a place will have.

16 But I intend to call on God,
Who'll reſcue me from what I fear;
17 Evening and Morning, and at Noon,
I'll cry aloud, and he will hear.

18 He'll ſettle me in peace, my Life
In battle ſave from cruel hands:
Tho' they in Number far exceed,
God's preſence for an Army ſtands.

19 God, who the ſame abides, their pride
Will humble, and my pray'rs will hear;
Who proſp'ring hitherto in Sin,
Change not, nor God's juſt Vengeance fear.

20 He who all Laws of Friendſhip, all
Oaths of Fidelity has broke,
21 Gave words as ſmooth as oil, when juſt
Ready to give a mortal ſtroak.

22 Caſt all the burden of thy Cares
On God, who will ſupport his own;

They,

They, tho' ſore ſhaken for a while,
Shall not be utterly caſt down.

23 But proſperous Iniquity
Prepares men for a fearfull end;
Whom God, when they are moſt ſecure,
Will headlong to deſtruction ſend.

How ſeldom do the men of Blood
And Treachery, live half their Days;
I truſt, I ſhall mine Age conclude
In peace, and long God's Goodneſs praiſe.

Pſalm LVI.

1 REſcue my Life in Mercy, Lord,
For Man would me devour;
His hot and cloſe purſuit affords
No Truce to breathe an Hour.
2 My Foes that for my ruin gape,
And wait my ſteps t'enſnare;
As well in number as in pow'r
To me Superiour are.

3 But tho' a ſudden danger may
Some preſent frights create;
My truſt in thee will never fail
My Fears to diſſipate.
4 Then by God's help I'll celebrate
With praiſe his faithfull Word;
And vanquiſh all my fears of men,
By truſting in the Lord.

5 When I would conquer their ill will,
By being Innocent;
They wreſt my words, and to my hurt
Their thoughts are wholly bent.

6 For

6 For this they frequent counſels hold,
And Snares in ſecret lay;
Watch all my motions and their time,
To take my Life away.

Part II.

7 Shall crafty wickedneſs prevail,
And ſcape without God's frown?
Repreſs their haughty inſolence;
With Vengeance caſt them down.
8 Forced to wander here and there,
Thou know'ſt how oft I weep;
A kind remembrance of my tears,
And of my troubles keep.

9 I know my pray'r ſhall now prevail
To quell my foes, whoſe pride
Will make my Victory more ſure,
Since God is on my ſide.
10 Then by God's help I'll celebrate
With praiſe, his faithfull word;
11 And vanquiſh all my fears of men,
By truſting in the Lord.

12 I'm bound by Vows to praiſe my God
Ev'n to my lateſt breath;
13 Who, when in utmoſt danger left,
Reſcu'd my Life from Death.
From falling by the wicked's pow'r
If God will me defend;
My feet his paths ſhall tread, my Life
I'll in his ſervice ſpend.

Psalm LVII.

1 LOrd, since I trust in thee alone,
Mercy to me extend;
I fly for shelter to thy wings,
Till all my troubles end.
2 To him, whose pow'r is over all,
In my distress I'll cry;
Since thou hast sav'd me heretofore,
Thy help will still be nigh.

3 He will employ his heav'nly aids
And save me by his pow'r;
Put those to shame, who would my Life
With greedy haste devour.
God's Mercy and his Truth's engag'd,
For my security:
4 Tho' rather among cruel Beasts
Than Men, inclos'd I lie.

They breath mere flames, their teeth are spears,
Their tongue a sharpned sword:
5 Exalt thy self 'bove Heav'n and Earth
In my Deliv'rance, Lord.
6 When with the Fowlers treach'rous Arts,
My ruin was prepar'd;
Their Pits occasion'd their own fall,
Their Gins themselves insnar'd.

7 My heart, O God, is now prepar'd,
And this my Tongue shall raise;
8 Which with my harp shall early sing
A Consort to thy Praise.
9 The great Salvation thou hast wrought
I'll to the World proclaim;

The

The ſcattered Nations ſhall aſſiſt
My Songs, to ſpread thy fame.

10 Thy Mercy reaches to the Heav'ns,
Thy Truth unto the Skies;
11 Then let thy Glories, Lord, above
Both Earth and Heaven riſe.

Pſalm LVIII.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 YE that adminiſter affairs,
And Judges in great councils ſit,
Do ye juſt Sentences pronounce,
And Righteous Men with care acquit?

2 So far from this; when all things ſhould
In equal Balances be weigh'd,
You practiſe open Violence,
By your corrupt affections ſway'd.

3 But 'tis no wonder; ſince you were
Deprav'd, almoſt as ſoon as born;
A wicked brood, train'd up to lye,
To flatter, and all Truth to ſcorn.

4 Your venom'd Tongues ſtrike at my Life;
No Serpent deadlier poyſon bears;
To all true Information deaf,
The Aſp, it's ſaid, thus ſtops her ears.

5 In vain on that which will not hear,
Charmers employ their Magick-skill;
And all reproofs on you are loſt,
Who are unjuſt by ſtubborn will.

6 But tho' there's nothing can correct;
Yet, Lord, their wickedneſs diſarm;
When they like Lions fiercely rage,
Leave them no pow'r to do me harm.

Part II.

7 May all the wicked's power fail,
Like haſty ſhow'rs as quickly ſpent;
Their arrows prove like broken reeds,
When e'er their Bow's for Miſchief bent.

8 Like Snails ſo let them melt away;
Or thoſe untimely births, begun
With painfull throes the Mothers feel,
Which die before they ſee the Sun.

9 You're ready to devour the poor,
Like thorns prepar'd to ſeeth a pot;
When by a furious Tempeſt rais'd,
All's ſwept away, before it's hot.

10 This Righteous Veng'ance ſhall provoke
The Joys and Triumphs of the Good,
As o'er the ſlain with Victory
They paſs, and dip their feet in blood.

11 And all that ſee it will confeſs
That God men's actions do's regard;
And will not fail, as they deſerve
Either to puniſh or reward.

Pſalm LIX.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 LOrd, ſave me from mine Enemies,
From thoſe that now againſt me riſe:

2 Workers

2 Workers of Wickedneſs, whoſe rage
Blood muſt, and only mine, aſſwage.

3 Lo! how the mighty Men are met,
And with ſtrong Guards my houſe beſet;
To take away my Life they wait,
Who by no Crime deſerve their hate.

4 Thou ſee'ſt how buſily they run,
And, Lord, thou know'ſt I've nothing done;
Thou who haſt oft my helper been,
Behold what dangers I am in.

5 What's all their force, who thus combine,
Lord God of Hoſts, compar'd with thine?
Spare not theſe Heathens, who profeſs
They're thine, but wickedly tranſgreſs.

6 When I their malice ſcape by Day,
They come at Evening for their Prey;
Which they like growling Dogs do watch,
And hunt the City round to catch.

7 Their Malice burſts out with their words,
They talk of naught but death and ſwords:
For who, ſay they, minds what we do?
8 Thou Lord; and wilt deride them too.

Expos'd to all men's Scorn they'll be,
Who ſhall their hopes defeated ſee.
9 Tho' ſtrong they are, on God I'll wait,
Who will defend me from their hate.

Part II.

10 My gracious God will now prevent
My ruin, upon which they're bent:
And, by my ſtrange eſcape, compleat
My wiſh, in their as ſtrange defeat.

11 I wish not they at once were slain,
This would be soon forgot again:
If only scatter'd and brought low,
Their lasting shame thy pow'r would show.

12 Since their audacious Blasphemies,
Their Execrations, Oaths and lyes,
Are sins whereof their Mouths are full;
Just Vengeance on their heads they'll pull.

13 Thus wandring let them pine and wast,
And perish in thy wrath at last;
That there's a God then all will know,
Who governs every thing below.

14 Now let them come as heretofore,
Watch, like a growling Dog, my door,
Or hunt me round in every street;
A plague like to it let them meet.

15 Forc'd like a Dog that fain would eat,
To wander up and down for meat,
And pass whole nights in sad complaints,
That none do's satisfie their wants.

16 But whilst they make a howling noise,
I'll early raise my praising voice,
Proclaim God's Care and Providence,
In straits my refuge and defence.

17 I'll praise thee now my danger's o'er,
My strength to whom I pray'd before:
Thy Mercy ever sing and shew,
To which my Life and Safety's due.

Psalm LX.

1 IN just displeasure for our sins
Deserted we have lain; Our

Our pow'rs all broken and diſperſ'd,
Lord turn to us again.
2 Our Land by ſad Diviſions torn,
Do's ſtrange Convulſions feel;
The Breaches by our Folly made,
Thy hand can only heal.

3 So heavy have our ſorrows been,
And ſuch amazement wrought;
As if of deadly wine w'had drank
A ſtupifying draught.
4 But God, his promiſe to fulfill,
An Enſign do's advance,
To which the Righteous may repair,
And find deliverance.

5 That thy beloved may obtain
A Saviour in their need,
In anſwer to my fervent pray'rs
Thy timely ſuccours ſpeed.

Part II.

6 God's ſacred promiſe paſs'd, now makes
My hopes depend on thee:
The Land that round *Samaria* lies,
Submits it ſelf to me.
7 The reſt of *Iſrael*'s Tribes unite
To own my righteous Cauſe:
Ephraim's my chiefeſt ſtrength for War,
Judah ſupports my Laws.

8 *Moab* and *Edom*, as vile ſlaves
To ſerve me will be glad;
Philiſtia meet her conqu'ring Lord,
And to his Triumphs add.

9 Who then will lead me to that Hold
On *Edom*'s Frontiers lies,
So ſtrongly fenc'd 'gainſt all aſſaults,
Which all my force defies?

10 The Lord will do't, who heretofore
Refus'd our Arms to bleſs:
He'll undertake our conduct now,
And crown it with ſucceſs.

11 Man's weakneſs helps in vain, may we
Thine aids in trouble meet:
Our hands ſhall do great acts, our foes
Lie conquer'd at our feet.

Pſalm LXI.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 REgard, O Lord, my pray'r and cry:
2 Tho' forc'd to fly in this diſtreſs
T' th' utmoſt corner of the Land,
Yet thou canſt hear and help no leſs.

My heart's with ſorrow overwhelm'd:
Be thou to me a ſafe retreat;
Where plac'd above my foes and fears
I may enjoy a quiet Seat.

3 In all aſſaults thou ſtill haſt been
To me a Shelter and ſtrong Tow'r.
4 I ſhall be ſafe where thou doſt dwell,
Truſting in thy protecting pow'r.

5 Since thou haſt heard my Vows, and I
Thy peoples heritage poſſeſs:
6 With a long Life and happy Reign,
Thy King, I hope, thou ſtill wilt bleſs.

7 May he for ever in thy Love
And fear, O Lord, abide; and ſend,
That Truth and Goodneſs better far,
Than ſtrongeſt Guards may him defend.

8 So will I chearful praiſes ſing,
And thy great Name for ever bleſs:
And carefully perform thoſe Vows
I made to God in my diſtreſs.

Pſalm LXII.

[*As the* 25 *Pſalm.*]

1 MY Soul doth wait on God,
My Rock and my defence:
2 Tho' you diſturb my peace, I'm ſafe
Under his Providence.
3 Why ſhould you ſeek your own
Deſtruction in my fall?
Like a looſe fence you'll tumble down,
Or like a bowing wall.

4 They're buſie to ſupply
With Lyes, what wants in force
To ruin me; they ſpeak me fair,
Whom inwardly they curſe.
5 Thy Duty, O my Soul,
Do not to God neglect:
Wait on him ſtill, from whom alone
Deliv'rance I expect.

6 He only is my Rock
And my Salvation:
He's my defence; it's not their pow'r,
Can thruſt me from my throne.

7 Safety and Honour both
On God alone depend:
He, like a Rock or Fort, ſhall me
'Gainſt all my Foes defend.

Part II.

8 Ye people truſt in God,
When e'er you are afraid;
He'll be your refuge in diſtreſs,
When you implore his aid.

9 The Men of low degree
Are vain; great Men a Lye:
Both in the Balance laid appear
Lighter than Vanity.

10 Wealth makes not happy Men,
'Tis vain in this to truſt:
Then ſeek not to enrich your ſelves
By ways that are unjuſt.
If Riches ſhould abound,
By Heaven's Bleſſing ſent,
Take heed they do not gain your hearts,
Nor make you inſolent.

11 That all may know from whence
Their help they ſhould derive:
Thou, Lord, haſt oft declar'd, that pow'r
Is thy prerogative.

12 That Mercy flows no leſs
Abundantly from thee:
So that according to Men's works,
Their due reward ſhall be.

Pſalm LXIII.

1 EArly, O Lord, my fainting Soul
Thy Mercy do's implore;

No Traveller in desart Lands
Can thirst for water more.
2 I long t' appear as I was wont,
Within thy holy place;
Thy Pow'r and Glory to behold,
And to obtain thy Grace.

3 For Life it self, without thy Love,
No relish do's afford;
No other joys can equal this,
To serve and praise the Lord.
4 I'll therefore make my pray'rs to him,
And praise him whilst I live:
5 This, like the choicest dainties, will
Both food and pleasure give.

6 When others sleep, my wakeful thoughts
Present thee to my mind;
And in the Night I think, how good
My God has been and kind.
7 Since thou alone hast been my help,
To thee alone I fly:
And on thy watchful Providence
With chearfulness rely.

8 In all my straits I run to thee
With Speed, and Safety gain;
When I keep close to God, his Care
And pow'r will me sustain.
9 But they shall lose their own, who seek
My Life to take away:
10 And their slain Carkases become
Food for the Beasts of Prey.

11 The King shall joy in God, and all
That swear by his great Name

Shall

Shall glory; when perfidious Men
Shall silenc'd be with Shame.

Psalm LXIV.

1 LOrd hear me, and from wicked Foes,
Be thou my Life's defence:
2 Protect me from their secret plots,
And open Violence.
3 Whose Malice whets their tongues, to wound
Deeper than sharpest Swords:
Who instead of poyson'd arrows, use
Cruel and slanderous words.

4 A secret mischief they intend
Against the innocent;
Which fear of God will not restrain,
Nor yet Man's Care prevent.
5 Confirm'd in Malice, and combin'd
In secret Leagues, they hide
Such undiscerned Snares, they think
By none can be descry'd.

6 Nothing that Diligence can work,
Or wicked Skill find out,
They unattempted leave, to bring
Their Villainies about.
7 But all in vain: for that just God
Whose vengeance they provoke,
Shall ruin all their plots, and wound
Them by a sudden Stroak.

8 Their wicked counsels and false tongues
Shall on themselves return:
And left by all, o'er their lost hopes
They shall unpitied mourn.

9 All that behold this work, poſſeſs'd
With awfull fear, ſhall own,
It was an hand Divine, not chance.
Threw theſe proud ſinners down.

10 The Juſt will truſt in God the more,
And loudly tell their joys:
Who makes them glorioufly triumph
O'er wicked Craft and Lyes.

Pſalm LXV.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 PRaiſes in *Sion* wait for thee,
And there the Vow perform'd ſhall be.
2 To thee, O God, that heareſt Pray'r,
All Fleſh ſhall chearfully repair.

3 Our ſins may juſtly put a Stop
To all that good from thee we hope;
Thy Mercy do's thoſe fears allay,
For this will purge our ſins away.

4 O happy they! that may draw near
To thee, and in thy Courts appear;
For theſe ſhall all refreſhments have
Thy Houſe can give, or they can crave.

5 By thine amazing wonders thou
Thy kindneſs to the Good doſt ſhow;
The ends of th' Earth in thee confide,
And th' Iſles that in the Sea reſide.

6 Mountains, that ſeem to touch the Sky,
Gain from thy ſtrength Stability:
7 The roaring Seas God do's aſſwage,
And ſtills the peoples madder rage.

Part

Part II.

8 O'er all the Earth the Nations ſpread,
Thy works of pow'r and Anger dread;
And all adore thy Goodneſs great,
Where e'er the Sun do's riſe or ſet.

9 Thy Care prevents a threatning dearth
Thou viſiteſt the thirſty Earth:
Show'rs to enrich her barren womb,
From thy full Springs above do come.

Thy Bounty do's that food provide,
By which our needs are all ſupply'd.
10 The hardned ridges of the field,
Wat'red with Show'rs are ſoft and yield.

Its Seed, by clods thus gently preſs'd,
Springs up, and by' after rains is bleſs'd.
11 The fruitful Year rich bleſſings crown,
And Plenty from the Clouds drops down.

12 The Wilderneſs refreſht with rain,
Tho' parch'd before, now ſprings again:
The little Hills new Garments wear,
And in their youthful Green appear.

13 Flocks are the cloathing of the Plain,
The Vales are cover'd o'er with grain:
All Nature ſeems to ſhout and ſing,
To welcome in the hopeful Spring.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 PRaiſes in *Sion* wait for thee,
The Vow there paid ſhall be:
2 To thee, O God, that heareſt pray'r,
All gladly ſhall repair.

3 Our

3 Our ſins may juſtly put a ſtop
T'all good from thee we hope;
Thy Mercy will thoſe fears allay,
And purge our ſins away.

4 O happy they that may draw near,
And in God's Courts appear;
Refreſhments in thy Houſe they'll have
Of what their Souls can crave.
5 By thine amazing wonders, thou
Kindneſs to us doſt ſhow:
In thee the ends of th' Earth confide,
Iſles that i' th' Sea reſide.

6 The tow'ring Mountains, by thy hand
Fixt and unmoved ſtand.
7 The roaring Seas God do's aſſwage,
And People's madder rage.

Part II.

8 Thy pow'rful Works, the Nations ſpread
So widely, ſee and dread:
All where the Sun do's riſe or ſet,
Adore thy Goodneſs great.
9 Thy Care prevents a threatning Dearth,
Thou viſiteſt the Earth:
Show'rs from above, t'enrich her womb,
Like flowing rivers come.

By Food thy Bounty do's provide,
Our needs are all ſupply'd.
10 The hardned ridges of the field
Soft'ned by ſhowers yield.
11 Its ſeed, by clods thus gently preſs'd
Springs up, by freſh rain bleſs'd.
The fruitful year rich bleſſings crown
Which fatning Show'rs drop down.

12 The

12 The wilderneſs refreſht with rain,
Tho' parch'd, now ſprings again.
The little Hills new garments wear,
In youthful green appear.
13 Flocks are the cloathing of the plain,
The Vales ſpread o'er with grain.
All Nature ſeems to ſhout, and ſing
Welcome t' a hopeful Spring.

Pſalm LXVI.

1 LET all the Earth with joy reſound,
To God their Voices raiſe:
2 Extol him in their Songs, and make
Him Glorious by their Praiſe.
3 Proclaim his mighty works, in which
Such terrour do's appear;
As makes his Foes to crouch, and feign
Obedience thro' their fear.

4 Ev'n all the Earth ſhall worſhip thee,
And ſing unto thy Name:
5 Who ſee the wonders thou haſt done
To raiſe and ſpread thy Fame.
6 He turn'd the Sea into dry Land;
The ſwelling Flood made way
For *Iſrael* to paſs: who there
His Glories did diſplay.

7 He views the Nations, and his Rule
Do's o'er the World extend;
Then let not men rebel, for pride
Will in their ruin end.
8 Let all the people bleſs the Lord,
And loudly ſing thy Praiſe;

9 Thou

9 Thou great Preſerver of our Lives,
And Guide of all our ways.

Part II.

10 Through ſevere tryals we have paſs'd,
In grievous ſtraits diſtreſs'd:
11 Like Beaſts of burden have been us'd,
With heavy loads oppreſs'd.
12 Inſolent Tyrants, as vile Slaves
Have trod us under feet:
But through all dangers we are brought,
Where Eaſe and Plenty meet.

13 I'll go into thine houſe, O Lord,
And thankful Offerings lay
14 Before thine Altar, and the Vows
I made in trouble pay.
15 To honour him, from whom all good
Do's come, I'll ſpare no coſt;
I'll offer what he do's require,
And what will pleaſe him moſt.

16 Ye that are pious come and hear
What God for me has done:
His Mercies ſhew'd to me, will be
For your Inſtruction.
17 When I with grief oppreſt, to him
My fervent cries did raiſe;
He heard me graciouſly, and turn'd
My ſighing into praiſe.

18 God will not favour me, if I
Iniquity regard:
19 But he inclin'd his Ear to me,
And my Petitions heard.
20 O let the Glorious Name of God
Be ever magnify'd;

Who

Who neither did reject my Pray'r,
Nor his own Grace deny'd.

Psalm LXVII.

[*As the* 25 *Psalm.*]

1 SHew Mercy to us, Lord,
Bless us with gifts divine;
O let the Glories of thy Face,
On us thy Servants shine.
2 May thy hid ways be known,
Thy Fear on Earth abound;
And thy Salvation over all
The Heathen World resound.

3 Let all in Psalms of Praise
Their grateful thoughts express;
Let all the people round the World
Thy mighty Name confess.
4 The Nations now may sing
Their Joys, since God do's reign:
He rules with Wisdom, this great Judge
Will Righteousness maintain.

5 Let all in Psalms of Praise
Their grateful thoughts express:
Let all the people round the World
Thy mighty Name confess.
6 Then shall th' enriched Earth
With Plenty overflow;
And God on all his other Gifts,
His Blessing will bestow.

7 His Blessings showr'd on us,
Our happy Days shall crown:
His pow'r and goodness all the World
With humble Fear shall own.

Psalm

Pſalm LXVIII.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 LET the great God ariſe, and then
His ſcattered Foes will flee for fear;
2 Vaniſh like ſmoke, and melt like wax
Before the Fire, when he draws near.

3 But let the juſt rejoyce, and praiſe
4 His Name, to which all pow'r belongs;
He rides on high above the Clouds,
Let him be rais'd too in your Songs.

5 He pities Orphans, Widows wrongs
6 He rights, bring chained Pris'ners out;
He for the deſolate provides,
But plagues the Rebels Land with drought.

7 Lord, when thou brought'ſt thy people forth
From *Egypt* with a Mighty hand:
And led'ſt them thro' the Wilderneſs,
To bring them to the Promis'd Land:

8 The Heav'ns before thy Lightnings dropt,
The Earth did with thy Thunder quake;
Mount *Sinai*, when the Lord came down
Did from its firm Foundation ſhake.

9 In that dry Wilderneſs thou ſent'ſt
A plenteous rain, at their complaint;
Ev'n Bread was rained down from Heav'n,
For their Refreſhment who were faint.

10 Thy numerous people with their flocks,
Found a convenient dwelling there;
And by thy bounty, Lord, the poor
With all things needful furniſh'd were.

Part

Part II.

11 When God had giv'n them Victories,
A female Army ('twas their use)
Met the returning Conquerors,
And in their Songs thus told the News:

12 " All the great Captains of their Hosts,
" Have left the field with hasty flight;
" And left rich spoils, all shar'd by us
" Women, who were too weak to fight.

13 " Tho' you in *Egypt*'s servile works,
" Sulli'd among the Pots have lien;
" Your Armies Wings, like those of Doves,
" Victorious now, shall brightly shine.

14 And so it was; for when the Kings
On this side *Jordan* conquer'd were,
They as illustrious as the Snows
On *Salmon*'s Hill, did then appear.

15 And when on th' other side, the Lord
Your Conquests also did advance;
Th' high Hill of *Basan* then became;
A part of God's Inheritance.

16 But be not proud, ye lofty Hills,
As if God meant with you t'abide:
Sion's the Hill which he hath chose
Therein for ever to reside.

17 Thousands of Angels there attend,
And God is where that Host appears:
Sinai had once his presence, now
To *Sion* th' Honour he transferrs.

Part

Part III.

18 Like a great Conqueror, our God
Aſcended is above the Skies;
And after him in triumph draws
As Spoils, his captiv'd Enemies.

He ſcattered his various Gifts
Around, to make his Bounty known;
Ev'n Rebels had a ſhare, 'mongſt whom
He dwells, and they his kindneſs own.

19 God that heaps daily benefits
On us, ſhall have our praiſing Songs:
20 He is our Saviour, to whom
The pow'r of Life and Death belongs.

21 In his juſt Vengeance he ſhall wound
The heads of all that him reſiſt;
On whom no Methods of his Love
Prevail, who ſtill in ſin perſiſt.

22 God is reſolv'd the Victories
Of former Ages he'll renew;
As great as thoſe in *Baſhan*'s Land
And the Red Sea, his People knew.

23 Thine Arms ſhall ſo victorious be,
And ſuch a Slaughter ſhall be made,
That in thine Enemies blood, the Dogs,
Their tongues may dip, and thou maiſt wade.

24 All know the Pomp with which God made
His entrance to the Holy place:
25 Singers and Players, Virgins too
With Timbrels the Proceſſion grace.

26 Who as they went along, all joyn'd
Their Voices, and this Song they ſung,

" In

" In your assemblies bless the Lord,
" All ye that are from *Jacob* sprung.

27 The Tribes all, with their Princes, came;
Judah and *Benjamin* lay near;
But the remote too, *Zebulun*
And *Nephthali*, attended there.

Part IV.

28 This Union which thy God has made,
O *Israel*, has made thee strong:
Confirm it, Lord, and what's begun
So happily, continue long.

29 Such Blessings on *Jerusalem*
Shall from thy Temple there come down,
That, by rich Presents thither brought,
Kings shall themselves thy subjects own.

30 Check that fierce Prince, like a wild beast
With rage to war against us bent;
With Captains furious as Bulls,
Soldiers as Heifers insolent.

Prancing in Silver-plated Arms,
He unprovok'd comes out to fight:
Scatter his Forces and destroy
All that in War and blood delight.

31 *Egypt*, to make a league with thee,
Princely Embassadors shall send;
And *Æthiopia* to God
Her hands in gifts and pray'rs extend.

32 Praise him, ye Kingdoms of the Earth;
33 Who governs all the Heav'nly Spheres:
From thence he thunders with his Voice,
Which every Creature dreads that hears.

34 Give

34 Give him the Glory of his pow'r.
Illuſtriouſly to *Iſrael* ſhown:
Its wonders in the Heav'ns appear,
And thence by all the World is know.

35 They that behold his Majeſty
In Holy Places, are amaz'd:
'Tis God who giveth ſtrength and pow'r
Unto his Saints; his Name be prais'd.

Pſalm LXIX.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 SAve me, O God, or elſe I'm drown'd;
2 Plung'd in deep mires I find no ground:
Into deep Waters I am led,
Whoſe ſwelling waves o'erflow my head.

3 So long for help to thee I cry,
I ſcarce can ſpeak, my throat's ſo dry:
Mine Eyes, with looking long in vain,
I ſcarce can lift to Heav'n for pain.

4 My Foes are numberleſs and ſtrong,
Who unjuſtly to deſtroy me long:
Tho', of all quarrels to be rid,
I've paid for wrongs I never did.

5 God knows, who all my faults do's ſpy,
I never did them Injury.
6 Let none truſt leſs in God, nor ſhun
Well doing, ſeeing me undone.

7 For 'tis for thy ſake I have born
Reproach, and ſuffer'd ſo much ſcorn:
8 Deſerted by Familiars been,
Not own'd by thoſe of neareſt kin.

9 Zeal

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8 Deſerted by Familiars been,
Not own'd by thoſe of neareſt kin.

9 Zeal

9 Zeal for the Honour of thy Name
And Houſe, conſumes me like a Flame:
All the reproaches thrown at thee,
I felt as if they'd aim'd at me.

10 If faſting I bewail their ſpite,
They call me a leud Hypocrite:
11 If I were Sackcloth when I'm ſad,
I'm look'd on as a Fool or mad.

When the grave Judges do me wrong,
12 No wonder I'm the Drunkard's Song.
13 I'll only pray, that this may be
Thy time, O Lord, to favour me.

Part II.

Hear me, and now in my diſtreſs
Thy promis'd Goodneſs, Lord, expreſs.
14 Reſcue me from that dangerous State
I'm brought into by cruel hate.

15 I'm loſt amidſt theſe Floods of woe,
If I ſtill ſink, and they o'erflow:
This heap of Waves, unleſs thou ſave,
Will riſe ſo high, they'll be my Grave.

16 Lord, let my Pray'r be heard above,
Whoſe only comfort is thy Love;
As thou to pity art inclin'd,
Let me thy tend'reſt Mercies find.

17 Diſown me not; who am not leſs
Thy Servant, 'cauſe in ſuch diſtreſs:
But as my troubles greater are,
Require thy ſpeedier help and care.

18 Thy pow'r to ſave me interpoſe,
Whoſe Life is ſtruck at by my foes:

Who,

Who, when I'm ruin'd, will aloud
Proclaim their joys, and grow more proud.

19 Thou know'ſt with what diſhonour us'd,
With what reproaches I'm abus'd;
Both who are my ſworn Enemies,
And what they plot, before thee lies.

20 To have no guilt, and thus to ſmart
Under reproaches, breaks my heart:
I find no Partner in my grief,
As far from pity as relief.

21 They bitterly my ſorrows treat,
And give me Gall, inſtead of meat:
And when to quench my thirſt I think,
They give me Vinegar to drink.

Part III.

22 Like vengeance, Lord, for them prepare,
And let their Table be their Snare:
Their proſp'rous State without miſhap,
Be for their ruin a ſure Trap.

23 Let darkneſs ſeize their Eyes, and make
Their Loins continually to ſhake:
24 Let thy ſevereſt vengeance haſt
To overtake and hold them faſt.

25 They and their Race be ſo deſtroy'd,
Their houſes may be waſt and void.
26 For whom God wounds, him they purſue,
His grief whom he afflicts, renew.

27 Let ſuch more wicked daily grow,
And then no Mercy to them ſhow:
28 Cut off, may they no bleſſings ſhare,
Which to the Righteous promis'd are.

29 But, Lord, tho' I dejected lie,
Save me, and ſet me up on high.
30 My Songs of Praiſe ſhall then declare,
Thy Grace and Pow'r how great they are.

31 The Lord will more this Sacrifice
Than faireſt Ox or Bullock prize:
32 And every pious heart that's ſad,
This will revive and make it glad.

33 He his poor ſervants hears and ſaves,
Whom men ill treat, and uſe as ſlaves.
34 Let all the World his Goodneſs raiſe,
Since one tongue's not enough for praiſe.

35 For God will *Sion* ſave, and build
Cities with *Judah*'s people fill'd:
36 Their Race that ſerve and love him well,
Shall there reſide and ſafely dwell.

Pſalm LXX.

[*As the 25 Pſalm.*]

1 BEhold my troubles, Lord,
How they with haſt advance;
O do not ſtay, but come as faſt
To my Deliverance.

2 Let thoſe that ſeek my Life
Their own Confuſion meet:
When they attempt my hurt, with ſhame
Be forced to retreat.

3 Let ſuch as make my griefs
Their ſport unpitied be;
Thoſe that deride my truſt in God,
Reward with Infamy.
4 But where true Worſhippers
Do ſeek their God to pleaſe,
Thy favour towards them expreſs,
And make their joys t' increaſe.

Let thoſe that hope in thee,
And thy Salvation love,
Ever have cauſe and hearts to ſay,
Praiſed be God above.
5 Look on my State oppreſt,
With Miſery and Grief;
Thou art my Saviour and my help,
Lord, ſend me quick relief.

Pſalm LXXI.

[*As the 25 Pſalm.*]

1 MY Soul on God relies,
Let none diſgrace my truſt:
2 Lord, hear and ſave me when I call,
As thou art good and juſt.

3 Be thou my ſure defence,
Whereto I may reſort;
Make good thy gracious promiſe, Lord,
Be thou my Rock and Fort.

4 Save me from cruel Men,
And thoſe that are unjuſt;
5 Thou, Lord, alone haſt been my hope,
And from my Youth, my truſt.
6 Thou took'ſt me from the Womb,
When my firſt breath I drew:
Thou haſt ſuſtain'd me ever ſince,
All praiſe to thee is due.

7 Many with wonder gaze
On me, as one forlorn;
8 But by my praiſes and thine aid,
I ſhall confute their Scorn.
9 Lord, when my ſtrength decays,
And when my years decline,
Do not forſake or caſt me off,
But own me ſtill for thine.

10 Thoſe that to ruin me
Conſpire, theſe counſels pleaſe.
11 " Whom God has left, we will purſue,
" Take and deſtroy with eaſe.
12 Let their preſumption, Lord,
Incline thee to draw near,
And make thine aids with greater ſpeed
For my relief appear.

13 Lord, diſſipate the force
Of my confounded foes;

And

And disappointed of their hopes
To open shame expose.

Part II.

14 In God I'll place my hopes,
Him with more praises crown:
15 His Truth and Mercies I'll proclaim,
Whose measures are unknown.
16 To no Supports I'll fly,
But to the strength divine;
No other Goodness shall be nam'd
Or Faithfulness but thine.

17 These from my Youth I've learn'd;
And hitherto declar'd
Thy wond'rous works: forsake me not
18 When I become grey-hair'd.
Till I have further shown
Thy pow'r, and taught thy fear
Both to the present Age, and those
That after shall appear.

19 Thy Goodness, Lord, is great,
Thy Works illustrious are;
All thy Perfections have no Bounds,
None can with thee compare.
20 Thou shalt again revive
My Soul, with grief depress't;
21 Thou, Lord, wilt raise my low Estate,
Comfort and give me rest.

22 Then to proclaim thy truth
I'll all my powers raise;

And to improve my Songs, will add
Sweet Inſtruments of praiſe.
23 My chearfull tongue and lips,
Shall loudly bear a part
In praiſing thee, when tun'd and rais'd,
By a moſt thankfull heart.

24 This ſhall be my great work,
To celebrate thy Fame;
Who haſt redeemed me, and brought
Mine Enemies to ſhame.

Pſalm LXXII.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 LOrd, may the King with mighty skill
And Grace to judge aright be bleſs'd:
2 Then equal Juſtice ſhall have place,
And the poor injur'd be redreſs'd.

3 Then ſhall the happy people, peace
And undiſturbed quiet gain;
When Rulers high and low, their rights
And their juſt Liberties maintain.

4 He the beſt uſe of pow'r ſhall learn,
To cruſh the proud oppreſſors might;
And ſave the helpleſs poor from thoſe
Who in their Miſeries delight.

5 Thy never-ceaſing righteous Rule,
Thy laſting Honour ſhall procure;

And

And all ſhall thee obſerve and fear,
As long as Sun and Moon endure.

6 By his mild Government on all
Such welcome bleſſings ſhall come down,
As ſhow'rs on thirſty ground diſtill,
Or gentle rains on graſs new-mown.

7 The righteous in his days ſhall thrive:
The Moon it ſelf ſhall ſooner ceaſe
To fill and wain, than his juſt reign
Fail to be bleſt with laſting peace.

Part II.

8 His Empire ſhall not be confin'd
Within *Judea*'s bounds, but ſtretch
It ſelf from Sea to Sea, as far
As th' Earths Inhabitants do reach.

9 Dwellers in loanſome deſarts, ſhall
To own and do him homage meet;
His Enemies ſhall lick the Duſt,
By low proſtrations at his feet.

10 The Kings of *Tharſis* and the Iſles
Tho' diſtant far, ſhall preſents bring;
Princes from happy *Arabs* Land,
With Gifts ſhall honour this great King.

11 Yea by all Kings of th' Earth, ſhall he
With low Submiſſions be ador'd;
All Nations Tributaries be,
And ſerve him as their Sov'reign Lord.

And to improve my Songs, will add
Sweet Inſtruments of praiſe.
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11 Yea by all Kings of th' Earth, ſhall he
With low Submiſſions be ador'd;
All Nations Tributaries be,
And ſerve him as their Sov'reign Lord.

12 Mercy ſhall gain him this regard,
As a known Patron of the poor;
Who ſaves them, when they cry in vain
To other helps, and his implore.

13 He'll ſpare them, and their caſe forlorn
14 Will pity; and when ſubtle ſpite
Or violence their ruin ſeeks,
Dear ſhall their blood be in his Sight.

Part III.

15 His Reign ſhall long and proſp'rous be;
The Eaſt rich Offrings ſhall preſent;
All men ſhall pray for his long Life,
And praiſe his Righteous Government.

16 Plenty ſhall every where abound,
The Corn on barren Mountains ſown,
Shall Spring ſo thick, the fruit ſhall ſhake
And make a noiſe like *Lebanon*.

The Earth thus bleſt, the people too
Shall fruitfull be and flouriſhing;
The Cities Numbers ſhall increaſe
Like Graſs or Flowers in the Spring.

17 Whilſt the Sun's brightneſs laſts, his fame
In all ſucceſſion ſhall ſurvive;
All Nations ſhall him bleſs'd call,
And Bleſſings all from him derive.

18 Bleſs'd be the Sov'reign Lord, the God
Of *Iſrael*, whoſe ſtupendious Acts

Of

Of pow'r our Wonder, and whose Grace
Our Love and Gratitude attracts.

19 Oh, may the Glorious Name of God
For ever be advanced then:
His Glories fill the Earth, and all
Joyn in his Praise, and say *Amen.*

Psalm LXXIII.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 CErtain it is, that God is kind,
To those that are sincerely good:
2 But yet my Faith was at a loss,
My feet did stagger where I stood.

3 I saw the wicked's prosperous state,
My envy at those Fools did rise:
4 That when a healthfull Age was past,
A quiet Death should close their Eyes.

5 Exempt from Plagues and Miseries
That others seek t' escape in vain;
6 They're cover'd o'er with Violence,
And pride surrounds them like a chain.

7 Pamper'd with Ease and Luxury,
Their Body thrives, looks fresh and fair;
Their Wealth rolls in with a full tide,
Beyond their hopes, without their Care.

8 Such is their lofty pride, t' oppreſs
They make no Scruple, feel no ſhame:
9 Dare Heav'n it ſelf with blaſphemies,
And freely blaſt the good Man's Name.

10 This gives diſturbance to his mind,
And Paſſion makes his tears to flow;
11 Doubts riſe within him, whether God
Diſcerns or minds things done below.

12 Th' ungodly are the proſp'rous men,
Thrive in the World, and riches gain:
13 I've waſh'd mine hands in Innocence,
And cleans'd my heart, ſays he, in vain.

14 For every Morn renews my Plagues,
And I whole Days in Sorrow ſpend:
15 But ſtay: thus ſpeaking I againſt
The Faith of all good Men offend.

Part II.

16 I oft conſider'd with my ſelf
Th' unequal ways of Providence;
I found them hard to be reſolv'd,
And doubts long kept me in ſuſpence.

17 At God's Houſe I at laſt enquir'd,
And there did my miſtakes amend:
Before I only view'd their way,
But now I underſtood their end.

18 I ſaw the ſlippery precipice,
On which their tottering feet were plac'd:

19 And

19 And with what terrors they were ſeiz'd,
When down to ſudden ruin caſt.

20 Their Happineſs was like a dream,
Which waking quickly vaniſhes:
21 Lord! what a ſtupid Beaſt was I,
22 To vex my ſelf at their Succeſs.

23 For all this while I was thy care,
By thee ſuſtain'd, tho' ſuffering;
24 Thy Counſels here ſhall guide me ſtill,
And afterward to Glory bring.

25 Lord, there is none in Heav'n or Earth,
On whom I can relie like thee;
26 For when my heart and hopes here fail,
My ſtay and portion thou wilt be.

27 But thoſe that are from God eſtrang'd,
Or unto hatefull Idols bow,
Shall ſurely their own ruine meet,
And a deſerved Overthrow.

28 God is my chiefeſt Good; 'tis beſt
To keep me to my God moſt nigh:
Then I his Mercy and his Truth
Shall praiſe, when I on him relie.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 IT's ſure, that God is kind to thoſe
That are ſincerely good:
2 But yet my Faith was at a loſs,
I ſtaggered where I ſtood.

8 Such is their lofty pride, t' oppreſs
They make no Scruple, feel no ſhame:
9 Dare Heav'n it ſelf with blaſphemies,
And freely blaſt the good Man's Name.

10 This gives diſturbance to his mind,
And Paſſion makes his tears to flow;
11 Doubts riſe within him, whether God
Diſcerns or minds things done below.

12 Th' ungodly are the proſp'rous men,
Thrive in the World, and riches gain:
13 I've waſh'd mine hands in Innocence,
And cleans'd my heart, ſays he, in vain.

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And I whole Days in Sorrow ſpend:
15 But ſtay: thus ſpeaking I againſt
The Faith of all good Men offend.

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I found them hard to be reſolv'd,
And doubts long kept me in ſuſpence.

17 At God's Houſe I at laſt enquir'd,
And there did my miſtakes amend:
Before I only view'd their way,
But now I underſtood their end.

18 I ſaw the ſlippery precipice,
On which their tottering feet were plac'd:

19 And

19 And with what terrors they were seiz'd,
When down to sudden ruin cast.

20 Their Happiness was like a dream,
Which waking quickly vanishes:
21 Lord! what a stupid Beast was I,
22 To vex my self at their Success.

23 For all this while I was thy care,
By thee sustain'd, tho' suffering;
24 Thy Counsels here shall guide me still,
And afterward to Glory bring.

25 Lord, there is none in Heav'n or Earth,
On whom I can relie like thee;
26 For when my heart and hopes here fail,
My stay and portion thou wilt be.

27 But those that are from God estrang'd,
Or unto hatefull Idols bow,
Shall surely their own ruine meet,
And a deserved Overthrow.

28 God is my chiefest Good; 'tis best
To keep me to my God most nigh:
Then I his Mercy and his Truth
Shall praise, when I on him relie.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 IT's sure, that God is kind to those
That are sincerely good:
2 But yet my Faith was at a loss,
I staggered where I stood.

3 Viewing bad men, tho' fooliſh, here
To proſper, envy roſe;
4 To ſee an eaſie Death, an Age
Of health and vigour, cloſe.

5 From troubles freed, that other men
Strive to eſcape in vain;
6 They boaſt in violence, and pride
Surrounds them like a chain.
7 Pamper'd with Luxury and Eaſe,
Their looks are fat and fair:
Their wealth flows in beyond their hopes,
And oft without their Care.

8 T' oppreſs the weak, their lofty pride
No ſcruple feels, nor ſhame:
9 They dare Heav'n to blaſpheme, and blaſt
Freely the good man's name.
10 This gives diſturbance to his thoughts,
nd makes his tears to flow:
11 And now he doubts, whether God knows
Or minds what's done below.

12 Th' ungodly are the proſp'rous men,
Grow rich and thrive amain.
13 I've waſh'd my hands in Innocence,
And cleans'd my heart in vain.
14 For every Morn my plague's renew'd,
In grief whole days I ſpend.
15 But ſtay: ſuch words againſt the Faith
Of all good men offend.

Part II.

16 I oft debated with my ſelf
God's ways of Providence:
I found the ſearch too hard, and doubts
Long kept me in ſuſpence.
17 Till coming to God's Houſe, I there
Did my Miſtakes amend:
Before I view'd their way, but now
I underſtood there end:

18 I ſaw the ſlippery precipice,
On which their feet were plac'd:
19 And with what terrours ſeiz'd, when down
To ſudden ruine caſt.
20 Their happineſs was like a dream
Which waking vaniſhes.
21 Lord! what a Beaſt was I, to vex
22 My ſelf at their Succeſs.

23 For ſtill I was thy care, by thee
Suſtain'd, tho' ſuffering.
24 Thy Counſels they ſhall guide me here,
And hence to Glory bring.
25 There's none in Heav'n or Earth, on whom
I can rely, like thee. (ſtay
26 When my heart and hopes here fail, my
And Portion thou wilt be.

27 But thoſe that are from God eſtrang'd,
Or unto Idols bow;
Shall meet thy fierce diſpleaſure here,
And utter overthrow.

28 God is my chiefeſt good: it's beſt
To keep to him moſt nigh:
His Truth and Mercy I ſhall praiſe,
When I on him rely.

Pſalm LXXIV.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 WIll God for ever caſt off thoſe
Whom for his own, we know, he chooſe?
For ever ſhall his Anger ſmoke
Againſt his once beloved Flock?

2 Let not thy purchaſe, Lord, thy Lot
So dearly bought, be quite forgot:
But thy old dwelling call to mind,
Sion, to which thou haſt been kind.

3 Viſit with Speed, and view with pity
The laſting ruines of our City;
Or in thy Holy Houſe alone,
What miſchief th' Enemy has done.

4 Where we were wont thy Name t'adore,
With rage they impiouſly roar:
Their Banners there ſet up we ſee,
In Token of their Victory.

5 As men in lopping off thick boughs,
So here they freely deal their blows.
6 Carv'd work, in which ſuch skill was ſhown,
An Axe's ſtroak at once hews down.

7 The

7 The Houſe, by being God's, that claims
To be untouch'd they turn to flames;
And level with the Ground thus lain,
Is made by wicked hands profane.

8 They have deſign'd, ſuch is their ſpight,
To root out our Religion quite:
Our Synagogues for this imploy'd,
Not one is left, but all deſtroy'd.

9 And, as if God had left us, we
No tokens of his Preſence ſee;
No Prophet now to us do's ſend,
To tell us when our woes ſhall end.

Part II.

10 How long, Lord, wilt thou bear with thoſe,
Who *Truſt in thee* to Scorn expoſe?
And hear'ſt what blaſphemies they ſpeak,
That thou to ſave us art too weak.

11 Why, Lord, doſt thou that hand withdraw,
That kept thine Enemies in awe?
Exert thy pow'r, and all will ſee
Their Folly, who contend with thee.

12 We thy Protection ſeem to claim,
Of old our King, and ſtill the ſame.
What ſtrange Salvation in times paſt
Has this Land ſeen, that now lies waſte?

13 The parted Sea retir'd in haſt,
Op'ning a way thro' which we paſs'd;

On

On its return th' *Egyptian* hoſt,
Stern as Sea Monſters, all were loſt.

14 *Phar'oh* and all his Captains drown'd
And ſpewed out, no Grave they found,
But in the Bellies of wild Beaſts,
And Fowls, which on them made their (feaſts.

15 From an hard Rock, cleft by a Rod,
Streams flow'd, and ſhew'd the pow'r of God:
Again, a flowing Stream do's ſtop,
And a great River's dried up.

Part III.

16 The regular changes that we ſee
Of Day and Night, were made by thee:
The proper Light that either needs,
From Sun and Moon by turns proceeds.

17 Th' Earth's Limits, and its various Climes,
Diff'rence of Seaſons and of times;
The Summer's heat, and Winter's cold,
That fruitful, this decay'd and old:

Theſe Changes wiſely order'd were,
So are thoſe in our Condition here.

18 But Fools ſtill proſp'rous grow ſo proud,
They now blaſpheme thy Name aloud.

19 Oh may thy Church, thy Turtle-Dove,
Mournfull yet chaſt, thy pity move:
To Birds of prey expoſe her not,
Tho' poor, too dear to be forgot.

20 Thy Cov'nant made to us reſpect,
Can'aan to give and to protect.
Now all its dwellings doleful lie,
With rapine fill'd and cruelty.

21 O let not the oppreſs'd complain,
Their pray'rs and truſt in God are vain;
T'a good eſtate the helpleſs poor,
That they may praiſe thy Name, reſtore.

22 Delay not, Lord, much leſs decline
To plead our cauſe, ſince ours is thine;
For theſe Fools ſcoffs at our diſtreſs,
Reproach thy Providence no leſs.

23 Forget not then th'inſulting cries
And Tumult of thine Enemies;
Whoſe Pride, if it unpuniſh'd go,
Their inſolence will higher grow.

Pſa'm LXXV.

1 WE'll never ceaſe to thank our God
For his preſerving Care:
For that thy pow'rfull help is near,
Thy wondrous works declare.

2 What good men long ſo much to ſee,
When ſettled in my Throne,
Diſorders then ſhall be reform'd,
And equal Juſtice done.

3 The Lands Confuſions had diſſolv'd
The people's hearts with fear;

The Pillars of the Government
By me ſupported were.
4 The Fools I caution'd not to be
So madly inſolent;
5 Nor ſtifly proud, as if t' outbrave
Even Heav'n it ſelf they meant.

6 Promotion comes not from this Coaſt,
Nor that, by lucky chance:
7 God the great Sov'reign puts one down
Another to advance.
8 He deals out plagues to men; his hand
Pours out a dreadfull Cup,
Full of ſtrange mixture, and with ſad
Ingredients made up.

Some bitter drops the good may taſt,
But God reſerved hath
For wicked men the bottom dregs,
And larger draughts of wrath.
9 But I will celebrate and ſing
For ever, Lord, thy praiſe:
And more cut off the wicked's pow'r,
And that of good men raiſe.

Pſalm LXXVI.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 NOne knows like *Judah* God ſo well,
Nor his Renown, like *Iſrael.*
2 *Jeruſalem*'s his place of reſt,
And *Sion*'s with his Preſence bleſt.

3 There

3 There lay the Arrows broke, the ſhield,
The Sword, and Arm that did it wield.
4 Thou, for the Slaughters of that day,
Art more renown'd than Hills of prey.

5 They that with courage us'd t' invade,
Themſelves a prey to us are made. (ſtands,
Seiz'd with death's ſleep, which none with-
Their mighty men could find no hands.

6 Chariots and Horſe their ruin prov'd,
Both at thy check remain'd unmov'd.
7 When God is wroth, men think in vain
Courage or Conqueſts to maintain.

8 When he from Heav'n his Sentence paſs'd,
And roſe to ſave the meek in haſt;
9 Th' approach our foes with terrour fill'd,
And all their rage becalm'd and ſtill'd.

10 Thus man's outragious wrath and ſpite,
Raiſes God's praiſe t' a greater height;
All whoſe remains not yet expreſs'd
Shall at his pleaſure be ſuppreſs'd.

11 Vow then to God, as well as pray,
And what you vow with conſcience pay:
Let all around their preſents bring
T' expreſs their fear of this great King.

12 Men's height no privilege can plead,
He'll humble them, or ſtrike them dead:
Monarchs that to the world give Law,
Before him ſtand with trembling awe.

Psalm LXXVII.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 IN my distress, my pray'rs and cries
To God that heard me I renew'd:
2 And in the Night, when others rest,
With hands spread out to him I su'd.

3 All comfort I refus'd, my thoughts
Of God (how kind h' had been before,
And what our miseries now were)
Disturb'd and overwhelm'd me more.

4 Mine Eyes to sleep I could not close,
Tho' grief had lock'd my Lips up fast:
5 All I could do, was to recount
Thy wonders wrought in Ages past.

6 I call'd to mind the Songs of Praise
I made, from former dangers free'd;
Debated with my self how well
God's past and present ways agree'd.

7 Will God, said I, quite cast us off?
Nor follow us with one kind thought?
8 Are all his Springs of Goodness dry?
And must his promise stand for nought?

9 Has Mercy lain so long disus'd,
That God to shew it has forgot?
Or's so provokd, our Miseries
To look on, but regard them not?

10 This pain'd me ſore; that ſuch a change
In God's Proceedings did appear;
That th' hand which formerly did ſave,
Its ſtroaks ſhould now be ſo ſevere.

11 But I'm reſolv'd God's former works
And wonders I will think upon:
12 Repeat no longer my Complaints,
But talk of all that thou haſt done.

Part II.

13 The methods of thy Providence
Perfectly juſt and holy are,
Tho' far above our reach; whoſe pow'r
And Greatneſs are beyond compare.

14 The wonders thou haſt done, thy Name
Above all other Gods have rais'd;
The World has ſeen thy pow'r, ſo far
Exceeding theirs, and been amaz'd.

15 Thy Care, ſo wond'rouſly preſerv'd,
Jacob and *Joſeph* ſaw: their ſeed
Beheld th' effects of thy ſtrong Arm,
When from th' *Egyptian* bondage freed.

16 The Sea down to its bottom felt
Th' approach of God, and frighted was;
Fled in ſuch haſt, the depths were left
A way, through which on Foot to paſs.

17 A Storm of rain and thunder fill'd
The air with noiſe, thy foes with fears;
Strange Hail, like pointed Stones, came down,
And clatt'ring flew about their ears.

18 God's

18 God's thundring Voice was heard above,
The Lightnings in their faces flaſh'd;
And whilſt the Earth trembled and ſhook,
Th' amazed People ſtood abaſh'd.

19 Thou through the Seas deep waters mad'ſt
A path, which none before had trod;
And none, with all their utmoſt skill,
Can trace the Footſteps of our God.

20 *Moſes* and *Aaron* led thy Flock
With tender care and gentle hand;
And fed them in the deſart, till
They came unto the promis'd Land.

Pſalm LXXVIII.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 MY People, to my words give ear;
2 They are not vulgar things you'll hear;
But Paſſages of old remark,
Paſſing all skill in riddles dark.

3 To us, things by our Fathers known,
Have ſurely been conveyed down;
4 We to conceal them think not fit,
But t' after Ages will tranſmit.

That they may learn God's pow'r to praiſe,
For wond'rous works of former days.
5 This, God who gave our Law, enjoyn'd
We ſhould acquaint the Race behind;

6 And they the next, that they might ſet
7 Their hope on God, and not forget
His Works, which pow'rfull Motives are
T' obſerve his precepts with due care.

8 And warnings too not to rebel,
For which their ſtubborn Fathers fell:
Whoſe Hearts were not prepar'd t' obey,
Or if inclin'd, ſoon fell away.

9 The *Ephraimites* well arm'd with bows,
Like Cowards fled before their foes;
10 God left them, when they did forſake
His Guidance, and his Covenant brake.

11 His wonders they forgat too ſoon,
The works they knew his hand had done:
12 Th' amazing things that wrought had been
In *Egypt*, by their Fathers ſeen.

13 By him the Sea divided was,
And through it on dry ground they paſs;
The fluid Waters ſwell and ſtand
Like a firm wall on either hand.

Part II.

14 He led them by a glorious Cloud;
Both night and day their way it ſhow'd.
15 Rocks in the wilderneſs he clave,
And thirſted drink in plenty gave.

16 Streams from the Rock, like rivers ſent,
After them in their Travels went.
17 All Nature chang'd, but theirs, has been,
Which durſt ev'n in that deſart ſin.

18 With

18 With what God ſent not ſatisfied,
By a new proof his pow'r they try'd;
Meat now, not for their want, they crave,
But ſuch as wanton Luſt would have.

19 Diſtruſt they openly declare,
Both of God's pow'r, and of his Care;
" In ſuch a deſart what loud call
" Can bring in food to feaſt us all?

20 " Streams from the Rock guſh'd out good ſtore
" Which lodg'd perhaps within before;
" But can he Bread enough beſtow
" Here, where no corn did ever grow?

" Can Fleſh be had for all to eat?
" Their hunger had not need be great.
21 This Language did inflame God's wrath,
22 Shewing diſtruſt and want of Faith.

23 And yet their Faith lack'd no ſupport,
Whoſe food was of a wond'rous ſort:
He made the Clouds his Granary,
Well fill'd with ſtores for their ſupply.

24 Theſe doors above when opened wide,
Manna ſhowr'd down on every ſide:
Heav'ns Corn was Diet ready dreſt,
25 And Men with Angels food did feaſt.

Part III.

26 Well fed they were; yet God ſtill more
Sham'd their diſtruſt, and ſhow'd his pow'r.
27 He brought, by proper winds that blew,
A Cloud of Quails which thither flew.

28 This

28 This fleſh to ſatisfie their Luſt,
Rain'd on their Camp as thick as Duſt;
And round their Tents the heaped ſtore,
Lay pil'd like Sand on the Sea-ſhore.

29 Cramm'd with this dainty fare, not cloy'd,
Their Longings they a while enjoy'd:
30 But theſe ſweet morſels while they chew,
31 God's wrath the chiefeſt of them ſlew.

32 Nor this, nor wonders done before,
Make them ſin leſs, or truſt God more.
33 By a long march in unknown ways,
Theſe ſinners did conſume their Days.

34 They promis'd fair when ſome were ſlain,
And ſought God's favour to regain:
35 They own'd all ſafety came from hence,
When the High God was their defence.

36 Thus they with flatt'ring words and lyes
Would their Hypocriſie diſguiſe:
37 Their oft revolts made it appear
Their hearts were falſe and unſincere.

38 Yet oft God's Mercy did forgive
Thoſe who deſerved not to live:
His Anger oft away he turn'd,
Or elſe with gentle flame it burn'd.

39 Their fleſh he knew was frail, and muſt
Moulder e'er long and turn to duſt:
Or like a blaſt of wind, when 'tis o'er,
Vaniſhes and returns no more.

40 How oft did they provoke him in
The Deſart, and repeat their ſin?

41 Their unbelief new proofs propounds,
And to God's Pow'r will ſet new bounds.

42 Out of their minds or hearts 'twas gone,
What mighty things his hand had done:
What time the Tyrants cruel yoke
Of Bondage from their Necks he broke.

Part IV.

43 Strange plagues upon th' *Egyptians* ſent,
Through *Phar'oh*'s Court and City went,
44 The River turn'd to blood did ſtink,
None its polluted Streams could drink.

45 Inſects and Frogs in ſwarms abound,
Sent to deſtroy, to vex and wound.
46 The Fruits, for which ſo long they'd toil'd,
Thick Clouds of Locuſts came and ſpoil'd.

47 Their Fig-trees and their Vines were loſt,
By Hail deſtroy'd, and unknown Froſt.
48 Hail mix'd with dreadfull lightnings, kill'd
Their Flocks and Cattle in the Field.

49 By other ways they plagued were,
As Token's of God's wrath ſevere:
At length he evil Angels ſent,
Sad Meſſengers of Puniſhment.

50 Wrath like a Torrent makes its way,
All Lives were made an eaſie prey
51 T' a Plague, which all the firſt-born ſmote
Of Beaſts, and Children they begot.

The

The flow'r of Youth one day did ſee
Cut off from *Cham*'s Poſterity.
52 Then his own people forth were brought,
And led like ſheep the way he taught.

53 Led thro' the Sea ſafe without fear,
And ſaw their foes o'er-whelmed there.
54 He brought them to the Holy Land,
To *Sion*, won by his ſtrong hand.

55 He caſts out th' old Inhabitants:
And in their room his Tribes he plants:
The Land divides to each by Lot,
And ſettles them in what they'd got.

56 But ſtill they tempting God, excite
His Anger, whilſt his Laws they ſlight:
57 Juſt, as of old, they 'apoſtatize,
And all their promiſes are lies.

In every crooked path they'd go,
Starting aſide like a falſe bow:
58 High places heath'niſhly they 'affect,
And hatefull Images erect.

Part V.

59 When God beheld this, he was wrath,
And greatly did his people loath.
60 Left *Shiloh*'s Tent, where he had ſtay'd,
Which never more his preſence had.

61 Th' Ark, where his Glories did repoſe,
Was carried Captive by their Foes:
62 Whoſe cruel Sword his people ſlew,
When God provok'd his care withdrew.

63 Vengeance consum'd their youth renown'd,
Their maids no nuptial Garlands crown'd:
64 The Priests were slain, their widows dear
All publick wailings did forbear.

65 But as a Warriour nothing minds,
When Sleep or Wine his senses binds;
But waking calls to arms and shouts;
66 So God his Foes with fury routs.

Their hinder parts he deeply wounds,
And with perpetual shame confounds,
67 Yet would he not the Ark restore
To *Ephraim*'s Tribe where 'twas before;

68 But *Judah*'s Tribe and *Sion* chose,
A place belov'd, for its repose.
69 There he on high his Temple plac'd,
Fix'd like the Earth for ever fast.

70 God for his King did *David* chuse,
71 From minding Flocks and yeaning Ews,
Took him his *Israel* to keep,
With equal care he'd done his sheep.

72 He faithfully discharg'd his trust,
Designing what was good and just:
His Skill to govern was no less
Attended still with good Success.

Psalm LXXIX.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 BEhold, O Lord, with savage rage
The Heathen spoils thine Heritage:
Thy Temple's made profane and cheap,
Thy City turn'd t' a ruin'd heap.

2 Thy Saints dead Bodies made a Feast
To every ravenous Bird and Beast:
3 Their blood around like water shed,
Enow scarce live t' interr the dead.

4 Instead of Pity thus forlorn,
We meet from all reproach and scorn.
5 When shall thy wrath, O Lord, expire?
Thy Jealousie that burns like fire?

6 On Heathens let thine Anger smoak,
Who neither know nor thee invoke:
7 Who with devouring rage have raz'd
Our City, and our Land laid waste.

8 Call not to mind our former sin,
Nor how provoking we have been:
But let thy tender Mercies now
Prevent our ruine, tho' brought low.

9 Our Sins, thy Glory to advance,
Pass by, and send Deliverance.
10 Why should th' insulting Heathen say,
Where's now their God to whom they pray?

Oh may they know thee and their guilt,
By thy revenge for Blood they've spilt.
11 And, mov'd by sighing Prisoners cry,
Save those, whom they've condemn'd to die.

12 Repay Seven-fold our Neighbours ſcorn,
Which we for thy ſake, Lord, have born.
13 Thy People then thy Name ſhall raiſe,
And future Ages ſing thy Praiſe.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 THE Heathen, Lord, with ſavage rage
Invade thine Heritage:
Thy Temple's made profane and cheap,
Thy City a ruin'd heap.
2 Dead Bodies of thy Saints make Feaſts
To rav'nous Birds and Beaſts.
3 Enow ſcarce live t' interr the dead;
Their Blood's like water ſhed.

4 Inſtead of Pity, thus forlorn,
We're made their ſport and ſcorn.
5 When ſhall thy Jealouſie expire?
Thy wrath that burns like fire?
6 On ſuch as know not God, nor pray,
Let thy fierce anger ſtay:
7 Who with devouring rage have raz'd
Our Walls, and Land laid waſte.

8 Tho' juſtly thou provok'd haſt been,
Viſit not our paſt ſin.
But let thy Mercy, tho' brought low,
Prevent our ruine now.
9 Paſs by our ſins, thy Grace t' advance,
And ſend Deliverance. (pray,
10 Where's now their God, to whom they
Why ſhould the Heathen ſay?

By thy revenge for Blood they've ſpilt,
They'll know God and their guilt.

11 Save

11 Save those whom they've condemn'd to die,
Mov'd by the Prisoners cry.
12 Repay Seven-fold our Neighbours scorn,
We for thy Sake have born.
13 Thy People then thy Name shall raise,
And thee all Ages praise.

Psalm LXXX.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 GReat Shepherd of good *Jacob*'s Race,
And *Joseph*'s wond'rous Guide, give ear:
Thou sitt'st between the Cherubins,
Thence glorious'ly for us appear.

2 *Ephraim*, with th' other Tribes once saw
Thy Conquests in the wilderness:
Now shew thy self, that they may know
Thy saving Pow'r is still no less.

3 Oh make an happy change, and us
Unto thy favour, Lord, restore:
For if our God be reconcil'd,
We shall be sav'd and sigh no more.

4 Great God! how long wilt thou reject
Our pray'rs, when we thy help intreat?
5 Whilst we large draughts of tears drink down,
Tears that are mingled with our meat.

6 Our foes, agreeing in our harm,
Strive only who shall spoil us most;
Laugh at our trust in God, too weak
They think, t'oppose the pow'rs they boast.

7 Oh change our State, and us again
Unto thy favour, Lord, reſtore;
For if our God be reconcil'd,
We ſhall be ſav'd and ſigh no more.

Part II.

8 From *Egypt* thou haſt brought a Vine,
Tranſplanted hither by thine hand:
9 Expell'd the Heathen, that its roots
Might farther ſpread and fill the Land.

10 The Hills were covered with its ſhade,
Its boughs o'er goodly Cedars ſtretch'd:
11 So fruitful 'twas, it from the Sea
As far as to *Euphrates* reach'd.

12 Why is her fence broke down? her grapes
By every ſpoiler's hand are preſs'd:
13 The Boar roots up her plants, her fruit's
Devour'd by every ſavage Beaſt.

14 Return, great God, look from above
Viſit this Vine forſook ſo long;
15 Thine own Plantation, and the Branch
Thou madeſt for thy ſelf ſo ſtrong.

16 See what Deſtruction's made, the fire
Has burnt already what's cut down;
And what remains will be conſum'd,
If God continue ſtill to frown.

17 Lord, ſave the King, whom thou doſt love,
And ſend him thine Almighty aid;
Whom zealous for thine Honour, thou,
And ſtrong for our defence, haſt made.

18 From thee we never will revolt,
If thou wilt us again revive;

But

But worſhip thee and never ceaſe
To praiſe thy Goodneſs, whilſt we live.

19 Oh change our ſtate, and us again
Unto thy favour, Lord, reſtore;
For if our God be reconcil'd,
We ſhall be ſav'd, and ſigh no more.

Pſalm LXXXI.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 PRaiſe him, to whom all pow'r belongs,
With joyful and triumphant Songs;
2 Join to the Muſick of your voice
Sweet Inſtruments Harmonious noiſe.

3 On the New Moon, with Trumpets ſound,
Proclaim the ſolemn Feaſt around:
4 This was a ſtanding Law, decreed
By *Jacob*'s *God* to *Jacob*'s Seed:

5 For a Memorial ordain'd
Of their remove from *Egypt*'s Land:
Who after heard with fear and awe
God's unknown Voice, that gave the Law.

6 His ſhoulder cruſh'd with loads, I eas'd,
His Hands from ſordid works releas'd.
7 You cry'd in trouble and oft crav'd
My help, and I as often ſav'd.

The thundring Cloud that terrify'd
Th' *Egyptians*, was your Light and Guide.
You prov'd at *Meribah*'s fam'd ſpring
My Pow'r, and I your murmuring.

8 I will inſtruct my people ſtill,
If they will hear and do my will.

9 Own then no foreign Deity,
Nor worſhip any God but me.

10 I am thy God; 'twas my ſtrong hand
Which brought thee out of *Egypt*'s Land;
Open thy Mouth, tho' ne'er ſo wide,
Thy longings ſhall be ſatisfy'd.

11 But *Iſrael* would not hear my Voice,
Nor make their God their only choice:
12 So they were led, as their luſts crav'd,
By Counſels of a Mind deprav'd.

13 Oh, had they made but God their Guide,
And with his wiſe Advice comply'd;
14 He all their Foes would ſoon have quell'd
His hand have all their force repell'd.

15 They, who their Malice would not quit,
Been glad to flatter and ſubmit:
While he his people would have bleſt,
With never-failing Peace and Reſt.

16 With Plenty have enrich'd the Field,
The fineſt wheat for food to yield:
And with the ſweet refreſhment fill'd,
Of Honey from the Rock diſtill'd.

Pſalm LXXXII.

[*As the* 113 *Pſalm.*]

1 YE Rulers of the world, that bear
God's Name, and repreſent him here,
Know that this Judge among you ſits.
2 If you enact unrighteous Laws,
Or countenance a wicked cauſe,
Your Guiltineſs no plea admits.

3 You

3 You act like God, when you defend
The poor, and your aſſiſtance lend
To helpleſs Men that juſtice crave,
4 Abſolve the Innocent with ſpeed,
Obnoxious only by their need,
And from th' Oppreſſor's pow'r ſave.

5 They cry too oft to you in vain,
Who'll know no other Right but gain,
Whoſe Eyes are blind by Bribes you take.
Thus Juſtice cannot find its courſe,
But Laws neglected loſe their force,
And all the Land's Foundations ſhake.

6 I ſaid ye 're Gods, but you ſhall die,
And fall, tho' Sons of the moſt High,
7 As other Men and Kings have done.
Ariſe, great Judge of all, and reign,
Fall'n Juſtice then will riſe again,
When God doth ſit upon his Throne.

Pſalm LXXXIII.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 DO not, O Lord, in our diſtreſs
An unconcern'd Spectator be;
Nor, deaf to all our loud requeſts,
Without regard our ruine ſee.

2 For lo thy hateful foes inſult,
And a tumultuous noiſe they make:
3 Againſt thy People cloſe deſigns
They lay, and crafty counſels take.

4 Nothing their Malice will content,
Unleſs the Nation periſh quite;

So that no memory may remain
Nor mention of an *Iſraelite*.

5 Ten warlike Nations are combin'd,
6 7 And all their Joint-Endeavours bent,
8 T' extirpate thy Religion,
And to ſubvert the Government.

9 Let *Midian*'s Army's Fate be theirs,
Their fall like that of *Siſera*,
Or *Jabin*'s Hoſt, by *Kiſon*'s Streams
Diſcomfited and ſwept away.

10 No other Burial may they have
Than that of thoſe near *Endor* kill'd,
Whoſe Carkaſes were ſpread to rot
Like Dung, and ſerv'd t' enrich the field.

11 Let all their Princes when they fight,
Fly with diſhonour, and be ta'en,
As *Zeb* and *Oreb* were, and be
Like *Zebah* and *Zalmunna* ſlain.

Part II.

12 Theſe all deſign, as they of old,
Thy choſen People to oppreſs;
And there, where God among us dwells,
Cities and Houſes to poſſeſs.

13 Lord, make them like a tumbling Ball,
No where to reſt, or ſtand their Ground;
But be diſpers'd, and fly like chaff,
By driving Tempeſts ſcattered round.

14 As Fire conſumes dry wood, the Sun's
Hot rays the parched Mountains burn;
15 So, by thy wrathful Storm purſu'd
And frighted, all their force o'erturn.

16 Lord

16 Lord, let their disappointed hopes
In their dejected looks appear;
Cover their face with shame, till they
Thy Favour seek and Pow'r revere.

17 Let this Defeat so seize their thoughts
With trouble, and their fears alarm;
That no more Courage may remain
T' assail, nor Pow'r to do us harm.

18 Thus Men will readily confess,
That he whom we *Jehovah* call,
Is the great Ruler of the World,
In Pow'r Superiour over all.

Psalm LXXXIV.

1 HOw beauteous is the Place, where thou
Thy Presence, Lord, dost grant;
2 Oh, how I long t' approach thy Courts
Impatient of restraint.
3 The little Birds those Liberties
Enjoy, which I'm deny'd;
Near to thine Altar they prepare
Their Nests, and there reside.

4 O happy men! that may frequent
Thine House, to praise thee still:
5 Whose trust is in thine aid, whose heart
Devout affections fill.
6 They pass with joy thro' *Baca*'s vale
So troublesome and dry:
Whose want of Springs, refreshing show'rs
By Heav'n bestow'd supply.

7 Thus with renewed vigour they
Go on unwearied still;

And all preſent themſelves before
The Lord, in *Sion*'s Hill.
8 Great God of Hoſts, attend when I
My pray'r to thee addreſs;
9 Look graciouſly on mine Eſtate,
And thine Anointed bleſs.

10 A thouſand joyous Days elſewhere,
Yield me not ſuch content,
As one Day's freedom in thy Houſe,
And in thy Service ſpent.
There let me have the meaneſt place,
And at the Threſh-hold lie;
Rather than all the wicked's State,
Without this Liberty.

11 God is a glorious Sun, from whom
We Light and Life derive;
A ſhield for our defence, and he
Will Grace and Glory give.
No good will he with-hold from him
That's upright in his way.
12 O happy Man! that makes the Lord
His onely truſt and ſtay.

Pſalm LXXXV.

[*As the* 113 *Pſalm.*]

1 THY Mercy, Lord, has chang'd our doom,
Thy Captives to their Land are come,
2 And all their Sins are done away.
3 Thine Anger which was fierce before,
Is now remov'd and flames no more,
4 O let it ever ceaſe, we pray.

5 When wilt thou, Lord, from wrath refrain?
6 Raiſe and revive our Joys again?

7 Thy

7 Thy ſaving Mercies, Lord, reſtore.
8 I'll liſten to the voice of Peace,
Which God will to his Saints expreſs,
If they return to Sin no more.

9 Surely thy ſaving health is near,
To ſuch as thee ſincerely fear,
And Glory to our Land will bring.
10 Mercy and Truth together meet,
Juſtice and Peace each other greet:
11 And Truth out of the Earth ſhall ſpring.

From heav'n ſhall righteouſneſs lookdown;
12 God's Bleſſings will our labours crown;
Our Land with Plenty ſhall o'erflow.
13 He with great Juſtice all things ſways;
And men ſhould eye his righteous ways,
To trace the ſteps where he do's go.

Pſalm LXXXVI.

1 LORD bow thine ear to my requeſts,
Tho' poor and in the duſt:
2 O ſave my righteous Soul, for, Lord,
In thee alone I truſt.
3 Be mercifull to me, O God,
And hear my mournfull voice.
4 Daily my Soul to thee aſcends,
Oh make it to rejoice.

5 Thou, Lord, art gracious and good,
To pardon ſins inclin'd;
And all that humbly thee implore,
Shall plenteous mercy find.
6 To thee I call in my diſtreſs,
In hope thou wilt attend:

7 On thee with Patience wait, 'till thou
A gracious Anſwer ſend.

8 Tho' Heathens boaſt of other Gods,
And talk of Pow'rs Divine;
There's none that can compare with thee,
Nor any Works like thine.

9 All the deceived Lands at length
Their Maker ſhall adore;
Shall glorifie thy Name, O Lord,
And celebrate thy Pow'r.

10 When they behold how great thou art,
What Wonders thou haſt done;
Their Idols they'll diſown, and ſay,
That thou art God alone.

Part II.

11 Lord, guide my ſteps, that from the way
Of Truth I ne'er may err;
My looſe affections ſo unite,
That I thy Name may fear.

12 With all my Soul I'll praiſe the Lord,
His Glories ever tell;

13 By whoſe great goodneſs I have been
Freed from the loweſt Hell.

14 Numbers of proud and cruel men,
O God, againſt me riſe;
They ſeek my Life, and have no fear
Of thee before their Eyes.

15 Thou Lord, art pitifull and kind,
To puniſh Sinners ſlow;
Goodneſs and Faithfulneſs from thee
Abundantly do flow.

16 Thy mercifull regard I need,
And ſtrength from thee I crave;
From all deſigned miſchiefs, Lord,
Thy helpleſs Servant ſave.
17 Some ſignal mark of favour ſhew,
Which all my Foes may ſee,
And at their Malice bluſh; when thou
Doſt help and comfort me.

Pſalm LXXXVII.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 PLac'd on the holy Hills, God's Seat
For Beauty and for Strength is great:
2 God none of *Jacob*'s dwellings hates,
But none ſo loves as *Sion*'s Gates.

3 Tho' other Cities famous are,
Thy Glories are without compare;
Of thee alone it can be told,
God here his Reſidence do's hold.
4 *Egypt* and *Babylon* may ſhew,
(And ſo may other Countries too)
Some ſingle worthy, who deriv'd
His Birth from them, and where he liv'd.

5 *Sion* vaſt numbers can return,
Of great and good men in her born;
Whoſe flouriſhing eſtate, ſhe's ſure,
God by his care, will ſtill ſecure.

6 When God, who all diſcerns, ſhall view
The Nation's Regiſter; how few
Noted for Goodneſs will he place
Upon th' account of Heathen Race?

7 *Sion* has many ſuch enjoy'd,
Tho' in lower ſervices employ'd:
They one another here ſucceed,
As Streams ſtill flow which Springs do feed.

Pſalm LXXXVIII.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 O God, my Saviour, Night and Day
To thee I cry, to thee I pray:
2 Incline thine ear to my complaint,
In Mercy my Petitions grant.

3 Troubles my Soul ſo filled have,
I dwell next door unto the Grave.
4 My ſtrength's ſo ſpent, when look'd upon,
I'm given o'er by all for gone.

5 Shut up from all Society,
Among the Dead I'm only free:
Forgot like thoſe in Battel ſlain,
Like Families without remain.

6 I'm thruſt into a diſmal Cell,
Which, deep and dark, reſembles Hell:
7 Thy wrath will ſink me down at laſt,
Troubles, like Waves, come on ſo faſt.

8 As if t'another World remov'd,
I've no converſe with thoſe I lov'd:
Others to ſee me have no mind,
To ſuch a loathſome place confin'd.

9 Sorrow's the Company I keep,
VVho can do nothing here but weep;
Onely my fervent cries implore
Thine aid, when I can weep no more.

Part

Part II.

10 Wilt thou ſhew Wonders to the Dead?
Shall they, to praiſe thee, raiſe their Head?
11 What kindneſs can the Grave declare?
What Truth, when men deſtroyed are?

12 What Pow'r appear, where Light is not?
Or Righteouſneſs, where all's forgot?
13 Thus, Lord, my cries to thee I've ſent,
My Pray'rs the morning Light prevent.

14 Why do I then deſerted lie?
Why frown'ſt thou on my Miſery?
15 Affliction has my Portion been,
E'er ſince mine Age was young and green.

From which if no releaſe I find,
Thy Terrours will diſtract my Mind:
16 And, now thine Anger fiercer grows,
Death onely muſt conclude my woes.

17 Theſe daily, like a rolling Tide,
Environ me on every ſide;
The Waves together met, in haſte
Will ſwell, and ſwallow me at laſt.

18 Relief from Friends and thoſe I lov'd
Is hopeleſs, all ſo far remov'd;
And all, who my acquaintance were,
Are loſt, or hide themſelves for fear.

Pſalm LXXXIX.

1 WITH chearful Heart I'll ever ſing
The Mercies of the Lord;
To all make known how true he is,
And conſtant to his Word.

2 With

2 Without all change thy Mercy do's
On firm foundations ſtay;
And ſooner than thy Promiſe fail,
The Heav'ns ſhall move away.

3 VVhen God his ſervant *David* choſe,
To govern *Iſrael*;
This Covenant with him he made,
And by his Oath did ſeal:
4 "The Throne I give thee, on thy ſeed
"For ever I entail;
"VVhich tho' thrown down, yet I again
"To raiſe it will not fail.

5 This wond'rous Love if we forget
VVith praiſes to proclaim,
The Heav'nly Angels ſacred Quire
Shall celebrate the ſame.
6 Theſe never with the Lord compare,
Nor his Commands conteſt;
7 But give attendance at his Throne,
VVith awful fear poſſeſs'd.

Part II.

8 Great God! there's none that's arm'd with pow'r,
Or girt with Truth like thee;
9 Thou, when the waves ariſe, doſt rule,
And ſtill the raging Sea.
10 Thy Arm alone brake *Egypt*'s pow'r,
And *Iſrael* did adore,
VVhen they beheld the drowned Hoſt
Lie ſcattered on the ſhore.

11 The world, with all therein, is thine,
Made by thy pow'rful voice:

12 VVith

12 With all the Quarters of the Earth,
With which in thy Care rejoice.
13 Thy great and uncontrolled Power,
Can no reſiſtance fear:
14 Yet Mercy, Righteouſneſs and Truth
In all thy Rule appear.

15 Bleſt are the men that underſtand
The joyful ſound of Praiſe:
They, thro' thy Favour ſhall enjoy
An Age of happy Days.
16 Th' Expreſſions of thy wond'rous Love,
Will freſh delights create;
17 And thou, the Glory of their ſtrength,
Wilt raiſe their low eſtate.

Part III.

18 Our King and Guardian, is the Lord
Of *Iſrael*, ever bleſt:
19 Who to an Holy Prophet thus
His mind of old expreſt.
" I've found a Man of worth and might
" For your Deliverer;
" One from among the People choſe,
" I for your King prefer.

20 " *David*, my Servant, to receive
" This Honour I appoint;
" Go then, and to this Office him
" With Holy Oil anoint.
21 My pow'rful Preſence I'll afford
T'aſſiſt him in diſtreſs:
22 Whom ſubt'leſt Foes ſhall not deceive,
Nor ſpightfulleſt oppreſs.

23 But he ſhall their united force
Broken in pieces ſee; And

And all that hate him, by my pow'r
Plagu'd and deſtroy'd ſhall be.
24 To him my Faithfulneſs I'll ſhow,
My Favours on him ſhowre;
And whilſt he truſts in me, will raiſe
And ſtill enlarge his pow'r.

25 His Empire, by his Victories,
Shall far and wide extend;
26 On God, as a kind Father, he
For ſafety ſhall depend.
27 I'll own him for my firſt-born King
In higheſt Honour plac'd:
28 My Love for him I'll keep, with him
My Covenant ſhall ſtand faſt.

29 Succeſſion in his Family
From failing I'll ſecure;
The Regal Pow'r therein ſhall laſt
While th' Heavens do endure.

Part IV.

30 If *David*'s ſons mind not my Law,
Nor in my Judgments walk;
31 If they Religion, and its Rules
Of Life, profanely balk.
32 For theſe tranſgreſſions and neglects
Severely they ſhall ſmart:
33 But yet my Love I'll not withdraw,
Nor from my word depart.

34 I will not break th' Engagements made
To *David*'s Royal blood:
35 What by my Holineſs I've ſworn,
My Truth ſhall ſtill make good.
36 His Race ſhall never fail, his Throne
While the Sun ſhines ſhall laſt;

37 Nor

37 Nor ſhall the Moon, my Pledge above,
Stand in her Orb more faſt.

38 But, Lord, how ſhall we reconcile
Thy dealings with thy word?
Wroth with our King, he's now by thee
Rejected and abhorr'd.

39 As if with *David* thou hadſt made
A Covenant in vain;
His Honour's trampled under foot,
His Crown is made profane.

40 All his Defences are broke down
His Forts in ruines laid;

41 A ſcorn t' his Neighbours, and a prey
To every Spoiler made.

42 His Foes, much ſtronger, triumph in
Their eaſie Victories:

43 His blunted ſword cannot repell
Aſſailing Enemies.

44 His former Glory's quite eclips'd,
His Kingdoms ſtate o'erthrown:

45 His Reign is ſhortned, and diſgrace
Has ſullied his renown.

Part V.

46 How long ſhall we in this ſad ſtate,
By thee neglected mourn?
Till we are utterly conſum'd,
Lord, ſhall thine Anger burn?

47 Oh call to mind how ſhort a time
At beſt, to live we have:
Shall it be ſaid we're made for nought
But ſorrow and a Grave?

48 Why ſhould our Foes deſtroy us thus?
When none's ſo firm and ſtrong,

But he must fall into the Grave,
And yield to Death ere long?
49 Lord, what's become of that old Love
Thou didst to *David* bear?
To whom for ever to be kind
Thou faithfully didst swear?

50 Forget not, Lord, how we are made
The mighty Peoples scorn:
I easier all my other griefs
Than their reproach have born.
51 Thy Foes they are, and to reproach
Thy Promise they intend;
As if with *David*'s ruin'd house
His Kingdom now should end.

52 But still we'll hope in thee, tho' scorn'd,
And praise thee, tho' oppress:
And evermore will say, *Amen*,
Amen, the Lord be blest.

Psalm XC.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 LORD, every Age and Race has seen
Thou hast our help and refuge been.
2 Ere that the Mountains had a Birth,
Or ever thou hadst form'd the Earth;
Thou hadst a being long before,
And shalt abide when time's no more.
3 Thy first Decree 'gainst man was just
Bidding him *Turn again to Dust.*

4 A thousand years, if we could stay
In life so long, is but a day

Compar'd

Compar'd with thee, and in thy ſight
Like the ſhort watches of the night.

5 Death, like an overflowing ſtream,
Sweeps us away; our Life's a Dream.
6 As flow'rs i'th' morning freſh and fair,
Cut down ere night and withered are.

7 Thine Anger and our Wickedneſs,
8 Makes the ſhort term of Nature leſs:
9 And thus our years t' an end are brought,
As ſwiftly as a Breath or Thought.

10 Our Age to ſeventy years is ſet;
If to another ſtage we get,
And unto Fourſcore years arrive,
We rather ſigh and groan, than live.

Part II.

11 Lord, who with due reflection hath
Thought on the terrours of thy wrath?
Wrath that is equal to our dread,
And ſtrikes ſo often ſinners dead.

12 Oh that the ſenſe of our laſt end,
Th' uncertainties this Life attend,
May more excite our fear of thee,
And a wiſe care of Piety.

13 When, Lord, ſhall thy diſpleaſure ceaſe?
When wilt thou give our troubles eaſe?
Now we are humble and repent,
Shew pity to us, and relent.

14 Oh let that Mercy come at laſt
We long impatiently to taſt:
15 And in proportion to our tears,
Let Gladneſs crown our future years.

16 Since

16. Since Acts of Grace thy Glory are,
And pleaſe thee moſt; do thou appear
In theſe to us and to our Race:
17 Shew us the Beauties of thy Face.

Afford thy Light to guide our way,
That we may never go aſtray:
All our good undertakings bleſs,
And proſper with deſir'd ſucceſs.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 LOrd, every Age and Race has ſeen
Thou haſt our Refuge been.
2 Ere that the Mountains had a birth,
Or thou hadſt form'd the Earth,
Thou *waſt*, when nothing was before,
Wilt be, when time's no more.
3 Thy firſt Decree 'gainſt Man was juſt,
Thou ſaidſt, *Return to Duſt.*

4 A Life prolong'd t' a thouſand years,
One Day to thee appears;
As the ſhort watches of the Night,
Which ſlept away, we ſlight.
5 Hurri'd away by Death's ſwift ſtream,
We vaniſh like a dream.
6 Ere Night, thus flow'rs i' th' morning fair
Cut down and withered are.

7 Thine Anger and our Wickedneſs
8 Makes Life's ſhort term ſtill leſs.
9 And thus our years t' an end are brought
Swift as a Breath or Thought.
10 Our Age to ſeventy years is ſet;
If forward ſtill we get,
And unto Fourſcore years arrive,
We rather ſigh than live.

Part

Part II.

11 Lord, who with due reflection hath
Thought on thy pow'rful wrath?
Wrath that is equal to our dread,
And oft ſtrikes ſinners dead.
12 O that our Lives that ſwiftly ſpend,
And ſenſe of our laſt end,
May more excite our fear of thee,
And care of Piety.

13 When, Lord, ſhall thy diſpleaſure ceaſe?
When give our troubles eaſe?
Now we are humble and repent,
Shew pity, and relent.
14 O let that Mercy come at laſt
Our longing ſouls would taſt:
15 And in proportion to our tears,
Joys crown our future years.

16 Since Acts of Pow'r and Mercy are
Thy Glory; Lord, appear
17 In theſe to us and to our Race;
Shew us thy beauteous Face.
Afford thy Light to guide our way,
Never to go aſtray:
All our good undertakings bleſs,
And proſper with ſucceſs.

Pſalm XCI.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 HE that has God for his Retreat,
Has gain'd a ſafe and quiet Seat:
For God's o'er-ſpreading Providence
Will, like a ſhade, be his defence.

2 To him, as to my Fort, I'll fly;
On him, my pow'rful God, rely.
3 When noiſome Plagues infect the Air,
He'll ſave thee from the ſecret Snare.

4 His Care, like Wings, ſhall Safety yield,
His faithful Promiſe be thy Shield:
5 So that no dangers of the night
Shall ſeize thee with a ſudden fright.

6 Plagues that, like pois'ned Arrows, kill,
And all a-round with Slaughter fill,
Walking unſeen both night and day,
Shall miſs their aim, or balk their way.

7 Thouſands ſhall fall on every hand,
And thou the while unhurt ſhalt ſtand;
8 And onely with thine eyes ſhalt ſee
What ſhall the wicked's portion be.

Part II.

9 Since thou haſt made the Lord moſt High
Thy Refuge and Security;
10 No evil ſhall thy peace moleſt,
No plague thy dwelling ſhall infeſt.

11 Bleſt Angels, charg'd to guard thy way,
To thee ſhall kind attendance pay.
12 Theſe in their hands ſhall thee ſupport,
Leſt thou ſhouldſt ſtumble to thy hurt.

13 The Lion thou mayſt ſafely meet,
Tread th' Aſp and Dragon under feet,
14 Since he has ſet his Love on me,
From danger I will ſet him free.

Becauſe he knows and fears my Name,
I'll honour him and raiſe his Fame.

15 When

15 When he invokes me in his need,
I'll hear and anſwer him with ſpeed.

When he's in trouble I'll ſtand by,
To ſave, and ſet him up on High.
16 Give him long Life, and when that's done
VVill ſhew him my Salvation.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 HE who makes God his ſure retreat,
Has gain'd a quiet ſeat;
For God's o'er-ſhadowing Providence,
VVill be his ſafe defence.
2 To him, as to my Fort, I'll fly,
On him my God rely.
3 He'll ſave thee from the ſecret ſnare,
VVhen Plagues infect the Air.

4 His Care, like Wings, will ſafety yield,
His Promiſe be thy Shield:
5 So ſhall no dangers of the Night
Seize thee with ſudden fright.
6 Plagues that like poiſon'd Arrows kill,
And all with ſlaughter fill;
Walking unſeen both Night and Day,
Shall miſs, or balk their way.

7 Thouſands ſhall fall on every hand,
Whilſt thou, unhurt, ſhalt ſtand;
8 And what the Wicked's fate will be,
Onely thine Eyes ſhall ſee.

Part II.

9 Becauſe thou'ſt choſe the Lord moſt high,
For thy ſecurity;
10 No evil ſhall thy peace moleſt,
Nor plague thy Houſe infeſt.

11 Bleſt Angels, charg'd to guard thy way,
VVill kind attendance pay:
12 Theſe in their Hands ſhall thee ſupport,
from ſtumbling to thy hurt.
13 Safe th'Aſp and Dragon thou mayſt meet,
Tread Lions under feet.
14 Since he has ſet his Love on me
From harm I'll ſet him free.

Becauſe he knows and fears my Name
I will advance his Fame.
15 VVhen he invokes me in his need,
I'll anſwer him with ſpeed.
In ſtraits, to ſave him, I'll be nigh,
And ſet him up on high.
16 And when a good old age is paſt,
Bring him to Heav'n at laſt.

Pſalm XCII.

1 O What a pleaſant work it is
To praiſe the Lord above:
2 Morning and Evening to proclaim
His Faithfulneſs and Love.
3 Sweet Notes of Inſtruments to joyn
With an harmonious voice:
4 Thy gracious dealings with me, Lord,
Have made me to rejoice.

5 Great are thy Works and thy Deſigns
Contain the deepeſt ſenſe;
6 Tho' wicked men and Fools miſtake
Thy ways of Providence.
7 They ſpring and flouriſh like the Graſs,
With good ſucceſs o'erjoy'd;
And onely grow to be mown down,
And utterly deſtroy'd.

8 Thou, Lord, moſt high, doſt ever live;
9 They cannot ſcape from thee:
All ſhall be ruin'd and diſpers'd
That work Iniquity.
10 Still higher to exalt my Pow'r
Thou, Lord, wilt thine employ;
And crown that Pow'r and Dignity,
With undiſturbed Joy.

11 This pleaſure I ſhall have, by thoſe
My ruine had combin'd;
To ſee them ſtript of all their pow'r,
And their own ruine find.
12 But righteous men like fruitful Palms,
Or ſtately Cedars grow;
13 For planted in thy Courts they're fed
With Springs that ever flow.

14 There they are fair and ever thrive,
And ſtill more fruit ſhall bring:
Age that makes other things decay,
Makes them more flouriſhing.
15 Thus God appears to all the World
To be both Good and Juſt,
No falſeneſs can be charg'd on him
Who is my Rock and Truſt.

Pſalm XCIII.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm*,]

1 THE Lord do's reign, and like a King
Puts on his Robes of glorious Light;
Tremble, thou Earth, when he appears
Cloathed and girt about with Might.

Under his Rule th' unquiet World
Will gain ſtability and peace:
2 Of old his Empire did begin,
And like himſelf can never ceaſe.

3 In vain the World, rebellious Pow'rs,
In Tumults and Commotions riſe;
Like troubled Waters of the Sea,
That bid defiance to the Skies.

4 Reſiſt not his unequal ſtrength,
That's far above your threatning noiſe;
For ev'n the Seas unruly waves,
Do calmly liſten to his voice.

5 Lord, as thy Pow'r can never fail,
So all thy Promiſes are ſure:
It's thy Perfection to be true,
And theirs that ſerve thee to be pure.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 THE Lord do's reign, and cloaths himſelf
With Robes of glorious light;
Tremble, thou Earth, when he appears
Girded about with Might.
Now the unquiet World will gain
Stability and Peace:
2 His Empire was of old, and like
Himſelf can never ceaſe.

3 In vain the World's rebellious Pow'rs
Combin'd in Tumults riſe;
Like Waters of the Sea, that bid
Defiance to the Skies.

4 Reſiſt not his unequal ſtrength,
That's far above your noiſe;

For

For even the Seas unruly Waves
Are calmed at his voice.

5 Thy Power, Lord, can never fail,
Thy Promiſes are ſure;
Thy Glory's to be true, and theirs
That ſerve thee, to be pure.

Pſalm XCIV.

1 THou great Avenger of all wrongs,
At length thy Juſtice ſhew;
2 Ariſe, and render to the proud
Rewards that are their due.
3 How long ſhall evil men triumph,
And boaſt their Villanies;
4 Speak ſcornfully of God himſelf,
And Providence deſpiſe?

5 Who, whilſt the ruine of the poor
6 And innocent they plot,
7 Say, that the Lord do's not diſcern,
Or elſe regards it not.
8 When will theſe brutiſh Sinners learn,
Theſe ſenſeleſs Fools be wiſe?
9 Shall not he hear, that made the Ears,
And ſee, that form'd the Eyes?

10 He the rude Nations do's inſtruct,
And teaches Man his skill:
Shall not he know then, and chaſtiſe
Thy diſobedient Will?
11 O flatter not thy ſelf, nor theſe
Impieties maintain:
God knows theſe very thoughts of thine
How falſe they are and vain.

12 Lord, he's a happy man, whom thou
By chaſtiſements haſt taught;
And thereby to a ſenſe of thee,
And of his duty brought.
13 God in his Mercy will at length
From Troubles ſet him free;
Whilſt Vengeance ruines wicked mens
Short-liv'd proſperity.

Part II.

14 Tho' good men, for a while chaſtis'd,
May under Troubles groan;
God will not utterly forſake,
Nor caſt away his own.
15 Neglected Judgment ſhall return
Again to act its part;
And then Felicity ſhall crown
The men of upright Heart.

16 T' oppoſe my wicked foes, I call'd
To other aids in vain;
17 Without thy ſuccours in the Grave
I and my hopes had lain.
18 When I deſpair'd to keep my Feet,
Thy Mercy me upheld:
19 Thy Comforts eas'd my troubled thoughts
And ſwelling paſſions quell'd.

20 Will ever God Tyrannick Acts
Of unjuſt Thrones abett?
Who under forms of Law, t'oppreſs
The Righteous power get?
21 They meet in Council, and reſolve
That ſuch mens Lives they'll have;

And

And whom their Sentence do's condemn,
No Innocence can ſave.
22 But againſt ſuch unjuſt Decrees
The Lord is my defence;
He'll be my Refuge to ſecure
Me from their Violence.
23 What Miſchiefs they 'gainſt me deſign'd,
Their ruine ſhall confeſs:
For God will ſurely cut them off
In their own wickedneſs.

Pſalm XCV.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 COme let us all unite our joys,
And to the Lord our voices raiſe:
2 Before his preſence let us come
With thankful Hearts and Pſalms of praiſe.

3 Our Lord is a great God and King,
Of mighty Pow'r and eminent
Above all Gods: him Angels ſerve,
And Princes onely repreſent.

4 The ſecret places of the Earth,
And ſtrength of Hills are in his Hand.
5 He made the Waters of the Sea,
And for their Bound prepar'd dry Land.

6 To him that made us let us kneel,
And humble Adorations give:
7 Who are the People of his Care
The Sheep that on his Paſtures live.

8 To day let's hearken to his voice,
And not ſuch hardened Sinners prove;

9 As thoſe that in the Wilderneſs
Provok'd and tempted God above.

They prov'd his Pow'r, and ſaw his Works,
10 And griev'd his Patience forty year;
Till, wearied with their murmurings,
That Race he could no longer bear.

He did their ſtupid Unbelief,
And baſe Ingratitude deteſt;
11 And in his Indignation ſware,
They ſhould not come into his Reſt.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 COme, let us with united joys
To God our voices raiſe:
2 With thankful Hearts before him come,
And loudly ſing his Praiſe.
3 Our God is a great God and King,
In Power eminent
Above all Gods: him Angels ſerve,
And Princes repreſent.

4 The ſecrets of the Earth, and ſtrength
Of Hills are in his Hand;
5 He made the Waters of the Sea,
And, for their Bound, dry Land.
6 To him that made us, let us kneel,
And Adorations give;
7 Who are his People, and the Sheep
That on his Paſtures live.

8 To day let's hear his voice, and not
Such hardened Sinners prove;
9 As thoſe that in the Wilderneſs
Provoked God above.

They

They prov'd his pow'r, and ſaw his works,
10 And griev'd him forty year;
Till, wearied with that murm'ring Race,
He could no longer bear.

He did their unbelief and baſe
Ingratitude deteſt:
11 And in his Anger ſware, they ſhould
Not come into his Reſt.

Pſalm XCVI.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 LET all the Earth their voices raiſe,
To ſing the choiceſt Pſalm of Praiſe.
2 To ſing and bleſs God's ſacred Name,
And all his ſaving Works proclaim.

3 His Glory let the Heathen know,
His Wonders to the Nations ſhow:
4 Let him be prais'd that is ſo high;
More fear'd than any Deity.

5 To Idols Heathen worſhip's paid,
Our Lord both th'Earth and Heavens made.
6 He in Majeſtick Splendor dwells,
In Beauty and in Strength excels.

7 Let every Tongue and every Tribe,
Glory and Pow'r to God aſcribe:
8 The Glory give that is his due,
Their Off'rings in his Courts renew.

There fall down humbly and confeſs
9 The Beauty of his Holineſs.
Let all the Earth the Lord revere,
And by their Duty ſhew their fear.

10 Say to the World th' Almighty reigns,
A Judge that Equity maintains:
He'll make their Wars and tumults ceaſe;
And bleſs the World with quiet peace.

11 Let Heav'n and Earth proclaim their joys;
The Ocean by its roaring noiſe:
12 Fields by the fairneſs of their crops,
Trees by the Fruits that crown their tops.

13 At his approach all Nature's glad,
And onely Sinners are afraid:
All whom he judges will confeſs,
His Equity and Righteouſneſs.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 LET all the Earth their voices raiſe
To a new Song of praiſe:
2 Sing we, and bleſs God's Sacred Name,
His ſaving Works proclaim.
3 His Glory let the Heathen know,
To all his wonders ſhow.
4 And when his praiſe aloud is heard,
More than all Gods be fear'd.

5 To Idols Heathen worſhip's paid,
Our Lord, the Heavens made.
6 His Honour's great; beyond compare
His Strength and Beauty are.
7 Let every Tongue and every Tribe
Glory to God aſcribe.
8 The Glory give due to his Name;
Whoſe Courts your Off'rings claim.

9 There fall down humbly, and confeſs
The Beauty' of Holineſs.
Let all the Earth the Lord revere,
Let Duty ſhew their Fear.

10 Say

10 Say to the World, th' Almighty reigns,
A Judge that Right maintains:
He'll make their Wars and Tumults ceaſe,
And bleſs the World with Peace.

11 Let Heav'n and Earth proclaim their joys,
Seas by their roaring noiſe.
12 Fields by the fairneſs of their crops,
Trees by their fruitful tops.
13 At his approach all Nature's glad:
Sinners alone afraid.
All whom he judges ſhall confeſs
His Truth and Righteouſneſs.

Pſalm XCVII.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 LEt th' Earth rejoice ſince God do's reign:
2 For tho' thick darkneſs do's ſurround
And cloud his ways of Providence;
Yet perfect Juſtice is their ground.

3 When God prepares himſelf for wrath,
4 His Lightnings flame around the Skies;
A dreadful Fire before him goes,
To burn up all his Enemies.

Th'amazed Earth ſees this and quakes;
5 The Hills like melted wax flow down:
6 The Heav'ns his Juſtice do proclaim,
And men below his Glories own.

7 Confounded be thoſe worſhippers,
That to a graven Image bow,
And boaſt of Idols: worſhip him
Angels above and gods below.

8 Good

8 Good men will hear the News with joy,
When Judgments on theſe Sinners fall;
9 Which tell the World their gods are vain,
And thou art high above them all.

10 All ye that love and ſerve the Lord,
Strictly preſerve your Innocence;
Then tho' the wicked ſeek your fall,
God will ſtand up in your defence.

11 Th'immortal Seeds of Light and Bliſs,
For truly pious men are ſown:
A joyful Harveſt will at length
Their Labours and their Sorrows crown.

12 Then let your chearful temper ſhow
The God you ſerve is good and kind:
Praiſe him for all his Mercies paſt,
And wait with joy for thoſe behind.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 GOD reigns, let all the Earth rejoyce;
2 Tho' darkneſs may ſurround,
And cloud his ways of Providence,
Yet Juſtice is their ground.
3 Lightnings, when God prepares for wrath,
Do flame around the Skies:
4 A Fire before him goes, to burn
Up all his Enemies.

The Earth ſees this and quakes, the Hills
5 Like melted Wax flow down;
6 The Heav'ns his Righteouſneſs declare,
And men his Glories own.
7 Confounded be thoſe Worſhippers,
That to an Image bow.

And

And boaſt of Idols: worſhip him
Angels and gods below.

8 Good men will joy, when puniſhments
Shall on theſe Sinners fall;
9 Which ſhew their gods are vain, and thou
Art high above them all.
10 All ye that love and fear the Lord,
Preſerve your Innocence;
Then let the Wicked ſeek your fall,
God will be your defence.

11 Th' immortal Seeds of Light and Bliſs
For pious men are ſown;
A joyful Harveſt will at length
Their Works and Sorrows crown.
12 Then let your chearful temper ſhow
The God you ſerve is kind;
Praiſe him for Mercies paſt, and wait
With joy for thoſe behind.

Pſalm XCVIII.

1 RENew your Songs to God, and tell
What Wonders he has done:
Let all proclaim the Victories,
His pow'rful Arm has won.
2 His Mercy which was kept before
A ſecret and inclos'd;
Now to the clear and open view
Of Heathens is expos'd.

3 His promis'd Goodneſs and his Truth
Was firſt to *Iſrael* ſhown;
But now the Ends of th' Earth have ſeen
His great Salvation.

4 Let all the Earth this welcome News
5 Applaud with loudeſt noiſe:
6 Joyn Muſick to their Hymns of Praiſe,
To teſtifie their Joys.

7 Let ſwelling Seas roar, and excite
The Joys of neighbouring Lands;
8 Let echoing Hills the noiſe repeat,
And Rivers clap their Hands.
9 Whole Nature well may feel a change,
When God's approach is nigh:
Who comes to judge and rule the World
With Truth and Equity.

Pſalm XCIX.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 THE Lord do's reign, and on his Throne
Between the Cherubins do's ſit;
Let the Earth quake, and fear poſſeſs
The People that inhabit it.

2 God, who in *Sion* dwells, is great,
And high above all People rais'd:
3 O may his holy Name by all
Adored be and ever prais'd.

4 Pow'r in this King, with Equity
And Juſtice mixt, will do all right;
He governs always by theſe Rules:
Mercy and theſe are his delight.

5 Extol him in your Praiſes then;
And proſtrate at his Footſtool, ſhew
Your low ſubmiſſion to your God,
As he is Holy this is due.

6 *Moſes* and other famous men
Of old, thus their Addreſſes made;
Before the Lord fell down; and he
Gave gracious Anſwers when they pray'd.

7 He from a cloudy Pillar ſpake,
They underſtood from thence his Will;
His Teſtimonies they obſerv'd,
And all his Orders did fulfill.

8 The Lord did their Petitions grant;
And was propitious for their ſake
To great Offenders, upon whom
Juſt Vengeance he began to take.

9 Extol him in your Praiſes then,
And at his holy Hill fall down;
By this ſubmiſſion ſhew, that you
His Holineſs and Greatneſs own.

Pſalm C.

1 LET all the Nations of the Earth,
To God their chearful voices raiſe;
2 With Gladneſs worſhip him, and come
Before his Face with Songs of praiſe.

3 Our Lord is God; 'twas he alone,
Did to us all our Beings give:
We are the People of his care,
The Sheep that on his Paſtures live.

4 Enter his Gates with thankful Hearts,
His Praiſes in his Courts proclaim:
And by his pow'rful love inflam'd,
Delight to bleſs his ſacred Name.

5 For God is infinitely Good,
His Mercy is for ever ſure;
And ev'ry changing Age ſhall ſee
His Truth will ſtill the ſame endure.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 LET all that dwell on Earth, to God
Their chearful voices raiſe;
2 Serve him with joy, and come before
His Face with Songs of praiſe.
3 The Lord is God, who did alone
To all their Beings give;
We are his People, and the Sheep
That on his Paſtures live.

4 Enter his Courts with thankful hearts,
His Praiſes there proclaim:
And by his Love inflam'd, delight
To bleſs his ſacred Name.
5 For God is infinitely good,
His Mercy ever ſure:
And every changing Age will ſee
His Truth the ſame endure.

Pſalm CI.

[*As the* 113 *Pſalm.*]

1 MErcy and Judgment, Lord, I'll ſing:
That mercy, which has made me King,
2 Shall wiſely ſtill direct my courſe.
Thy perfect Law the guide I'll make
Of all my ways, and none ſhall take
Example by me to be worſe.

3 State-reaſon and a private End
Serv'd by ill projects, ſhall not bend
The Laws againſt the Rule of Right.
4 The man whoſe froward heart is preſs'd
Ungodly Counſels to ſuggeſt,
Shall never be my Favourite.

5 The privy Slanderer I'll not brook,
Nor on the proud vouchſafe to look,
Unleſs to note him for diſgrace:
6 But men of clear Integrity,
And unſuſpected Honeſty,
Shall be advanc'd to higheſt place.

7 None ſhall by tricks and ſly deceit,
By lyes and little arts grow great,
Or be in mine Affairs imploy'd.
8 Juſtice ſhall not Offenders ſpare,
But wicked Doers by my care
Shall from God's City be deſtroy'd.

Pſalm CII.

1 LORD hear the pray'rs and mournful cries
Of mine afflicted ſtate;
2 And with thy Comforts chear my Soul,
Before it be too late.
3 My days conſume away like ſmoak,
Mine anguiſh is ſo great:
My Bones are not unlike an Hearth,
Parched and dry with Heat.

4 This makes my vital Spirits fail,
And flag like withered Graſs;
Mine appetite to food's ſo loſt,
My meals I over-paſs.

5 Such

5 Such is my grief, I little elſe
Can do, but ſigh and groan:
So waſted is my fleſh, I'm left
Nothing but skin and bone.

6 Like th' Owl and Pelican, that dwell
In deſarts out of ſight;
I ſadly do bemoan my ſelf,
In ſolitude delight.

7 The wakeful Bird, that on Houſe-tops
Sits without company;
And ſpends the night in doleful cries,
Lives ſuch a life as I.

8 My pleaſed Enemies expoſe
My miſeries to ſcorn;
So ſet againſt me with mad rage,
My ruine they have ſworn.

9 Th' Aſhes I roll in, when I eat,
Are taſted with my Bread:
And with my Drink are mix'd the Tears
I plentifully ſhed.

10 Thy wrath againſt us ſo ſevere,
Does not remit at all:
By daſhing all the hopes thou'ſt rais'd,
I've had the ſorer fall.

Part II.

11 My days, like the declining ſhades,
Make haſte, and fly away:
As Flowers before the ſcorching Sun,
They wither and decay.

12 But thou, Lord, ever ſhalt remain
The ſame thou ever waſt;
And the memorial of thy Truth
Shall to all Ages laſt.

13 The

13 The years for *Sion*'s puniſhment
Prefix'd, expiring are:
God's time to favour her's at hand,
Her ruines to repair.
14 Theſe hopes to ſee her built again,
Make us her ſtones to prize;
Her heaps of rubbiſh and of duſt,
Are precious in our eyes.

15 The Heathen Kings who, ſcorn us now,
Will then thy Name revere:
16 Whoſe Pow'r, when *Sion* is reſtor'd,
Will glorioufly appear.
17 The captive poor, that now bemoan
Their miſeries in vain,
Shall then be heard, and their loſt ſtate
And liberties regain.

18 This Mercy to the following Age
Shall ſtand upon record:
And their Poſterity, though yet
Unborn, ſhall praiſe the Lord.

Part III.

19 The Lord, who in his Heav'nly Throne
Advanced is ſo high;
Yet caſts on our afflicted ſtate
A favourable eye.
20 He'll give that wiſh'd-for liberty
The groaning Pris'ners crave;
And thoſe that look upon themſelves
As doom'd to die, will ſave.

21 That they the glories of his Name
May in his Temple raiſe,
And in *Jeruſalem* aloud
His Truth and Goodneſs praiſe.

22 When

22 When all his ſaved people there
Shall meet with one accord;
And other Kingdoms joyn with us
In worſhipping the Lord.

23 But mine afflictions ſuch decays
Of age and ſtrength had made;
My hopes to ſee thoſe happy days
Fell ſhort, and thus I pray'd:
24 Lord, take me not away before
My better days be paſt;
Thine undeclining years beyond
All generations laſt.

25 Th' unknown Foundations of the Earth
Of old by thee were laid;
The fair and beauteous Heavens ſhew
The work thy hands have made.
26 Theſe all ſhall periſh and wax old,
Like garments thrown aſide;
But tho' they change, thy years ne'er fail,
27 Thou doſt the ſame abide.

28 Thy kindneſs to the good is firm,
Thy word to them is ſure:
Tho' ſtrange events may change the world,
Their Race ſhall ſtill endure.

Pſalm CIII.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 BLeſs thou the Lord my ſoul, his Name
Let all the pow'rs within me bleſs:
2 O let not his paſt favours lie
Forgotten in unthankfulneſs.

3 It's he that pardons all thy ſins;
He that in ſickneſs makes thee ſound:
4 It's he redeemed from the Grave
Thy Life, with Love and Mercy crown'd.

5 It's he that fills thy mouth with good,
And all thy juſt deſires ſupplies:
Who, like the Eagles, makes thine Age
To a renewed youth ariſe.

6 From his ſtrict Juſtice, ſure relief
Oppreſſed Innocence will find:
7 *Moſes* and *Iſr'el* knew his ways,
And kind Intentions of his mind.

8 Abundant Mercies flow from God,
Love is his nature and delight:
9 Slow is his wrath, and tho' he chides,
Intends not to deſtroy us quite.

His Anger, in its riſe and ſtay,
From Rules of Juſtice never ſwerves;
10 And when he puniſhes our faults,
The meaſure's leſs than ſin deſerves.

11 As Heav'n is far above the Earth,
So his Rewards exceed our Love:
12 Farther than Eaſt is from the Weſt
His Pardon does our ſins remove.

Part II.

13 A father's pity to his child,
Reſembles God's, tho' ſhorter far;
14 For he conſiders our weak frame,
That onely quickned Duſt we are.

15 Man's days are like the Graſs, or Flow'r,
That in the Field its Beauty ſhows;

16 But

16 But fades with every blasting wind,
And then its former place none knows.

17 But God's Eternal Truth and Love
Is to good Men, and to their Race:
18 Those that his Laws and Cov'nant keep,
His favour ever will embrace.

19 Circled with glorious Light, his Throne
The Lord has plac'd in Heav'n above;
Whose mighty Pow'r and sovereign Rule
Extends o'er all that live and move.

20 Bless God, ye Angels, who in strength,
And ready serv'ces transcend:
21 Bless him, ye Hosts and Ministers,
Who all, to do his Will, attend.

22 All ye his works, that subject are,
In every place, to his controul,
Bless ye your Maker; and with them
Join in his Praises, O my Soul.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 MY Soul, bless thou the Lord; his Name
All pow'rs within me bless:
2 O never let his favours be
Lost in unthankfulness.

3 It's He forgives thy sins, and do's
Thy sicknesses remove:
4 It's He redeems thee from the grave,
And crowns thy life with love.

5 It's He that fills thy mouth with good,
Thy just desires supplies,
Who, like the Eagles, makes thine Age
To a new Youth arise.

6 From his ſtrict Juſtice, ſure relief
Wrong'd Innocence ſhall find:
7 *Moſes* his ways, and *Iſrael* knew
Th' intentions of his mind.

8 The Lord is kind, and Goodneſs is
His nature and delight.
9 Slow is his wrath, and though he chides,
Would not deſtroy us quite.
His Anger, in its riſe and ſtay,
From Juſtice never ſwerves;
10 And when he puniſhes our faults,
It's leſs than ſin deſerves.

11 As Heav'n do's far exceed the Earth,
So his Rewards our Love:
12 Farther than Eaſt is from the Weſt
He do's our ſins remove.

Part II.

13 A Father's pity to his Child,
Than God's is leſſer far:
14 For he conſiders our weak frame,
And knows that Duſt we are.
15 Man's days are like the graſs or flow'r,
Freſh when its newly blown;
16 But fades with every blaſting wind,
Whoſe place no more is known.

17 But God is true, and ever kind
To good men and their race:
18 Thoſe that his Laws and Cov'nant keep,
His favour will embrace.
19 Circled with Light, the Lord has plac'd
His Throne in Heav'n above;
Whoſe ſovereign Empire do's extend
O'er all that live and Move.

20 Bleſs God, ye Angels, who in ſtrength
And ſervices tranſcend:
21 Bleſs him, ye Hoſts and Miniſters,
Who all his Will attend.
22 All ye his works in every place,
Subject to his controll,
Bleſs ye your Maker; and with them
Joyn in his praiſe, my Soul.

Pſalm CIV.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm*,]

1 MY Soul for ever bleſs the Lord,
To this his Greatneſs do's invite;
Honour and Majeſty's his Robe;
2 His beauteous Veſture ſplendid Light.

He, as a Tent, the Heav'ns extends;
3 Whoſe rooms on liquid waters ſtay:
Clouds are his Chariot, and the winds (way.
With their wing'd wheels mete out his

4 Angels as ſwift as air, as bright
As flames, with quick obedience move;
To publiſh and effect below
His pleaſure, giv'n in charge above.

5 The Earth's Foundations are unknown,
No Pillar's rais'd its weight to bear;
And yet no Pow'r can make it move,
Tho' it hangs looſe in fluid air.

6 The Earth's firſt Cov'ring was the Deep,
Whoſe Waves the higheſt Hills ſurpaſs'd:
7 Till at thy Check and Thunder's voice
They ſhrank, and fled away in haſte.

8 The

8 The Mountains by hid ways they climb,
Thence to the lower Vales deſcend;
Till in the Sea, from whence they came,
At laſt their winding courſes end.

9 In vain the Ocean's ſwelling Pride
Threatens again the Earth to cover;
Its fixed bounds no riſing Tides,
Without new leave, can e'er paſs over.

Part II.

10 He from the Hills, through ſecret Veins,
Cauſes the chryſtal Springs to burſt;
11 They glide thro' Vallies, where the Beaſts,
And the wild Aſſes, quench their thirſt.

12 There Birds are taught with curious Art
Their Neſts in ſhady boughs to raiſe;
And by their chearful Notes reprove
Our ſilence in our Maker's praiſe.

13 Nor can the higher grounds which gape
For thirſt, complain that they're forgot:
Clouds big with ſhow'rs on them diſtill,
And water every barren plot.

14 By his Command th' enriched Earth
Food for all Creatures do's produce;
The Graſs ſprings up to ſerve the Beaſts,
And Herbs for Man's peculiar uſe.

15 Rich wine that chears Man's heart, and oil
That makes his Countenance look bright;
Bread, the ſupport of Life; all made
To ſerve our needs, or our delight.

16 Trees that on barren Hills are plac'd,
Need not be watered by our care;

Where *Lebanon* do's higheſt riſe,
Cedars are ever freſh and fair.

17 There Birds obtain ſecure retreat;
Storks for their dwelling chuſe the Pine;
18 Wild-Goats find refuge in the Hills,
Conies in Rocks they undermine.

Part III.

19 The Moon, whoſe varied Face we ſee,
Meaſures the ſeaſons of the Year;
And having run his daily courſe,
The Sun knows when to ſet, and where.

20 Darkneſs, as well as Day, thou mak'ſt;
'Tis Night that brings wild-Beaſts abroad:
21 Fierce Lions, roaring for their prey,
By hunger taught, ſeek Meat from God.

22 At the Sun's riſe, theſe ſcatter'd Beaſts
Crowd to their Dens with haſty flight:
23 Men ſhare the Day, whoſe work begins
And ends together with the Light.

24 Great God! how various are thy works,
Created all with wond'rous skill.
Thy Bleſſings, Lord, enrich the Earth,
25 And the Sea's ſpacious boſom fill:

Whoſe yielding waves the Ships divide;
There Fiſhes move of diff'rent ſize;
26 And there the great *Leviathan*
Do's play, and Man's attempts deſpiſe.

27 Theſe all wait humbly to receive
Thine alms of ſeaſonable food:
28 And what thine opened hand beſtows,
They gather, and are fill'd with good.

Par

Part IV.

29 If God but in diſpleaſure frown,
The whole Creation needs muſt mourn:
If he with-holds his breath or theirs,
They die, and to their Duſt return.

30 His quick'ning Spirit, when it breaths,
All things with life and joy endues;
His pow'rful Word, that made the Earth,
At firſt, its face again renews.

31 Whilſt this world's frame and order laſts
God's Glory never can be leſs:
And what his Wiſdom made ſo good,
His Favour will delight to bleſs.

32 But let not ſinful Man preſume
God's dreadful anger to provoke;
Whoſe Look can cauſe the Earth to quake,
Whoſe Touch make proudeſt Hills to [ſmoke.

33 The great employment of my life
Shall be to praiſe this mighty Lord:
34 To meditate his Love and Works,
The ſweeteſt pleaſure will afford.

35 While Sinners from the Earth conſume,
No place or thought regards them more;
Bleſs thou thy Maker, O my Soul,
Let Heav'n and Earth his Name adore.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 BLeſs thou the Lord, my Soul, to this
His Greatneſs do's invite;
Honour and Majeſty's his Robe,
His Veſture ſplendid Light.

3 He, as a Tent, the Heav'ns extends,
Whoſe rooms on waters ſtay;
Clouds are his chariot, and the winds
Wing'd wheels mete out his way.

4 Angels as ſwift as air, as bright
As flames, attend and move,
His pleaſure to effect below,
That's giv'n in charge above.

5 The Earth's Foundations are unknown,
Its weight no Pillars bear;
Yet none can move it, tho' it hangs
Looſe in the yielding air.

6 The Earth's firſt cov'ring was the deep,
Whoſe waves the hills ſurpaſs'd:
7 Till at thy check and thunder's voice,
They ſhrank, and fled in haſte.
8 The Mountains by hid ways they climb,
Thence to the Vales deſcend;
Till in the Sea, whence firſt they came,
Their winding courſes end.

9 In vain the Ocean's ſwelling Pride,
Threatens the Earth to cover;
Its fixed bounds no riſing Tides
Can, without leave, paſs over.

Part II.

10 He from the Hills by ſecret Veins,
Makes chryſtal ſprings to burſt;
11 The wat'red Vallies give all Beaſts
Drink to allay their thirſt.
12 There Birds are taught their artful Neſts
In ſhady boughs to raiſe:
Whoſe chearful Notes our ſilence ſhame
In our Creator's praiſe.

13 Nor

13 Nor can the higher grounds, which gape
For thirſt, ſay they're forgot:
Clouds big with ſhow'rs on them diſtill,
And water every plot.
14 By his Command th'enriched Earth
Do's food for all produce;
The graſs ſprings up to ſerve the beaſts,
And herbs for humane uſe.

15 Rich wine that chears Man's heart, and oil
That makes his face look bright:
Bread, the ſupport of Life; all ſerve
Our needs, or our delight.
16 The Trees on barren Hills will thrive,
Unwat'red by our care:
Cedars i' th' heights of *Lebanon*,
Are ever freſh and fair.

17 There Birds find ſure retreat, the Stork
Dwells in the lofty Pine;
18 Wild Goats in Hills, Conies are ſafe
In Rocks they undermine.

Part III.

19 The Moon's oft varied face do's ſhow
The ſeaſons of the year;
After his daily courſe, the Sun
Knows when to ſet, and where.
20 Darkneſs as well as Light thou mak'ſt,
Night brings wild Beaſts abroad:
21 The hungry Lions roar for prey,
And ſeek their meat from God.

22 At the Sun's riſing, to their Dens
They croud with haſty flight:
23 Men ſhare the Day, whoſe work's begun,
And finiſh'd with the Light.

24 Great God! how various are thy works,
All made with wond'rous skill:
Thy Bleſſings, Lord, enrich the Earth,
25 And Seas large boſom fill.

There go the Ships, and there do move
Fiſhes of different ſize;
26 There great *Leviathan* do's play;
And Man's attempts deſpiſe.
27 Theſe all wait to receive thine alms
Of ſeaſonable food;
28 They gather what thine hand beſtows,
And all are fill'd with good.

Part IV.

29 If God but in diſpleaſure frown,
All Creatures needs muſt mourn;
If he with-holds their breath, they die,
And to their Duſt return.
30 His quick'ning Spirit, when it breaths,
All things with Life endues,
His pow'rful word, that made the Earth,
Its face again renews.

31 Whilſt this world's frame and order laſts,
God's fame will ne'er be leſs;
And what his wiſdom made ſo good,
Will ſtill delight to bleſs.
32 But let not ſinful Man preſume
God's anger to provoke;
Whoſe Look can cauſe the Earth to quake,
His Touch make Hills to ſmoak.

33 My Life's great buſ'neſs ſhall be this,
To praiſe this mighty Lord;
34 To meditate his Love and works,
The ſweeteſt Joys afford.

35 While

35 While Sinners from the Earth consume,
No place regards them more;
Bless thou the Lord, my Soul, his Name
Let Heav'n and Earth adore.

Psalm CV.

1 O Let us all give thanks to God,
And call upon his Name;
His gracious and his mighty works
To all the world proclaim.
2 Let us in Songs and sacred Hymns
Our great Creator bless;
And what his pow'rful hand has wrought,
Our joyful tongues express.

3 Count it your honour that ye know,
And bear his sacred Name;
And when you worship this great Lord,
Take pleasure in the same.
4 Within his Sanctuary let
Your Pray'rs to him be made;
Your hopes upon his favour rest,
And his almighty aid.

5 O let the works that he has done
Your admiration move;
Think on the judgments of his mouth,
And wonders of his Love.
6 This Charge to you belongs, who are
Of faithful *Abr'am*'s race;
And *Jacob*'s Off-spring call'd, who stood
In God's especial Grace.

7 We glory that this mighty Lord
Us for his people owns;

Whoſe Judgments make th'amazed Earth
To tremble when he frowns.
8 His Cov'nant with his people made,
He ever call'd to mind;
And will his Promiſes fulfill,
To ages ſtill behind.

Part II.

9 That Cov'nant which the Lord of old
With our firſt fathers made;
10 And oft by Oath renew'd to them
And to their ſeed, thus ſaid.
11 "On thee, I *Can'an's* Land beſtow,
(This which we now poſſeſs)
To bring them into which, his Care
Shew'd that he meant no leſs.

12 For tho' when firſt our fathers came,
One family they were;
Whoſe number too was very few,
And they mere ſtrangers there:
13 Tho' weak, who in a ſetled place
No fixt Eſtate enjoy'd;
But forc'd from this to th' other Land,
Might ſoon have been deſtroy'd:

14 He ſuffered none to injure them,
When Sojourners they were;
But Kings, that meant to do them wrong,
Met with rebukes ſevere.
15 Let none attempt theſe perſons harm,
So dear to God, and great:
"Touch not, ſaid he, my 'anointed ones,
"Nor Prophets rudely treat.

16 When after this, in all the Lands
A famine long prevail'd:

And

And Bread, the great ſupport of Life,
When Corn was wanting, fail'd:
17 He ſent out *Joſeph* to provide
For *Jacob*, now grown old:
But he that was to ſave his houſe,
Firſt as a Slave was ſold.

Part III.

18 To *Egypt* brought, and falſly charg'd,
Joſeph's in priſon caſt:
The Calumny more pain'd him, than
The Chains that held him faſt.
19 There, by unfolding hidden fates,
Great fame he had acquir'd:
This *Phar'oh* hearing, try'd him too,
And found him one inſpir'd.

20 He quickly ſet him free, and made
Him Ruler of the Land:
21 The management of all affairs
He' intruſted in his hand.
22 His greateſt Princes to command
And puniſh he had leave;
All the wiſe Senators from him
Inſtructions muſt receive.

23 Now *Jacob*'s houſe to *Egypt* came
As *Phar'oh* did invite:
24 And grew ſo, as t' exceed their foes
In Number and in Might.
25 This makes them jealous, and to hate
Thoſe they receiv'd with joy:
Whom firſt by ſubtil Arts they would
Diminiſh, then deſtroy.

26 *Moſes* and *Aron* (when God ſaw
Their Bondage heavier grow)

Were ſent to *Phar'oh* with demand
To let his people go.
27 The mighty works which they perform'd,
And wonders in that Land;
Show'd that what e'er they ſaid or did
Was by Divine command.

Part IV.

28 He three days darkneſs, black as Hell
Over all *Egypt* drew;
In which, and all the other plagues,
God's Orders they purſue.
29 He turn'd their waters into blood,
Which all their Fiſh deſtroy'd:
30 Numberleſs Frogs o'erſpread the Earth,
And the King's rooms annoy'd.
31 Infinite Swarms of Flies and Lice
O'er all the Country came:
32 Inſtead of Rain he gave them Hail,
Mix'd with devouring Flame.
33 This Storm not only from the Trees
Their pleaſant Fruits beat down,
But all the Fig-trees too and Vines
Were broke and overthrown.
34 By his Command numberleſs Hoſts
Of various Locuſts paſs
35 O'er all the Land; and with ſtrange haſte
Devour'd their Herbs and Graſs.
36 In the ſame Night all their Firſt-born,
Smote by an Angel, die;
The prime of all their ſtrength, and prop
Of every Family.

Part V.

Part V.

37 Loaded with *Egypt*'s wealth, their Land
In haſte the people quit;
Not one in all their Tribes ſo weak,
For travel was unfit.
38 Gladneſs at their departure thence
Th' *Egyptians* hearts did fill;
For fear, as the laſt Plague their Sons,
The next themſelves might kill.

39 He ſpread a Cloud, which skreen'd them (from
The ſcorching Sun by day;
But was ſo bright withal, it ſerv'd
By night to ſhew their way.
40 He then provides delicious fare
For that vaſt multitude; (down
Great flights of Quails, and Bread ſhowr'd
From Heav'n to be their food.

41 An opened Rock their Drink ſupply'd;
Whence Streams guſh'd out ſo faſt,
They ran, and follow'd them thro' all
The parched grounds they paſs'd.
42 The Lord theſe wonders, to make good
His word to *Abr'am*, wrought:
43 When he from ſlavery his Race
With joy and triumph brought.

44 He fix'd them in a quiet Seat
In *Can'an*'s pleaſant Land;
Stor'd with all good by others pains,
And planted to their hand.
45 That by his kindneſs thus oblig'd,
And bleſs'd ſo many ways;
His Laws they might with care obſerve;
The Lord for ever praiſe.

Pſalm

Psalm CVI.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 BY chearful Praises to his Name,
That God is good to all proclaim:
Whose Mercies shown to ages past,
To all succeeding times shall last.

2 Who can the Pow'r of God set forth,
Or praise his wonders to their worth?
3 They're happy, who with constant care
In righteous works imployed are.

4 May I be one of those, and find
God always good to me and kind:
When thou deliv'rest thine elect
From Dangers, do not me neglect.

5 Their good secured may I see,
And share in their felicity;
And when thou dost their state advance,
Glory with thine Inheritance.

6 We the degenerate Off-spring are
Of fathers that great sinners were:
7 Who thy great wonders minded not,
In *Egypt* wrought, or soon forgot.

Their unbelief when newly sav'd,
At the Red Sea fresh wonders crav'd.
8 There God, his Glory to advance,
Gave them a new deliverance.

9 The Sea's ungovernable course
He check't by his word's greater force:
Their way thro' the vast Deep was dry,
Such as thro' sandy deserts lie.

10 O'er

10 O'er their pursuing Enemy,
He gain'd a noble victory.
11 The Sea return'd on *Phar'oh*'s Host
With violence, and all were lost.

Part II.

12 Then they sang Praises to the Lord,
And for a while believ'd his word.
13 They soon what he had done forgat,
And would not for his counsel wait.

14 But tho' from Heav'n with Bread supply'd,
Tempting God's pow'r, for flesh they cry'd.
15 They surfeit on the Quails he sent, (ment.
Which prove their plague, not nourish-

16 'Gainst *Moses* then they mutiny,
And question his Authority:
Both him and *Aron*, whom God chose,
As proud Usurpers they oppose.

17 The Earth did under *Dathan* cleave,
And with an open mouth receive
Abiram's Troop: alive they fall,
And in one Grave are buried all.

18 Lightning from Heav'n the other Crew,
Invaders of the Priesthood, slew.
19 A Calf in *Horeb* too they made,
And worship to an Image paid.

20 God's Glory that appear'd so bright,
And wrought such wonders, now they
An Image better pleasing was (slight;
Of a dull Ox that eateth grass.

21 How kind a Saviour God hath been,
The wond'rous works in *Egypt* seen,

22 The

22 The Sea that drowned *Phar'oh's* Hoſt,
All theſe are now forgot and loſt.

23 God was provok'd to ſuch an height,
He threatned to deſtroy them quite:
When *Moſes* in the breach did ſtand,
And ſtay'd the vengeance of his hand.

Part III.

24 The promis'd Land they ſet at nought,
Tho' to the Borders of it brought;
They th' ill report ſome Spies had made
More credit, than what God had ſaid.

25 They murmur'd when they ſhould obey,
And when he ſaid, *Go up*, they'd *ſtay*.
26 Then ſolemnly the Lord did ſwear,
Theſe Rebels never ſhould come there,

Nor the deſpiſed Land poſſeſs,
But periſh in the Wilderneſs:
27 And ſome, by th' Heathens overthrown,
Be ſlain or ſcattered up and down.

28 *B'al-Peor's* ſervice they embrace,
Moab's vile god, and their diſgrace;
With them on Sacrifices fed,
That had been off'red to the dead.

29 God was ſo angry at this ſin,
A grievous plague at once broke in:
30 When *Phineas*, with zeal poſſeſs'd,
Slew a bold ſinner, and it ceaſt.

31 This Fact, which raſh and haſty ſeem'd,
Juſt and praiſe-worthy God eſteem'd;
And it obtain'd this Act of Grace,
T'entail the Prieſthood on his Race.

32 At *Meribah* God's wrath they move,
Where they for Drink with *Moſes* ſtrove;
It went ill with him for their ſake,
33 Who things unfit, provoked, ſpake.

34 When they came in, they did not root
The Nations out, tho' charg'd to do't:
35 Were mix'd, and dealings with them had,
And in their manners were as bad.

Part IV.

36 They learnt what they ſhould ever rue;
To ſerve *their* gods, and left the *true*.
37 T'infernal ghoſts they ſacrifice
Their children with unpitying eyes.

38 The blood of Innocents thus ſlain,
Did all the Land of *Can'an* ſtain.
39 Themſelves too they, with whoredoms vile
And other beaſtly luſts, defile.

40 Then God was with his people wroth,
Whom once he lov'd, he now does loath.
41 The Heathens yoke again they bear,
42 By Foes oppreſs'd, whoſe Slaves they were.

43 Oft did he ſave them in diſtreſs,
Yet they provok'd him ſtill no leſs;
Their old Idolatries renew'd,
Which brought them low, by foes ſubdu'd.

44 Yet when their mournful Cries he heard,
He did their Miſeries regard;
45 His Covenant he call'd to mind,
Left off to puniſh, and was kind.

46 Ev'n thoſe, whoſe hatred oft they prov'd,
He, to take pity on them, mov'd;

And

And thoſe by whom they conquer'd were,
Their extirpation did forbear.

47 Now, Lord, let our ſalvation come,
And bring thy ſcattered people home:
That, praiſing thee, we ever may,
With greateſt joy and triumph, ſay;

48 " Bleſſing to *Iſr'el*'s God and King,
" And everlaſting Praiſes ſing:
" And may his Saints, with one accord,
" All ſay, *Amen.* Praiſe ye the Lord.

Pſalm CVII.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 LET all give thanks to God above,
So full of kindneſs and of love.
Whoſe Mercy ages paſt have known,
And thoſe that are to come ſhall crown.

2 May't ever be by them confeſs'd,
Whom he redeem'd when ſore oppreſs'd.
3 And made the ſcattered people come
From all the Lands to their own home.

4 They paſs'd thro' Deſerts, where no way
They found, nor City where to ſtay;
5 No food to eaſe their hunger's rage,
Nor water-ſprings their thirſt t' aſſwage.

6 In their diſtreſs to God they cry'd,
Who prov'd their Saviour and their Guide:
7 He, the right Path where they ſhould go,
And place where they ſhould dwell, did ſhow.

8 Let

8 Let all Men praiſe God's goodneſs then,
His wonders to the Sons of Men;
9 Whoſe bounty longing Souls ſupplies,
Their craving hunger ſatisfies.

Part II.

10 Thoſe who are in dark priſons laid,
So nigh to death, they're in its ſhade;
On whom the ſorrows that they bear,
Sit heavier than the chains they wear.

11 Theſe having proudly God withſtood,
Contemn'd his Counſels for their good:
12 He then reſolv'd with pain and ſmart
To quell the ſtoutneſs of their heart.

Before his ſtroaks they could not ſtand,
Nothing could raiſe them but his hand.
13 Then, to the Lord they're forc'd to fly,
To importune his Clemency.

Who did regard their low addreſs,
And ſav'd them out of their diſtreſs.
14 He chang'd their gloomy ſtate to light,
And brake their Bands in ſunder quite.

15 Let all men praiſe God's goodneſs then,
His wonders to the Sons of men.
16 His ſtrength that all things do's ſurpaſs,
Brake Bars of Ir'n, and Gates of Braſs.

Part III.

17 Fools to lewd courſes wholly bent,
Prepare for their own puniſhment.
Sickneſs and loathſome maladies
From Luxury and Luſt ariſe.

18 The Glutton's appetite o'erthrown,
His taſtful meats will not go down.
Nature with heavy loads oppreſt,
Beckons to Death to be releas'd.

19 Then do theſe frighted Sinners fly
To God for help; whoſe earneſt cry
Mov'd a regard to their addreſs,
Heaven ſav'd them out of this diſtreſs.

20 No need of Med'cines for their cure,
Their vertue's not ſo quick nor ſure;
Death's ſentence only he repeal'd,
He ſent his word and they were heal'd.

21 Let all men praiſe his Goodneſs then,
His wonders to the Sons of men:
22 And by their grateful Sacrifice
Declare his works and their own joys.

Part IV.

23 They whom the Ships on th' Ocean bear,
24 Do ſee God's works and wonders there.
25 For at his word fierce Tempeſts riſe,
And lift its Waves unto the Skies.

26 One while they mount to Heav'n aloft,
They ſink into the Depths as oft.
27 The Paſſengers ſtrange terrours feel,
Like Drunkards to and fro they reel.

28 Loſt to all hope, to God they cry
For help in their extremity;
He lends an Ear to their addreſs,
And brings them out of this diſtreſs.

29 For at his beck the ſtorms aſſwage,
The furious waves depoſe their rage.

30 They

30 They welcome now the calm, and ſee
The Haven where they wiſh'd to be.

31 Let all men praiſe God's goodneſs then,
His wonders to the Sons of men;
32 Nor only private Off'rings bring,
But in the Church his Glories ſing.

Part V.

33 When God's provok'd, his pow'rful hand
Turns Rivers to a Deſart-land;
34 Their fruitfulneſs to barren grounds,
When wickedneſs therein abounds.

35 Dry grounds by ſhow'rs ſent from above,
And flowing Springs fair Paſtures prove.
36 Thither the poor for dwellings flow,
Which after to a City grow.

37 They ſow the Fields, and Vineyards plant,
Whoſe Fruits ſupply their growing want.
38 Their race ſprings faſt from fruitful ſtocks.
Their wealth increaſes with their flocks.

39 Thus are they bleſt; but when they ſin,
They're puniſh'd and brought low again.
40 Ev'n Princes are expos'd to ſcorn,
And wander in a ſtate forlorn.

41 But he exalts the poor on high,
And ſpreads their num'rous Family.
42 The Juſt with gladneſs this ſhall ſee,
And wickedneſs ſhall ſilent be.

43 How few there are with care record
Theſe wond'rous dealings of the Lord!
But wiſe Obſervers ſtill ſhall find,
That God is infinitely kind.

Pſalm CVIII.

1 MY Heart, O God, is now prepar'd,
And this my Tongue ſhall raiſe:
2 Which with my Harp ſhall early ſing
A conſort to thy praiſe.
3 The great Salvation thou haſt wrought,
I'll to the World proclaim:
The ſcattered Nations ſhall aſſiſt
My Songs to ſpread thy Fame.

4 Thy Mercy reaches to the Heav'ns,
Thy Truth unto the Skies;
5 O may thy Glories, Lord, above
Both Earth and Heaven riſe.
6 That thy Beloved may obtain
A Saviour in their need;
In anſwer to my fervent pray'rs
Thy timely ſuccours ſpeed.

7 God's ſacred promiſe paſs'd, now makes
My hopes depend on thee;
The Land that round *Samaria* lies,
Submits it ſelf to me.
8 The reſt of *Iſrael*'s Tribes unite
To own my righteous cauſe;
Ephraim's my chiefeſt ſtrength for War,
Judah ſupports my Laws.

9 *Moab* and *Edom* as vile ſlaves
To ſerve me will be glad;
Philiſtia meet thy conqu'ring Lord,
And to his triumphs add.
10 Who then will lead me to that Hold
On *Edom*'s Frontiers lies,

So

So ſtrongly fenc'd 'gainſt all aſſaults,
Which all my force defies?

11 The Lord will do't, who heretofore
Refus'd our Arms to bleſs;
He'll undertake our Conduct now,
And crown it with ſucceſs.

12 Man's weakneſs helps in vain; may we
Thine aids in trouble meet:
Our Hands ſhall do great acts; our foes
Lie conquered at our Feet.

Pſalm CIX.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 LORD ſince my glor'ing is in thee,
Be thou concern'd t'avenge my wrongs:
2 Who now am wickedly traduc'd
By lying and deceitful tongues.

3 By odious calumnies, cloſe ſiege
They to my Reputation lay;
And unprovok'd, with open force
Attempt to take my life away.

4 I have deſerved well of thoſe
Who now mine adverſaries are;
I ſought not ſafety by Revenge
When off red, but of God by pray'r.

5 Evil for good is my reward,
The more I love I'm hated more.
6 'Gainſt the chief author of theſe wrongs
Thy Juſtice therefore I implore.

By the worſt Judge may he be try'd,
And by a Dev'l in ſpight, accus'd:

7 Be

7 Be pronounc'd guilty, and his pray'r
For Pardon, as a ſin, refus'd.

8 By an untimely death cut off,
His Office let another take:
9 Want on his Children be entail'd:
His wife a forlorn widow make.

10 May they a ſorry vagrant life,
By begging up and down maintain:
And their own Houſes lying waſte,
Seek for a Lodging where they can.

Part II.

11 Let an exacting Creditor
Seize his Eſtate as lawful ſpoil;
And may a perfect ſtranger reap
The fruit of all his care and toil.

12 Let none t'his Memory be kind,
No pity to his Race be ſhown:
13 But let them periſh, and their Name
Be in the following Age unknown.

14 Viſit on him his Parents Crimes,
Since he in ſin would like 'em be:
15 To ſhew that they are not forgot,
Root out their curſed memory.

16 He, when the poor for mercy call'd,
Nothing but cruelty did breath;
And when their Hearts were broke with (grief,
He perſecuted them to death.

17 Let all the Curſes that he wiſh'd
To others, on his own head light;
And may he, by a juſt reward,
Want all that Bleſſing he did ſlight.

18 In

18 In curſing and malicious Lyes,
As in rich Cloaths he took a pride;
And may its ſad effect, like drink,
Through all his Veins and Bowels ſlide.

19 Sinking into his Bones like Oyl,
Let it allow him no repoſe;
Cover him with it like a Veſt,
As with a Girdle bind it cloſe.

Part III.

20 This ſhall be their reward from God,
Whoſe ſpight is on my ruine bent;
And queſtion not to make it ſure,
By Lyes and Slanders they invent.

21 But ſince thy Honour is engag'd
And Mercy too: Lord, take my part:
22 Oh ſave me! when by all forſook,
And pierc'd with ſorrow to the heart.

23 I vaniſh like an Evening ſhade,
Toſs'd, like a Locuſt, up and down:
24 My Knees and all my Joints are weak,
My Body lean with faſting grown.

25 They add unto my miſeries
Reproach and all the ſigns of ſcorn;
26 Lord, let thy Mercy interpoſe
To help and ſave me thus forlorn.

27 Force them to own herein thy pow'r,
28 Who curſe in vain whom God will bleſs:
Let me with joy ſee them aſham'd,
That their attempts had no ſucceſs.

29 Cloath'd with Confuſion, may they wiſh
To hide themſelves from their own ſhame:

30 In

30 In full Aſſemblies then I'll ſing
The loudeſt praiſes to thy Name.

31 God, the great Patron of the poor,
Will as his Advocate ſtand by,
Defend his Cauſe, and ſave his Life,
When he's unjuſtly doom'd to die.

Pſalm CX.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 THUS ſpake the Lord unto his Son,
Sit thou advanc'd on my right hand;
Till all thy conquer'd Foes ſhall crouch,
And wait their doom from thy command.

2 From *Sion* ſhall thy word go forth,
Which like a Sceptre thou ſhalt ſway:
To bring the Stubborn under Rule,
And make them willingly obey.

3 The Conqueſts ſhall be great that day;
The numerous Converts thou ſhalt view,
Shall make an Army that exceeds
Thy Chryſtal Drops of morning Dew.

4 The Lord hath all his Truth engag'd
By Oath, which he can never break,
To make thee an eternal Prieſt,
Of th' Order of *Melchizedeck*.

5 And when he's raiſed to his Throne,
Proud Monarchs that oppoſe his Reign
6 Shall fall; and all the wicked world
That will not ſtoop to him, be ſlain.

7 Whilſt he purſues this work, he'll ſtoop
To mean refreſhments in the way;

But

But with a glorious reward,
God will his ſufferings repay.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 THUS ſpake the Lord unto his Son,
Sit thou on my right hand;
Till all thy Foes ſhall crouch and wait
Their doom at thy Command.
2 From *Sion* ſhall thy word go forth;
This Sceptre thou ſhalt ſway:
Under thy Rule ſhall Rebels come,
And willingly obey.

3 Thy Conqueſts ſhall be great that day;
The Converts thou ſhalt view;
Shall make an Army that exceeds
The drops of morning Dew.
4 The Lord hath all his Truth engag'd
By'an Oath he cannot break;
Thou'rt ever Prieſt of th'Order made
Of great *Melchizedeck*.

5 And when he's raiſed to his Throne,
Kings that oppoſe his Reign
6 Shall fall; and all the Heathen World
That will not ſtoop, be ſlain.
7 Whilſt thus employ'd, he'll ſtoop to mean
Refreſhments in the way:
But God with glorious rewards
His Sufferings will repay.

Pſalm CXI.

1 MY Soul's beſt Pow'rs I will engage,
And with affection join

In thoſe Aſſemblies, where the Saints
To praiſe the Lord combine.
2 They that contemplate thy great works
Will ſoon with pleaſure ſee
3 Thy Pow'r how glorious it is,
How great thy Purity.

4 The wonders of thy Providence
They'll often call to mind;
With grateful hearts proclaim that God
Is gracious and kind.
5 How in the Wilderneſs he gave
Food with a liberal hand:
6 And made his People to poſſeſs
The Heathens pleaſant Land.

7 Faithful and Juſt are all his Works;
His Word no leſs is ſure;
8 When once his Promiſe is engag'd,
Performance is ſecure.
9 *Iſr'el*, from ſlavery redeem'd,
His Holineſs did know;
Their foes the terrour of his Name
Felt in their overthrow.

10 To fear the Lord true wiſdom is:
And he that ſtrives to pleaſe
His Maker, underſtands him beſt;
Whoſe praiſe ſhall never ceaſe.

Pſalm CXII.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 BLeſt is the Man that fears the Lord;
Whoſe pleaſure 'tis to do his Will:
2 His ſeed ſhall be renown'd on Earth,
His happy Race ſhall flouriſh ſtill.

3 His

3 His houſe with plenty ſhall be fill'd;
And as his wealth and ſtores increaſe
His bounty is enlarg'd; no fear
Of future want do's make it leſs.

4 When troubles fall unto his ſhare,
They'll in his greater comfort end;
What kindneſs God on him beſtows,
The ſame to others he'll extend.

5 He lends aſſiſtance to the poor,
Diſcreetly orders all his way:
6 Nothing ſhall move this righteous Man,
Or make his memory decay.

7 No news of threatning danger can
His confidence in God diſplace:
8 He with undaunted courage looks
His foes ſecurely in the face.

9 God his diffuſive charity
With ſutable rewards will crown:
Not only thoſe above beſtow,
But honour here and great renown.

10 Mean while the wicked ſhall repine
With indignation at his bliſs;
And melt away with grief, to ſee
This Man obtain what they ſhall miſs.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 O Happy Man that fears the Lord,
And joys to do his Will:
2 His ſeed ſhall be renown'd on Earth,
His race ſhall flouriſh ſtill.
3 His houſe with plenty ſhall be fill'd;
And as his ſtores increaſe,

His bounty is enlarg'd; no fear
Of want do's make it leſs.

4 When troubles fall unto his ſhare,
They'll in his comfort end;
What kindneſs God on him beſtows,
To others he'll extend.
5 He lends aſſiſtance to the poor,
Diſcreetly guides his way:
6 Nothing ſhall move this Man, or make
His memory decay.

7 His truſt in God, no threatning news
Of danger can diſplace:
8 He with undaunted courage looks
His En'mies in the face.
9 God his diffuſive charity
With great rewards will crown;
Both thoſe above beſtow, and here
Honour and great renown.

10 Mean while the wicked ſhall repine
With envy at his bliſs;
Conſume with grief, to ſee this Man
Obtain, what they ſhall miſs.

Pſalm CXIII.

1 YE ſervants of th' eternal King,
To God your chearful praiſes ſing,
2 Whoſe Name be bleſt for evermore.
3 His goodneſs over all is great,
Where e'er the Sun do's riſe or ſet,
Since all are bleſt, let all adore.

4 O'er all the Earth the Lord do's reign,
And Heav'n's too narrow to contain
His Glories that are infinite.
5 Let not poor borrowed greatneſs dare
With his Perfections to compare,
Who dwells in uncreated Light.

6 He condeſcends ſo far, to know
Th' affairs of mortals here below,
As well as thoſe in Heav'n above.
7 To ſhew how he o'er all things ſways,
He from the duſt the poor do's raiſe,
And from his vile eſtate remove.

8 From thence advances him on high,
To unexpected dignity,
And ſets him in a royal Throne.
9 When age and nature doth deſpair,
He makes the barren womb to bear:
O therefore praiſe this God alone.

Pſalm CXIV.

[*As the* 113 *Pſalm.*]

1 WHen the great God had *Iſr'el*'s ſeed
From *Egypt* and oppreſſion freed,
2 He then declar'd himſelf their King:
Whoſe bright appearance as they paſs'd
3 The Sea beheld, and fled in haſte;
Jordan retir'd unto its ſpring.

4 *Sinai*, when God came down, did ſhake,
Th' adjoyning mountains all did quake,
And like affrighted Rams did skip:
The little hills could not forbear

By trembling too to ſhew their fear,
Like Lambs that round their Mothers trip.

5 What ail'd the Sea thus to ſhrink back,
Or *Jordan* its old banks forſake,
So croſs to Nature's fixed Laws?
6 Why ſhould great Mountains skip like Rams
And little hills like frighted Lambs? (
Why ſeems it ſtrange, when God's the cauſe?

7 Not Hills alone, when he is near,
But the whole Earth may quake for fear,
As into ſtrange Convulſions thrown:
8 For Rocks into a wat'ry Lake,
And Flints into a Fountain brake,
When God would make his Power known.

Pſalm CXV.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 NOT unto us, Lord, not to us,
But to thy Name the praiſe we owe;
To thy free goodneſs and thy truth,
The ſprings whence all our bleſſings flow.

2 Why ſhould the Heathen ask in ſcorn,
Where is the God whom ye adore?
3 In Heav'n he reigns, but do's on Earth
What e'er his Will ordain'd before.

4 Silver and Gold their Idols are,
And all their worth derive from thence,
With no Divinity inſpir'd,
Since they are void of life and ſenſe.

5 For tho' the Maker forms an Eye,
6 A Mouth, or any other Part;

7 He cannot give them ſight or breath,
Nor lively motion by his Art.

8 Fond Men! to think your hands can make
A God, to which our knees ſhould bow;
You truſt what cannot help it ſelf;
Statues have ſenſe as much as you.

9 O *Iſr'el* in the living God
Repoſe your truſt and confidence:
He'll help you to ſubdue your foes;
In dangers he'll be your defence.

10 Let *Aron*'s houſe on God rely;
To you he'll be an help and ſhield;
11 Truſt in him, ye that fear the Lord,
Whoſe care and aid will ſafety yield.

12 He, who in ages paſt was kind,
In after times will be no leſs;
He th' houſe of *Iſrael* will ſave,
The Prieſts of *Aron*'s houſe will bleſs.

13 He'll bleſs all pious Worſhippers,
Of low as well as high degree:
14 And largely heap his benefits
On you and your poſterity.

15 O happy ſtate! thus to be bleſt,
By him that made both Earth and Heav'n:
16 His throne in Heav'n is plac'd, the Earth
In kindneſs he to Man has giv'n.

17 The ſilent Grave cannot declare
Thy wonders; nor proclaim thy praiſe:
18 We'll now begin that bleſſed work,
Which ſhall continue all our days.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 LORD, not to us, but to thy Name
We give the praiſe we owe;
To thy free goodneſs and thy truth,
Whence all our bleſſings flow.
2 Why ſhould the Heathen ask us, Where's
That God whom you adore?
3 In Heav'n he reigns, but do's on Earth
What he ordain'd before.

4 Silver and gold their Idols are,
Their worth derive from thence;
With no Divinity inſpir'd,
Since void of life or ſenſe,
5 For tho' the Maker forms an Eye,
6 A Mouth, or other Part;
7 He cannot give them ſight or breath,
Motion, or Life by art.

8 Fond Men! with hands to make a God
To which our knees ſhould bow;
You truſt what cannot help it ſelf,
Statues have ſenſe like you.
9 O *Iſr'el*, in the living God
Repoſe your confidence;
To quell your foes he'll be your help,
In dangers your defence.

10 Let *Aron*'s houſe on him rely;
He'll be your help and ſhield:
11 All that fear God, truſt him, whoſe care
And aid will ſafety yield.
12 He, that before was kind, will be
In after times no leſs;
The houſe of *Iſr'el* he will ſave,
The Prieſts of *Aron*'s bleſs.

13 He'll

13 He'll bleſs all pious Worſhippers,
Of low or high degree:
14 And heap his benefits on you,
And your poſterity.
15 Oh happy! to be bleſt by him
That made both Earth and Heav'n;
16 His Throne's in Heav'n, the Earth to Man
In kindneſs he has giv'n.

17 The Grave thy wonders cannot ſhow,
Nor celebrate thy praiſe:
18 We'll now adore thy ſacred Name,
And bleſs thee all our days.

Pſalm CXVI.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 SInce God ſo tender a regard
In ſtraits to my requeſts did give;
2 My beſt affections he ſhall have,
And beſt devotions, whilſt I live.

3 Aſſail'd with grief and pains, that ſeem'd
The ſad fore-runners of the Grave;
4 To thee I made requeſt, O Lord,
My life from threat'ning danger ſave.

5 Nor did I cry to God in vain,
Nor did his Mercy come too late;
6 But when my skill was at a loſs,
His kindneſs rais'd my low eſtate.

7 God and thy ſelf, my Soul, enjoy
In quiet reſt, freed from thy fears;
8 Who ſav'd thy life, upheld thy ſteps,
And dry'd up all thy falling tears;

9 I ſtill ſhall live and praiſe thy Name;
10 Thus did I ſpeak, and thus believ'd:
11 Tho' in diſtreſs I raſhly ſaid,
All Men will lye, and I'm deceiv'd.

12 What ſhall I render to the Lord
For all the kindneſs he has ſhown?
13 I'll humbly offer him my praiſe,
And thankfully his favours own.

14 The ſolemn payment of my vows
I made to God, ſhall be my care;
15 Who ſav'd me from approaching death,
And ſhew'd my life to him was dear.

16 By all engagements, Lord, I'm thine,
Thy ſervant whom thou haſt ſet free;
The very Bonds that thou haſt loos'd,
Shall tie me faſter unto thee.

17 Thankful acknowledgments I'll make
And God for all his favours bleſs:
I'll on his goodneſs wait, and pray
To him alone in all diſtreſs.

18 To God, in ſight of all his Saints,
Religiouſly I'll pay my vows;
19 There where they meet within his Courts,
To worſhip at his holy houſe.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 GOD that ſo gracious a regard
To my requeſts did give,
2 Shall have my choiceſt love, and beſt
Devotions vvhilſt I live.
3 Aſſail'd vvith grief and pains, that ſeem'd
Fore-runners of the Grave;

4 To

4 To thee I cry'd, O Lord, my life
From threat'ning danger ſave.

5 Nor did I cry in vain, nor did
God's Mercy come too late:
6 But when my skill was at a loſs,
He rais'd my low eſtate.
7 God and thy ſelf, my Soul, enjoy
Quiet and free from fears;
8 Who ſav'd thy life, upheld thy ſteps,
And dry'd up all thy tears.

9 I ſtill ſhall live to praiſe thee; thus
10 I ſpake and thus believ'd;
11 Tho' once I raſhly ſaid, all Men
Will lye, and I'm deceiv'd.
12 What ſhall I render, Lord, for all
The kindneſs thou haſt ſhown?
13 Praiſes I'll offer, and with thanks
Will all thy favours own.

14 The payment of the vows I made
To God, ſhall be my care:
15 Who ſaved me from Death, and ſhew'd
My Life to him was dear.
16 By all engagements I am thine;
Thy ſervant, Lord, I'll be;
The bonds that thou haſt loos'd, ſhall tie
Me faſter unto thee.

17 I'll own with thankfulneſs, and God
For all his favours bleſs;
I'll on his goodneſs wait, and pray
To him in all diſtreſs.
18 Now, in the ſight of all his Saints,
To God I'll pay my vows;
19 There where they meet within his Courts,
To worſhip at his houſe.

Pſalm

Pſalm CXVII.

1 LET all the Nations of the World
Their great Creatour praiſe;
And all its ſcatt'red People join
His mighty Name to raiſe.
2 Whoſe kindneſs towards us is great,
His Mercies ever ſure:
Then let our praiſes, like his truth,
For ever ſtill endure.

Pſalm CXVIII.

1 O Praiſe the Lord, whom ages paſt
Have known to be ſo kind;
Whoſe Mercies will continue ſure,
To ages ſtill behind.
2 Let all his People, and his Prieſts,
3 That in his houſe attend,
4 With all that fear the Lord proclaim,
His Mercies have no end.

5 Bear thou thy part with them, my Soul,
God's goodneſs to expreſs;
Who heard my Pray'r, and ſet me free
When I was in diſtreſs.
6 I need not fear what Man can doe,
Since God do's take my part;
7 Defeated all my foes will be,
When thou my Helper art.

8 Much ſafer 'tis to truſt in God,
Than on an Hoſt's defence:
9 Rather in him than greateſt Kings
I'll put my confidence.

10 All

10 All Nations round did me incloſe
11 And more than once invade:
But to deſtroy them, I was ſure,
Thro' God's almighty aid.

12 They quite ſurrounded me, like Bees,
Their anger flam'd, like fire;
But all was like a blaze of thorns,
That quickly do's expire.
I knew by his almighty aid
I ſoon ſhould cut them ſhort;
13 Tho' they puſh'd hard to throw me down,
His help would me ſupport.

Part II.

14 I all my happineſs aſcribe
To God, who made me ſtrong;
And his Salvation ſtill ſhall be
The ſubject of my Song.
15 The joyful voice of triumph fills
The dwellings of the juſt;
16 His pow'r do's mighty things for them,
That in his goodneſs truſt.

17 I hope to live, and praiſe his works
Ev'n to my lateſt breath:
18 VVho, tho' he has chaſtis'd me ſore,
Has ſav'd me ſtill from death.
19 Open, ye Miniſters, the Gates
VVhich entrance do afford
Into God's Courts for righteous Men,
VVhere I will praiſe the Lord.

20 This is the Gate that thither leads;
And all the righteous throng
Shall enter in my company,
And hear this joyful Song.

21 I'll

21 I'll praiſe thee who haſt heard my pray'r:
And tho' thou waſt before
My gracious God, art now become
My pow'rful Saviour.

Part III.

22 The ſtone which by the Builder's deem'd
Unfit, aſide was thrown;
Is choſen and preferr'd to be
The Head and Corner ſtone.
23 This is the Work of God alone,
By us with wonder ſeen:
24 This is the day the Lord hath made,
And we'll rejoyce therein.

25 We'll joyn our acclamations,
And loud *Hoſanna's* ſing;
Wiſhing proſperity may wait
On him that is our King.
26 Bleſt Savi'our! who from God to us
On this kind Errand came;
We welcom thee; and bleſs all thoſe
That ſpread thy glorious Fame.

27 Thou, Lord, haſt mercifully ſhin'd
On us, with Light and Grace;
And at thine Altar we'll preſent
The Sacrifice of praiſe.
28 Thou art my God, my joyful tongue
Shall ever ſing thy praiſe:
Thou art my God, and I on high
Thy glorious Name will raiſe.

29 Let all with thankfulneſs proclaim,
That God is good and kind;
Whoſe Mercies which have been before,
Good Men ſhall ever find.

Pſalm

Pſalm CXIX.

Aleph. *Part* I.

1 THrice happy are thoſe upright Men,
Whoſe ways are free from blame;
Who, as the Law of God directs,
Their lives and manners frame.
2 Bleſſed are they, who his Commands
Unfeignedly fulfill:
And to obtain God's favour, ſeek
To know and do his Will.

3 Theſe, when they're tempted, do not ſin,
But to thy paths repair:
4 Thou, Lord, haſt charged us to keep
All thy Commands with care.
5 O by thy Grace ſo guide my ways,
Never from thine to ſwerve;
6 Nothing ſhall ſhame my hopes, whilſt I
All thy Commands obſerve.

7 This ſignal favour ſhall excite
My unfeigned joy and praiſe,
That I have learnt how good thy Laws,
How righteous are thy Ways.
8 I'll keep thy Statutes, for I ſee
In this thy Will is clear;
Stand by me, Lord, as I intend
Herein to perſevere.

Beth. *Part* II.

9 How ſhall a young man, prone to vice,
Govern his Manners, Lord?
By heedful liſtning to the wiſe
Directions of thy word.

10 Sincerely

10 Sincerely I have begg'd thy Grace,
O keep me close to thee:
11 I've treasur'd up thy word, that I
Might not a sinner be.

12 Blessing and Praise, O Lord, is due
To thee, who art so kind:
Thy Statutes give me Grace to learn,
And lodge them in my mind.
13 My high esteem of all thy Laws,
I have declar'd around:
14 Herein my joy surpasses his,
That has a Treasure found.

15 Oft on thy Precepts will I fix
My thoughts, that I may see,
How well with thy prescribed Rules
Of Life, my ways agree.
16 My study on thy Statutes, Lord,
And hearts delight is set:
Thy word, which I entirely love,
I never will forget.

Gimel. *Part* III.

17 Such favour to thy Servant show,
And such defence afford;
That I, preserved from my Foes,
May live and keep thy word.
18 Open mine Eyes, that I may see
The Wonders of thy Law:
19 Who in my Pilgrimage, from hence
Must Light and Comfort draw.

20 Thy Judgments clearly to discern,
So great my Longings are;
The painful Labours I endure,
My Strength do's quite impair.

21 Thy

21 Thy Curſe and thy ſevere Rebukes
Follow their haughty Pride;
Who from the Path of thy Commands,
Perverſely turn aſide.

22 No longer let my Innocence
Suffer reproach and ſhame;
Whoſe care is to obſerve thy Laws,
To live without all blame.
23 Whilſt Princes charg'd me with great (Crimes,
Theſe I my Study made:
24 Thy Statutes were my Counſellours,
And always made me glad.

Daleth. *Part* IV.

25 Strugling for Life, forlorn I lie,
And humbled to the Duſt:
Revive and raiſe me up again,
Who in thy Promiſe truſt.
26 My ways and dangers I made known,
And found God's kind regard;
And in thy Statutes taught, ſhall find
Safety for my reward.

27 Make me to underſtand aright
The way thy Precepts ſhow;
Then all thy Wonders I have ſeen,
Others ſhall alſo know.
28 My heart will ſink with grief, if God
His promis'd Strength denies:
29 Still give me Grace t'obſerve thy Laws,
Seeking no help from Lyes.

30 By Rules of Juſtice and of Truth
I've choſe my Life to frame;
31 Cloſe to thy Teſtimonies cleav'd,
Lord, put me not to ſhame.

32 I'll

32 I'll run the way of thy Commands
With great Alacrity;
When I'm enlarged with thy joys,
And from these straits set free.

He. *Part* V.

33 Teach me, O Lord, that way of Life
Thy Statutes recommend;
Never from thence will I decline,
But keep it to the End.
34 Lord, give me a discerning mind
And knowledge of thy Will;
Then what thy Sacred Laws enjoyn,
I'll heartily fulfill.

35 Lead me in thy prescribed Path,
Where my Contentment lies.
36 Incline my heart to thy Commands,
And less this World to prize.
37 O turn away mine Eyes from all
Vain Pleasures here in view;
That in God's way I may persist,
His Favour to pursue.

38 Make good thy word to him, that is
Devoted to thy Fear:
39 And the reproach I dread divert,
Whose Judgments gracious are.
40 Thou see'st, O Lord, the fervent zeal
I for thy Precepts have.
Revive me for thy Promise sake,
And from these Troubles save.

Vau. *Part* VI.

41 Thy Mercy, oft to me engag'd,
And Faithfulness advance;

And

And let me feel their good effects
In my deliverance.
42 So ſhall I ſilence thoſe who would
My Piety diſgrace:
I'm not too bold, when in God's Word
My Confidence I place.

43 Which faithful word may I ne'er be
Diſheartened to aſſert;
Who truſt the Righteous Judge will give
His Sentence on my part.
44 Then I thy Laws with greater care
Obſerve for ever will:
45 And ſerve thee freely, for I ſeek
Thy Precepts to fulfil.

46 Thy Teſtimonies before Kings
To own I'll not forbear;
But theſe, as the beſt Rule of Life,
Boldly to all declare.
47 By my delight in thy Commands
My Love to them I'll ſhew:
48 By practice to their Study joyn'd,
I'll ſhow my Love is true.

Zain. *Part* VII.

49 Thy word on which my hopes rely,
Lord, to remembrance call:
50 This has great Troubles on me brought,
But cheers me under all.
51 When mine inſulting Foes have made
My Truſt in thee their ſcorn,
Yet have I not declin'd thy Laws,
Tho' never ſo forlorn.

52 I call'd to mind how God of old,
By Good men's trials, made

Them

Them and his Power better known,
And this my Grief allay'd.
53 But Horrour ſeiz'd me, when the Crimes
Of wicked Men I ſaw;
And what ſad Judgments would befall,
Such as forſook thy Law.

54 My wandrings up and down, had ſeem'd
More troubleſome and long;
But that I thought upon thy Love,
And made thy Laws my Song.
55 I call'd to mind how true and good
God was, whilſt others ſlept:
56 A Quiet cheerful mind I had,
For I thy Precepts kept.

Cheth. *Part* VIII.

57 Thou art my Portion, and thy word
I'll keep like precious ſtore:
58 Thy Grace and Mercy there engag'd,
I earneſtly implore.
59 My former wandrings I review'd;
60 And then without delay,
Reſolv'd to change my courſe, and turn
Into thy ſafer way.

61 By wicked Troops I've been beſet,
And ſtript of all I had;
But did not ſeek to be reveng'd
By means thy Law forbad.
62 At midnight I will wake and riſe
When others are aſleep,
To praiſe thee for thoſe righteous Laws,
By thee I'm taught to keep.

63 They're my Companions, who expreſs
Tow'ards God religious Fear;

All

All that with care thy Precepts keep,
To me are truly dear.
64 Such is thy kindneſs, all the Earth
Thy Bleſſings largely fill:
To ſerve thee as I ought, I beg
Thou wouldſt inſtruct me ſtill.

Teth. *Part* IX.

65 Thou haſt been faithful, Lord, and I
Great Bleſſings have receiv'd:
66 Give me a lively ſenſe and taſt
Of what I have believ'd.
67 Whilſt I was proſp'rous, from thy paths
Too ſoon I turn'd aſide;
But by thy Chaſtiſements reduc'd,
Thy Precepts were my Guide.

68 Thou Lord art in thy Nature good,
And doſt all good afford:
By thy wiſe Methods, make me more
Obedient to thy word.
69 Proud Men 'gainſt me have ſpar'd no pains
A curſed Lye t' invent;
Who by ſtrict keeping of thy Laws,
Shall prove I'm innocent.

70 Whilſt groſſer Pleaſures dull their ſenſe,
God's Law is my delight:
71 Happy afflictions have me taught,
Thy Precepts not to ſlight.
72 Such Excellencies in thy Law
Pronounc'd from Heav'n, appear;
The Wealth a Kingdom do's contain
Is not to me ſo dear.

Iod.

Iod. *Part* X.

73 I am the Workmanſhip thy hands
Have faſhioned and made;
More of thy Will I'd know, that thou
May'ſt be the more obey'd.
74 To ſee me from theſe Troubles free'd,
All good men will be glad:
And truſt thy faithful word, on which
I my dependance had.

75 I know thy Judgments righteous are,
And all my Troubles juſt:
76 Lord, let thy Mercy comfort me,
For in thy Word I truſt.
77 My life, whoſe ruine's daily ſought,
Let thy Compaſſions ſave:
Who in obeying thy Commands
The higheſt Pleaſure have.

78 Confound the proud, who would with lyes
And falſhood me oppreſs:
But I will ſtudy and obſerve
Thy Precepts ſtill no leſs.
79 Let thoſe that fear the Lord, and know
Their Duty, take my part:
80 Nothing ſhall ſhame me, whilſt I am
Sound and upright in heart.

Caph. *Part* XI.

81 I faint thro' long deſire and hope
Thy word fulfill'd to ſee
82 In my Deliverance; and cry out,
When wilt thou comfort me?
83 Like parched Skins hang'd in the Smoak,
So grief has ſhrivell'd mine;

Yet

Yet do I not thy Statutes, Lord,
Forget, much leſs decline.

84 My days conſume apace, why then
Doſt thou delay ſo long,
T' inflict due Puniſhments on thoſe
That do me utmoſt wrong.
85 By treach'rous ways thy Law forbids,
My ruine they purſue.
86 Save me from thoſe, who are as falſe,
As thy Commands are true.

87 My Life was ready juſt to fall
A Prey to bloody hands;
Yet to eſcape, I would not balk
The way of thy Commands.
88 Raiſe me from this forlorn Eſtate;
My Life in mercy ſpare:
Then I thy Teſtimonies, Lord,
Will keep with greater care.

Lamed. *Part* XII.

89 For ever like the Heav'ns, Lord,
Thy word is ſetled faſt:
90 As firmly as the Earth, thy Truth
Do's to all Ages laſt.
91 Theſe all in their appointed courſe
Continue to this Day:
And all like ready Servants ſtand
Thine Orders to obey.

92 Had not thy Truth been my ſupport,
Thy Law been my delight;
Under the preſſure of my woes,
I had ſunk and periſh'd quite.
93 Thy good Commands I'll ne'er forget,
Which have reviv'd me ſtill:

94 O ſave me who am thine, and ſeek
To know and do thy Will.

95 Vile men to ruine me, have long
Watch'd for a fit pretence:
But I'll keep cloſe to thy Commands,
As to my beſt Defence.

96 Perfections here have narrow bounds,
Whoſe End we oft out-live:
But thy wiſe Laws have large extent,
And laſting Pleaſures give.

Mem. *Part* XIII.

97 O how I love thy Law, it is
My daily exerciſe;
By thoughts and talk of this, I make
My ſelf and others wiſe.

98 Thro' thy Commandments, which before
Mine Eyes I ever ſet,
I'm wiſer than my Foes, and all
Their ſubtil Arts defeat.

99 My Teachers I excel in Skill,
100 Old men in Judgment deep;
Becauſe thy Laws my ſtudy are,
And I thy Precepts keep.

101 I have not made a wicked way
The means t'obtain my End;
For I reſolv'd againſt thy word
Not wilfully t' offend.

102 Thy Judgments I have not declin'd,
Nor, wrong'd, did right o'er-paſs:
Juſt Precepts I had learn'd, and knew
That God their Authour was.

103 Honey no ſweetneſs do's afford,
Like what thy words create.

104 From

104 From thence I learn the flattering ſweets
Of every Sin to hate.

Nun. *Part* XIV.

105 Thy word is to my Life a Guide,
Unto my Paths a Light:
106 Thy juſt Decrees as I have ſworn,
I'll keep with all my Might.
107 My Sufferings are great; to me
Thy comforts, Lord, afford;
And raiſe me from this ſad Eſtate,
According to thy word.

108 The free-will Offrings of my mouth,
My Pray'rs and Praiſes own:
To ſerve thee better, Lord, thy Will
Still more to me make known.
109 I went in danger of my Life,
110 Such ſnares the wicked laid:
Yet did I not forget thy Law,
Nor from thy Precepts ſtray'd.

111 I'had rather ſtill be poor, than from
Thy Teſtimonies part:
Theſe are mine Heritage; the Joy
And Comfort of mine heart.
112 My heart's inclin'd, and to perform
Thy Statutes I intend;
Whate'er I loſe by't, I will hold
This courſe unto the End.

Samech. *Part* XV.

113 Thy Law I love, but all leud craft
And double-dealing hate:
114 And truſting in thy faithful word,
For thy Protection wait.

115 Ye wicked doers that corrupt
The World, depart from me:
From faithful ſerving of my God,
No hind'rance you ſhall be.

116 Thy Word is paſs'd t'uphold my Life,
Do not my hopes expoſe:
117 Thy Laws I'll more reſpect, when ſet
In ſafety from my Foes.
118 Thou'rt wont to tread down thoſe, that (from
Thy Statutes go aſtray;
Their crafty Arts to them will prove
A falſe and cheating way.

119 Such wicked men out of the Land
Like droſs thou wilt remove;
Therefore I better like, and more
Thy Teſtimonies Love.
120 The ſenſe of thy juſt vengeance, Lord,
Fills me with fear and awe:
I dread the Judgments that will ſeize
All that contemn thy Law.

Ain. *Part* XVI.

121 That I have done what's juſt and right,
My Foes muſt needs confeſs:
Leave me not in their hands, whoſe rage
Knows only how t' oppreſs.
122 Be thou my ſurety, leſt the proud
To ruine me prevail:
123 If my deliv'rance be delay'd,
My tired hopes will fail.

124 In Mercy deal with me, and ſince
To thee I ſervice owe;
125 Teach me thy Statutes, and thy Will
To me more fully ſhow.

126 It's

126 It's time Good men ſhould act for God;
As well as he appear;
When wicked men reject his Law,
And ſin without all fear.

127 This ſtirs my Zeal, and makes me more
All his Commands to prize;
And, in compare with them, the World
And all its Wealth deſpiſe.

128 Hence every Precept I approve
For my Direction beſt:
But unjuſt Courſes, and baſe Arts
I utterly deteſt.

Pe. *Part* XVII.

129 With greateſt care I keep thy Laws,
Whoſe wonders ſtrike mine Eyes:

130 The Entrance of thy word's a Light,
And makes the ſimple wiſe.

131 The fuller knowledge of thy Will
I eagerly purſu'd;
And as my Pleaſure did increaſe,
My longings were renew'd.

132 Oh let thy dealings towards me
And Mercy be the ſame,
Thou uſeſt to expreſs to thoſe
Who love and fear thy Name.

133 Order my goings in thy word,
And my Director be;
Then no Iniquity ſhall gain
Dominion over me.

134 Thy Precepts I'll obſerve, when plac'd
Out of th' Oppreſſors reach;

135 With favour on thy Servant ſhine,
And me thy Statutes teach.

136 I see how Sinners break thy Laws
By bold Impieties;
This makes me to lament, and floods
Of Tears o'er-flow mine Eyes.

Tsaddi. *Part* XVIII.

137 Thy Nature, Lord, and thy Commands
Exactly do agree:
138 Holy, and just, and true thou art,
And such thy Precepts be.
139 This sets my Zeal on fire, and makes
Mine Indignation rise;
To see my Foes forget thy Words,
And thy just Laws despise.

140 I love thy word because it's pure,
And free from all deceit:
141 Tho' I'm despis'd and small; my care
To keep thy Laws is great.
142 Thy justice and fidelity
Ne're change or have an end:
Thy Law's the Truth, on which we may
With certain Faith depend.

143 When I was brought into great straits
And sore oppress with grief;
I thought on thy Commands, and found
Great comfort and relief.
144 Thy ways are ever true and just;
This wisdom to me give,
By them to order all my ways;
And happy I shall live.

Koph. *Part* XIX.

145 To thee, O Lord, I loudly cry'd,
146 Hear and deliver me;

Thy

Thy Teſtimonies, when I'm ſav'd,
Better obſerv'd ſhall be.
147 My cries, to mind thee of thy word,
Prevent the morning Light.
148 On this I meditate before
The watches of the Night.

149 Hear me, O Lord, as thou art kind,
Of which ſure proofs I have;
And, as thou judgeſt beſt, my Life
They ſeek to ruine, ſave.
150 For they on miſchievous Deſigns
Againſt me bent draw near;
Who're far from care to keep thy Law,
And ſtrangers to thy Fear.

151 My comfort is, for my defence
Thou, Lord, art nearer ſtill;
And all th' Engagements of thy word
Wilt faithfully fulfil.
152 I've known of old, what thou declar'ſt
To be thy Will, ſtands faſt;
And t'all that do thereon depend,
Shall be perform'd at laſt.

Reſh. *Part* XX.

153 See my ſad Caſe, and plead my Cauſe,
154 And ſet me free, O Lord:
Who'm mindful of thy Law, and truſt
For ſafety on thy Word.
155 From wicked Men that diſregard
God's Laws, his help is far.
156 Great are thy Mercies; quicken me
After thy wonted care.

157 Many are my malicious Foes;
Yet do I not decline

Thy Teſtimonies, nor will ſeek
Their Death, as they do mine.
158 It moves indeed my grief, to ſee
How boldly men tranſgreſs:
Who, what thy Word commands, con-
What it forbids no leſs. (temn,

159 Conſider what unfeigned Love
I to thy Precepts bear:
Preſerve my Life, O Lord, and ſhow
That I to thee am dear.
160 Thy Promiſes have ever been
Fulfill'd in Ages paſt:
And thy declared Will ſhall be
Perform'd, whilſt time do's laſt.

Schin. *Part* XXI.

161 Princes purſue me without Cauſe,
But my great fear is this,
Leſt, by tranſgreſſing thy Commands,
Thy favour I ſhould miſs.
162 When I beheld the promis'd good
Thy faithful Word contains;
He joys not more, who richeſt ſpoils
After a Conqueſt gains.

163 Lyes and Deceit I hate, but love
Honeſt and upright ways.
164 Thy righteous Judgments ſhall excite
Seven times a Day my praiſe. (Peace.
165 Thoſe Men are crown'd with inward
Who thy Commandments love;
And no Temptations unto Sin,
To them a Scandal prove.

166 I, in my Straits, from thee alone
Deliv'rance did expect;

And for my Safety only did,
What thy Commands direct.
167 My Soul do's all thy Precepts keep,
168 And Teſtimonies prize;
For all my Actions naked are
To thy All-ſeeing Eyes.

Tau. *Part* XXII.

169 Admit my earneſt Suit, who now
To thee for wiſdom pray.
170 Thy promiſed Deliverance
No longer, Lord, delay.
171 I'll praiſe thee, that, by thee inform'd,
Thy Laws I've underſtood:
172 Loudly proclaim, that all thou'ſt ſaid,
Is faithfully made good.

173 O let thy Hand, in my weak State,
It's Succours to me reach:
For help, no other Courſe I'll take,
But what thy Precepts teach.
174 Of thy aſſur'd Salvation
I long to have a ſight;
Tho', whilſt thou'rt pleaſed to delay,
Thy Law's ſtill my delight.

175 Save and revive me in theſe Straits,
That I thy Praiſe may ſing:
And let thy Judgments on my Foes,
The help I look for bring.

176 Like a loſt ſheep I've gone aſtray,
But now to thee I come:
Thy Precepts I reſolve t' obey,
Lord, bring thy Servant home.

Psalm CXX.

1 TO God, whose Care I've ever been,
In my distress I cry'd;
He heard me then, and so prevents
My fears to be deny'd.
2 Lord, save me from deceitful Lips;
No credit may they gain:
Which by false Tales mine Innocence,
Dear as my Life, would stain.

3 Hope not, false Tongue, by forgeries
To get me in thy Pow'r:
4 Veng'ance shall pierce thee like a Dart,
Like burning Coals devour.
5 Ah! woe is me, forc'd to bewail
A tedious Banishment
From mine own Country, and a Life
'Mong barb'rous People spent:

6 Too long I've dwelt with those that hate
Peace and a friendly Life:
7 I plead for Peace; they zealous are
Only for war and strife.

Psalm CXXI.

1 I'll lift mine Eyes unto the Hills,
And thence will look for aid.
2 Depend on God alone for help;
Both Heav'n and Earth he made.
3 He will sustain thy weaker Pow'rs
With his Almighty Arm:
4 And keep thee with unwearied care,
From all surprizing harm.

5 The

5 The Lord's Protection like a ſhade,
Will be thy ſure Defence:
6 Nor Sun nor Moon ſhall hurt thee with
Malignant influence.
7 From harm thy Body he'll protect,
Preſerve thy Soul from Sin;
8 Will proſper thy Deſigns abroad,
And bleſs thy coming in.

Pſalm CXXII.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 'TWas no ſmall Joy, many to hear,
With devout forwardneſs expreſs
Their Longings, to approach God's houſe,
To worſhip, and his Name to bleſs.

2 We need not travel farther, than
Where fair *Jeruſalem* do's lie:
3 A City to be envied for
Its Order and its Unity.

4 Thither the Tribes by God's Command
Go up, and all their Off'rings bring;
And there before his Ark they own
His favours, and his praiſes ſing.

5 There are the Seats of Juſtice plac'd,
And Thrones for *David*'s Family:
6 Pray that her Peace may be prolong'd,
And proſp'rous all that love her be.

7 May Peace ſtill make thee ſafe within,
No Foes without thy Walls ſurround;
And may thy quiet Palaces
With plenty of good things abound.

8 To wish thee happy I'm engag'd
By ties of Friendship and of Blood;
9 God's House and true Religion,
Oblige me more to seek thy good.

Psalm CXXIII.

1 O Thou that in a Glorious Throne
Art plac'd above the Skies:
To thee for Succour I direct
Mine heart, and lift mine Eyes.
2 No Servant by his Lord chastis'd
With more Submission stands;
Nor maids with greater Duty wait
Their Mistresses Commands:

Than we that justly undergo
The Discipline of God,
Wait for a merciful Release,
When he'll remove his Rod.
3 Have mercy, Lord, on us whose hope
In thy Compassion lies;
And, whom insulting Foes do scorn,
Lord, do not thou despise.

4 For our depress Estate, now gives
Advantage to their pride;
And they who live in Wealth and Ease,
Our Miseries deride.

Psalm CXXIV.

1 HAD not the Lord our Cause espous'd,
His People now may say:
2 Had not the Lord engag'd his Pow'r
To succour us that Day,
When wicked Men, with cruel Wrath
Inflam'd, against us rose:

3 Too feeble all our Pow'rs had been
Their Fury to oppoſe.

4 To their devouring Jaws, our Life
Had been an eaſie Prey:
5 Their rage, like an impetuous ſtream,
Had ſwept us quite away.
6 Bleſt be the Lord, who choſe this way
His Mercy to enhance;
Then, when our Dangers loudeſt call'd,
To ſend Deliverance.

7 We lay like poor intangled Birds,
Caught in the Fowler's net:
God's Pow'r has broke their ſnares, and we
At Liberty are ſet.
8 Since all our help lies in his Name,
That Earth and Heaven made:
Our future Hopes ſhall all depend
On his Almighty Aid.

Pſalm CXXV.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 THey that in God their Confidence
Repoſe, and him their Fortreſs make,
Remain unmov'd like *Sion*'s Mount,
Which Storms and Tempeſts never ſhake.

2 *Jeruſalem* with Hills begirt,
Great Safety gains from this Defence:
Good men much more from Angels guard,
And God's ſurrounding Providence.

3 The wicked's Pow'r ſhall not too long
Oppreſs the Good, and vex their Peace;
Leſt the Temptation prove ſo ſtrong,
They imitate their Wickedneſs. A Bleſs

4 Bleſs thoſe that are ſincerely good;
5 And when thy Vengeance ſhall come down,
Rebellious Sinners to deſtroy;
Then, Lord, with Peace the righteous crown.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 THey that repoſe their truſt in God,
And him their Fortreſs make,
Remain unmov'd, like *Sion*'s Mount,
Which Tempeſts never ſhake.
2 *Jeruſalem* with Hills begirt,
Is ſafe by this Defence;
Good men are more ſecure from God's
Surrounding Providence.

3 The wickeds Pow'r ſhall not too long
Oppreſs and vex their Peace;
Leſt, thro' diſcouragement, they prove
Like them in wickedneſs.
4 Bleſs all the truly good; and when
Thy vengeance ſhall come down
Proud Sinners to deſtroy; then, Lord,
With Peace the Righteous crown.

Pſalm CXXVI.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 WHen God from Bondage ſet us free,
It ſeem'd a ſtrange and pleaſant dream:
2 Then was our Mouth with Laughter fill'd,
To tell this News was all our Theam.
This great and unexpected change,
Forced the Heathens to confeſs

3 The

3 The wonders of that Day; let us
The ſame with greater joy expreſs.

Great are thy Mercies ſhown to us:
4 Lord, perfect what thou haſt begun;
'Twill be like welcome ſhow'rs to ground
That's parched with the ſcorching Sun.

5 We wait with Patience, Lord, till thou
All needful Bleſſings doſt reſtore;
And hope our former Tears will make
Our after-joys to be the more.

6 So he that in prepared ground
His ſcattered Seed in ſadneſs leaves,
Will ſhout at Harveſt, when he ſees
That Seed become a Load of ſheaves.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 WHen God redeem'd our captive State,
It ſeem'd a pleaſant Dream;
2 Our Mouth was fill'd with Laughter then,
And Joy was all our Theam.
This mercy ſo unlook'd for mov'd
The Heathens to confeſs
3 The wonders of that Day; let us
With Joy the ſame expreſs.

Great are thy Mercies ſhown to us,
4 Lord, perfect what's begun:
'Twill be like welcome Show'rs to ground
Parched with the ſcorching Sun.
5 We wait with Patience, Lord, till thou
All good to us reſtore:
And hope our former Tears will make
Our after-joys the more.

6 So he that Seed in ground prepar'd
By ſcatt'red handfuls leaves,
Will ſhout at Harveſt, when that Seed
Becomes a Load of ſheaves.

Pſalm CXXVII.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 UNleſs God proſper it, all coſt
And pains to build an Houſe is loſt.
Unleſs the Lord the City keep,
The watchful Guards as well may ſleep.

2 Your Labours with the riſing Sun
Begin, and laſt when Day is done:
T'avoid that Poverty you dread,
With carefulneſs you eat your Bread.

But all in vain: if by Heav'n bleſt,
You may enjoy both wealth and reſt:
3 A num'erous Race and fruitful Womb,
As God's reward to Goodneſs come.

4 Their Parents Strength and Glory are,
Like Arrows to a Man of War:
5 Well furniſhed with theſe Supplies,
A Man may dare his Enemies.

Pſalm CXXVIII.

1 BLeſt is the man, whoſe fear of God
Is by obedience ſhown:
2 Plenty thy Labours ſhall reward,
And good Succeſs ſhall crown.
3 Thy fruitful Wife, like a fair Vine,
With Cluſters ſhall abound;
Whoſe Children like green Olive-plants,
Thy Table ſhall ſurround. 4 Such

4 Such Bleſſings to thy Houſe ſhall fall,
When God's thy chiefeſt fear:
5 Thou in the Publick joy and good
Shalt have the greateſt ſhare.
A Numerous Race from thee deriv'd
Thy lengthned Age ſhall ſee;
And, the great wiſh of all good men,
The Land's Proſperity.

Pſalm CXXIX.

1 WE that are *Iſra'lites* may ſay,
Ev'n from our Infant-ſtate,
Many our Enemies have been,
And our Afflictions great.
2 Tho' brought into great ſtraits, our foes;
Thro' God's preſerving care,
Our Extirpation cannot boaſt,
We ſtill his People are.

3 Severely ſcourged we have been,
Deep marks whereof we bear:
As in plough'd ground, upon our backs
Long furrows do appear.
4 But God is juſt, who has at length
The wicked's Power broke;
And all the Bands aſunder cut
Of their Tyrannick Yoke.

5 Never may thoſe that *Sion* hate
Better Succeſſes meet;
But failing ſtill in their attempts,
Be forced to retreat.
6 May their deſigns wither like greens
On ruin'd Houſes Top:
7 Which every Mower diſregards,
Expecting thence no Crop. 8 None

8 None that pass by congratulate
Their hopes with wish'd Success:
Nor th' Harvest pray'r on these bestow,
" *May Heav'n your Labours bless.*

Psalm CXXX.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 PLung'd into Depths of Misery,
To God I rais'd my fervent Cry:
2 Lord, lend to me a gracious Ear,
Not sunk so low but thou canst hear.

3 Should'st thou against each evil deed
In strict Severity proceed;
By Merit, without Mercy, try'd,
None could be clear'd and justify'd.

4 But thou forgiveness dost proclaim,
That men may turn, and fear thy Name,
5 To thy rich Grace, O Lord, we fly,
And on thy Promises rely.

6 I'm more impatient of thy stay,
Than Guards, for slow approach of Day.
7 O therefore let the good and just
In God alone repose their trust.

The frailty of our State he knows;
His plenteous Mercy ever flows.
8 To humble Souls he gracious is,
And pardons what they've done amiss.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 PLung'd into Depths of Misery,
To God I rais'd my Cry:
2 Thou canst, when sunk so low, still hear:
Lend then a gracious Ear. 3 If

3 If thou againſt each evil Deed
Severely ſhouldſt proceed;
By Merit, without Mercy, try'd,
None could be juſtify'd.

4 But thou forgiveneſs doſt proclaim,
That men may fear thy Name.
5 To thy rich Grace, O Lord, we fly,
And on thy Word rely.
6 I'm more impatient of thy ſtay,
Than Guards for break of Day.
7 O therefore let the Good and Juſt,
In God repoſe their Truſt.

The Frailty of our State he knows,
His mercy freely flows.
8 To humble Souls he gracious is,
Pard'ning what's done amiſs.

Pſalm CXXXI.

1 LORD, I have no aſpiring thoughts,
Nor Eyes that lofty are;
Nor meddle with the things advanc'd
Above my lower Sphere.
2 But humble and reſign'd I lie
Compos'd to ſilent reſt;
I like a Child behave my ſelf,
Wean'd from his Mothers breaſt.

3 Let pious Souls no more admire,
The World's deceitful ſhows;
But with an undiſturbed mind,
In God their truſt repoſe.

Pſalm CXXXII.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 REmember all the Troubles, Lord,
And Cares that *David* did moleſt:
2 His pious Zeal by ſolemn Oath
And ſacred Vow, to God expreſt.

3 That he'd not come into his Houſe,
4 Nor Sleep his weary Eyes ſhould cloſe;
5 Till he had firſt found out a place,
Convenient for the Ark's repoſe.

6 The place by God deſign'd, we've found
In ſhady Woods of *Ephrata*:
7 We'll go into his ſacred Tents,
And proſtrate at his Foot-ſtool, pray.

8 Ariſe, O Lord, and where thine Ark,
The token of thy Preſence, reſts;
Together may thy Glory come,
Together ſtay like welcome Gueſts.

9 May thoſe that at thine Altar wait,
Be ever cloath'd with righteouſneſs:
That both may triumph in thy Love,
Saints that are bleſt, and Prieſts that bleſs.

10 Lord, for thy Servant *David*'s ſake,
And thine own Promiſe to him made;
The Pray'rs of thine Anointed hear,
And with thy Favour make him glad.

Part II.

11 The Lord to *David* ſware an Oath,
(With equal Truth 'twas ſaid and done)

One

One of thy Race, when thou shalt cease
To reign, shall sit upon thy Throne.

12 And if thy Children will observe
My Precepts with religious Care;
Their Children shall not want a Throne
To sit upon, nor that an Heir.

13 For *Sion*'s the beloved Hill,
Seat of their Kings and of their God:
14 Here is my place of fixed rest,
My House of glorious abode.

15 Her stores with plenty shall be fill'd,
Her poor I'll satisfy with Food;
16 Her Priests defend, and all shall hear
The shouts and triumphs of the Good.

17 Still *David*'s Regal pow'r shall spring
Afresh, in his Successours, there;
And spread the Lustre of his Name,
Till the great promis'd King appear.

18 Cover'd with shame, his Foes shall see
All their Devices overthrown:
But I decree his glorious Head
Shall wear a never-fading Crown.

Psalm CXXXIII.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 O Blest Societies on Earth,
Resembling that of Heav'n above;
Where Brethren peacefully unite,
In sweet accord and hearty Love.
2 It's like the precious Ointment pour'd
On *Aaron*'s consecrated Head;

Which

Which first ran down his Face, and thence
Unto his costly Vesture spread.

3 Like Dews that visit every Hill;
Or as the fruitful Show'rs of Rain;
Tho' first on higher Grounds they fall,
Descend, and water all the Plain.

None can express the Joys that meet,
Where Love and Amity abound:
Their Souls are fill'd with inward Peace,
Their prosp'rous State with blessing crown'd.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 O Happy Companies on Earth
Resembling Heav'n above;
Where Brethren peacefully unite
In sweet Accord and Love.

2 It's like the precious Ointment pour'd
Upon the High-priest's Head;
Which first ran down his Beard, and thence
T' his costly Garments spread.

3 Like Dews that visit every Hill,
Or fruitful Show'rs of Rain;
Tho' first on higher Grounds they fall,
Thence water all the Plain.
None can express the Joys that meet,
Where mutual Love is found;
Their Souls are fill'd with inward Peace,
Their State with blessing crown'd.

Pſalm CXXXIV.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 YE Servants of th' Eternal Lord,
Who early at his Temple wait,
And there your late attendance give;
See that his Name ye celebrate.
2 And, as that Holy place requires,
Pure hands in your Devotions raiſe;
To all your other Off'rings joyn
The grateful Sacrifice of Praiſe.

3 God, the great Maker of the World,
As great in Goodneſs as in Pow'r,
Give gracious Anſwers to thy Pray'rs,
And bleſs his People every Hour.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 YE Servants of the Lord above,
Who at his Temple wait;
See that before the riſing Sun
His Name ye celebrate.
2 And in that Holy place, pure hands
In your Devotions raiſe;
To all your other Off'rings joyn
The Sacrifice of Praiſe.

3 The Lord that made the World, as great
In Goodneſs as in Pow'r;
Give ear to thy requeſts, and bleſs
His People every Hour.

Pſalm CXXXV.

1 YE Servants of th' Almighty Lord,
That Heav'n and Earth did frame:
2 Who at his Houſe and Altar wait,
Praiſe ye his Glorious Name.
3 O let the Goodneſs of the Lord,
Your beſt Affections raiſe;
Your inward Pleaſure will increaſe
Together with your Praiſe.

4 Ye *Iſra'elites* have greateſt cauſe
To praiſe him and rejoyce;
You that are dearer unto God;
His Treaſure and his Choice.
5 In him do all Perfections meet,
His greatneſs knows no bound;
Whate'er by other Gods is claim'd,
In him alone is found.

6 His Pow'r created all at firſt,
His Pleaſure rules them ſtill;
His uncontrolled mind the Heav'n,
The Earth and Seas fulfil.
7 By undiſcerned Force he makes
The Vapours to ariſe,
Which frame the Clouds, where Fire un-
Mingled with Water lies. (quench'd,

From thence the dreadful lightnings burſt,
And rains are poured down;
He brings his boiſt'rous winds and ſtorms
From Treaſuries unknown.
8 He the firſt-born of man and beaſt
At once in *Egypt* ſlew;
9 Whoſe King and Court by fearful plagues
His wond'rous Power knew.

Part

Part II.

10 He ſmote great Nations, and ſlew Kings
That Potent Sceptres ſway'd;
11 *Sihon* and *Og* 'mong theſe for War
The greateſt Figure made.
All *Can'an*'s Kingdoms too, at laſt
With all their Kings, he ſmote:
12 Whoſe rich and pleaſant Land became
Our Heritage and Lot.

13 Supported by ſuch glorious Works,
Thy Fame can never die;
But thy Memorial ſhall endure
To all Eternity.
14 Tho' God's offending People may
Under oppreſſion mourn:
He'll take their part, and all his wrath
Shall into kindneſs turn.

15 The Heathen Idols Silver are,
Or Gold at beſt, and thence
Derive their worth, but are no Gods,
Since void of Life or Senſe.
16 For tho' the Maker forms an Eye,
A Mouth or other part:
17 He cannot give them Sight or Breath,
Motion or Life by Art.

18 Fond men! with hands to make a God,
To which our Knees ſhould bow;
You truſt what cannot help it ſelf,
Statues have Senſe like you.
19 O Houſe of *Iſr'ael*, bleſs the Lord,
Ye Prieſts his praiſe proclaim:
20 Bleſs him ye Levites, and let all
That fear him do the ſame.

21 From

21 From *Sion* may his Songs of praiſe
Sound forth with ſweet accord;
He in this Holy City dwells,
O praiſe this Higheſt Lord.

[*Another Metre.*]

[*As the* 148 *Pſalm.*]

1 YE Servants of the Lord,
That Heav'n and Earth did frame;
2 Who at his Altar wait,
Praiſe ye his Glorious Name.
3 His Goodneſs do's
To this invite;
His praiſe will give
The beſt delight.

4 Ye *Iſr'aelites* are bound
Greatly your God to bleſs;
Who unto *Jacob* did
Such ſpecial Love expreſs:
Whoſe Children ſtill
To God are dear;
His Treaſure and
Peculiar care.

5 In him all Glories meet,
His Greatneſs knows no bound;
What other Gods do claim,
In him alone is found.
6 Who as at firſt
He all things made;
Still rules o'er all,
By all obey'd.

7 All things in Heav'n above
Are ſubject to his Will;

The

The Earth and Seas below
His pleasure do fulfil.
At his Command
From the World's End,
Vapours to frame
The Clouds ascend.

The dreadful Flashes thence
Of pointed Lightnings fly;
Those Fires remain unquench'd,
Tho' mix'd with Rains they lie.
He brings forth Winds
That loudly blow,
From Treasuries
Which none can know.

Part II.

8 He the First-born of Man
And Beast in *Egypt* slew:
9 Whose King and Court by Plagues
His wond'rous Power knew.
10 Great Nations then
And Kings he smote;
11 *Sihon* and *Og*
Of greatest note.

The Fate of *Can'an*'s Kings
And Kingdoms was the same,
12 All conquer'd; and their Land
Our Heritage became.
13 Thy Name and thy
Memorial,
For ever, Lord,
Continue shall.

14 Tho' God's own People may
Suffer, when they offend;

At last their Sorrows will
In their Salvation end:
He'll take the part
Of those that mourn;
And all his wrath
To kindness turn.

15 The Heathen Idols are
Of vile Materials made:
Tho' by Man's Art with Gold
Or Silver overlaid.
16 He forms a Mouth,
An Eye or Ear
17 Which cannot speak,
Nor see, nor hear.

18 Fond men! to what their hands
Have made, their Knees to bend;
Much more to trust in what
Cannot it self defend:
Brutes that have Life
Are better far;
You without Sense
Like Statues are.

19 O *Israel* bless the Lord;
Ye Priests his praise proclaim;
20 Let *Levi*'s House, and all
That fear him do the same.
21 From *Sion* sing
With one accord;
There God resides,
Praise ye the Lord.

Psalm CXXXVI.

[*As the* 148 *Psalm.*]

1 GIve thanks unto the Lord,
Who is so kind and good;
Whose Mercies firmly last,
As they have ever stood.
2 To this great King
All Gods do bow,
3 Angels above
And Pow'rs below.

4 His works our wonder raise;
5 The Heav'ns his wisdom made;
6 And he th' outstretched Earth
Above the Waters laid?
7 He made the Sun
8 The Day's great Light;
9 The Moon and Stars
To rule the Night.

10 *Egypt*'s First-born he smote
11 And by his pow'rful Hand
12 He brake off *Isr'ael*'s Yoke,
And brought them from that Land.
His Mercies shown
To Ages past,
Eternally
Shall spring and last.

13 The parted Sea made way
14 For *Israel* to pass;
15 There the pursuing Host
Of *Phar'oh* drowned was.

16 His People through
The Desert led
By Miracles
Were daily fed.

17, 18 Kings that oppos'd their way;
19, 20 *Sihon* and *Og* he smote;
21 And made their fruitful Land
22 Fall to his Peoples Lot.
His Mercies shown
To Ages past,
Eternally
Shall spring and last.

23 He sav'd us when our State
24 Was low and sore oppress;
25 Food to all flesh he gives,
26 The God of Heav'n be blest.
Whose Mercies shown
To Ages past,
Eternally
Shall spring and last.

[*Another Metre.*]

[*As the* 113 *Psalm.*]

1 REnder, and ott your thanks repeat
To God, who is as Good as Great:
To every Age his Mercy's sure.
2 To him your chearful Praises sing,
Whom Angels worship as their King
Whose Mercy always do's endure.
3 To him, whom highest Princes own,
By low prostrations at his Throne:
To every Age his Mercy's sure.

4 To him, whose wond'rous Works declare
His Pow'r to be beyond compare:
Whose Mercy always do's endure.

5 His Wisdom, when the Heav'ns you view,
Their Brightness and their Order shew:
To every Age his Mercy's sure.

6 To him, who laid the Seas below
The Earth, which they can ne'er o'erflow:
Whose Mercy always do's endure.

7 To him, who out of Night's dull shade,
To cheer the world, great lights has made:
To every Age his Mercy's sure.

8 The Sun, that gives us quick'ning heat,
And Light, our Labours to compleat:
His Mercy always do's endure.

9 The Moon and Stars, when down we lie
For our Repose, its place supply:
To every Age his Mercy's sure.

10 To him, who by a Vengeance due,
All the First-born in *Egypt* slew:
Whose Mercy always do's endure.

11 Then *Isr'el*, whom they long detain'd
In cruel Bondage, freedom gain'd:
To every Age his Mercy's sure.

12 All this by a strong hand was done,
A Pow'r none could resist or shun:
His Mercy always do's endure.

Part II.

13 When after this, fear seiz'd their hearts,
The Red-sea severed into parts:
To every Age his Mercy's sure.

14 And like a Wall on either hand,
Till they paſs through, the Waters ſtand:
His Mercy always do's endure.

15 Here hard'ned *Phar'oh* and his Hoſt
That follow'd them, were ſunk and loſt:
To every Age his Mercy's ſure.

16 His People, thro' the Deſart led,
By Miracles were daily fed:
His Mercy always do's endure.

17 He ſmote great Kings, that did withſtand
Their paſſage to the promis'd Land:
To every Age his Mercy's ſure.

18 Tho' fam'd for proweſs, they could gain
No Victories, but all were ſlain:
His Mercy always do's endure.

19 *Sihon*, for War of greateſt note,
King of fierce *Amorites*, he ſmote:
To every Age his Mercy's ſure.

20 And *Baſhan*'s Tyrant *Og* o'ercame,
For height, a Gyant of great Name:
His Mercy always do's endure.

21 To give their Land he did engage
For a perpetual Heritage:
To every Age his Mercy's ſure.

22 This Heritage fell to our Lot
Who had not then our God forgot:
Whoſe Mercy always do's endure.

23 Who pity'd our ſad State, when Sin,
Might have thrown out, whom he brought in:
To every Age his Mercy's ſure.

24 And when ſubdu'd, oft heard our Cries,
And ſav'd us from our Enemies:
His Mercy always do's endure.

25 He

25 He satisfies all flesh with food;
All Creatures wants supplies with good:
To every Age his Mercy's sure.
26 Then with the highest Notes of Praise:
Our thanks to Heav'ns great God let's raise:
Whose Mercy always do's endure.

To thee, O Father, to the Son,
And Holy Ghost, blest Three in One,
Whom we as God alone adore;
Glory that was of old be giv'n,
By all on Earth, and all in Heav'n,
Now, and till Time shall be no more.

Psalm CXXXVII.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 AS by *Euphrates* Streams we sat,
Reflecting on our Miseries,
And *Sion* call'd to mind; that thought
A Flood of Tears drew from our Eyes.

2 Silence became our Sorrows best,
And so our Harps remain'd unstrung;
And since our Joys were at an End,
Neglected on the Willows hung.

3 Then those who laid our Cities waste,
Whose inslav'd Captives now we were,
To entertain their Mirth, requir'd
One of our Temple-songs to hear.

4 How can we in this Exile State,
(Our Hearts, as our Condition, sad)
Anthems of Praises to our God
Sing, only for to make you glad?

5 No; rather than profane thy Songs,
Or I my Harp employ so ill,
Whilst *Sion* mourns; may my right hand
Be quite benumb'd, or lose its skill.

6 May I be dumb and find no voice,
(Unless thy ruines to deplore)
And find no Joy; it's all profane,
Till God *Jerusalem* restore.

7 Forget not then th' accursed Race
Of *Edom*, Lord, who without pity,
Rejoycing o'er its ruines, cry'd,
"Raise the Foundations of the City.

8 Nor boast too much proud *Babylon*,
Whose turn to be destroy'd do's haste;
O may he prosper, who repays
What's done to us, and lays thee waste.

9 Blest Hand! that from their Mother's (breasts
Spares not to snatch thy little ones;
And harm from savage Race prevents,
By dashing them against the Stones.

Psalm CXXXVIII.

1 TO magnify the Lord, my Soul
Thy best affections raise;
Angels shall hear my Songs, and be
The Partners of my praise.

2 Within thy Church thy constant Truth
And Goodness I'll proclaim:
These raise my Wonder, and advance
The Glories of thy Name.

3 In my distress to thee I cry'd;
And thou my Pray'r didst hear:
Thou didst support me with thy strength,
And with thy Comforts cheer.
4 Kings shall thy promis'd goodness know,
And take occasion thence,
5 To praise thy Mercy, and admire
Thy ways of Providence.

6 God from his high and glorious Throne
The lowly views and owns;
But scorns the proud, and on their height
With Indignation frowns.
7 Thy former Kindnesses prevent
My fears, when in distress:
Thy hand shall save me from my Foes,
Thy Pow'r their wrath repress.

8 Thy never-failing Goodness will
Compleat what is begun;
O never suffer thine own Work,
Nor me to be undone.

Psalm CXXXIX.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 LORD, when I have to do with thee,
In vain I seek to be conceal'd.
2 Thou know'st me perfectly, to thee
My very thoughts are all reveal'd.

3 Both when I sit and when I rise,
My walking and my lying down;
4 To thee my works and all my words,
Better than to my self are known.

5 On every ſide within the reach
Of thine incircling Arm I lie:
6 Whoſe force I neither can reſiſt,
Nor ſcape the notice of thine Eye.

7 Whither can I retire, and find
A Place where God do's never come?
8 His Glories I ſhould meet in Heav'n,
His Pow'r, had I in Hell a Room.

9 Could I remove to th' utmoſt Sea,
Wing'd with the ſwifteſt morning ray;
10 Thy hand, that thither muſt ſupport
My flight, would my abode betray.

11 If o'er my Sins I think to draw,
The blackeſt Curtains of the Night:
12 All will be clear to thee; for what
We Darkneſs call, to thee is Light.

13 My inmoſt Reins by thee poſſeſt,
With all th' affections ſeated there;
To thee that mad'ſt thoſe hidden Springs
Within the Womb, muſt needs appear.

14 In all thy Works, O Lord, I ſee
The Footſteps of thy wond'rous skill;
And, to excite my Praiſe, I find
Within my ſelf more Wonders ſtill.

Part II.

15 Unſeen by all, when form'd within
The dark Receſſes of the Womb;
Before the fine Embroidery
Of Parts was to perfection come:

16 In that rude Maſs, thou didſt diſcern
The daily growth of every part;

And

And what th' Eternal mind had fram'd;
Was copied out with curious Art.

17 Lord, I admire the various thoughts,
And the wise Counsels of thy mind;
Their Summ is infinite; yet all
Are dear to me, because they're kind.

18 Their Number's greater than the Sand;
Which whilst my busy thoughts run o'er,
I sleep: and find when I awake,
I'm only where I was before.

19 I'm sure that their Destruction's near,
Who wickedly 'gainst me combine;
Hence then, ye bloody-minded Men,
Nor your own ruine seek in mine.

20 Thy Foes they are, who use thy Name
Intended mischiefs to disguise;
And boldly call God in, to vouch
For all their Calumnies and Lyes.

21 Do not I, Lord, detest and hate
Such as oppose thy Laws and thee?
22 I loath them perfectly, and count
My self their utter Enemy.

23 Lord, since my thoughts accuse me not
Of living in a false Disguise;
I'm less afraid to undergo
The Tryal of thy piercing Eyes.

24 Search me, and where thou see'st that I
Unwillingly have done amiss,
Correct my Errours, and reduce
My wandrings to the way of Bliss.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 WHen, Lord, I deal with thee, in vain
I seek to be conceal'd;
2 Thou know'st me perfectly, my thoughts
To thee are all reveal'd.
3 Both when I sit and when I rise,
Walking and lying down;
4 My works and words, better to thee
Than to my self are known.

5 Ever within the reach of thine
Incircling Arm I lie;
6 Whose force I neither can resist,
Nor scape thy piercing Eye.
7 In vain, where God do's never come,
I seek to find a Seat;
8 For plac'd in Hell, thy Pow'r; in Heav'n,
Thy Glories I should meet.

9 Could I remove to th' utmost Sea,
Wing'd with the Mornings ray;
10 Thy hand that must support my flight,
Would my abode betray.
11 If o'er my Sins I think to draw
The Curtains of the Night;
12 All's clear to thee, for what we call
Darkness, to thee is Light.

13 My Reins by thee possess'd, with all
Th' affections seated there,
To thee that mad'est within the Womb
Those hidden Springs, appear.
14 In all thy Works, O Lord, I see
Footsteps of wond'rous skill;
And in my self, t'excite my Praise,
I find more Wonders still.

Part II.

15 When form'd unseen, within the Dark
Recesses of the Womb;
Before th' Embroidery of parts
Was to perfection come:

16 In that rude Mass, thou did'st discern
The growth of every part;
And what th' Eternal mind had fram'd,
Was drawn with curious Art.

17 Lord, I admire the various thoughts
And Counsels of thy mind;
Their Summ is infinite, yet dear
To me, because they're kind.

18 Their Number's greater than the Sand,
Which whilst my thoughts run o'er,
I sleep; and find when I awake,
I'm where I was before.

19 God will destroy those wicked men,
Who 'gainst my Life combine;
Hence then ye men of blood; nor your
Own ruine seek in mine.

20 Thy Foes they are; who under shews
Of Piety disguise
Intended mischiefs; and would make
God vouch for all their Lyes.

21 Do not I hate such as oppose
Thy holy Laws and thee?

22 I loath them perfectly, and count
My self their Enemy.

23 Lord, since my thoughts accuse me not,
T' have liv'd in false disguise;
I'm less afraid to undergo
The Tryal of thine Eyes.

24 Search

24 Search me, and where unwillingly
Thou see'st I've done amiss;
Correct, and lead my wand'ring steps
Into the way of Bliss.

Psalm CXL.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

1 LORD, save me from the Man who bears
A wicked and a cruel mind:
2 Such are my Foes, whose hearts are set
On mischief, and for War combin'd.

3 A deadly wound unto my Name
They give, whom falsly they accuse:
No Serpents Tongue or Adders Teeth
Poison more surely do's infuse.

4 Once more I therefore pray thee, Lord,
To save me from the wickeds pow'r:
And from their violent Attempts,
Who seek t' undo me every hour.

5 The Hunters and the Fowlers skill
In laying Toils and secret Snares,
Do's not exceed their Wiles, who think
They're sure to seize me unawares.

6 Thus destitute of Pow'r or Aids
I can implore from any Friend;
By humble Pray'r my self to thee,
My sole Protector, I commend.

7 On thee for strength I must rely,
Thee only for my Saviour own;
By thee I fought securely, when
Armour and Helmet I had none.

Part II.

8 Grant not, O Lord, what wicked men
Would have, nor with a good event
Favour their miſchievous deſigns,
Leſt they grow proud and inſolent.

9 May all the poyſ'nous Calumnies,
By thoſe that now beſet me, thrown;
With their laborious Lyes, contriv'd
To work my ruine, prove their own.

10 Of ſland'rous Tongues, which burn like (Coals
Of Fire, may they the Torment have;
And all their Miſchiefs, like deep Pits
Digg'd for my fall, be their own grave.

11 Falſhood and baſe Detraction
Will bring th' advanced Sinner low;
And Acts of unjuſt Violence
Purſue him to his overthrow.

12 Whom men oppreſs, I know that God
Will pity, and their Cauſe maintain:
And right the wronged poor, who here
Expect to be redreſs'd in vain.

13 The Righteous ſure will not forget
Due praiſes to his Name to give:
For th' upright by God's Care upheld,
Shall in his Favour ever live.

Pſalm CXLI.

1 TO my importunate requeſts,
Lord, lend a gracious Ear;

And

And as my Danger calls aloud,
To ſuccour me appear.

2 O let my Pray'rs like ſweet perfumes
Up to thy Preſence riſe;
And find acceptance equal to
An Evening-Sacrifice.

3 Lord, make me carefully to watch
The Motions of my Tongue;
That no intemperate Speech may ſhow
Impatient ſenſe of wrong.

4 Let not my heart incline, much leſs
Engage in Works of Sin;
Nor let the wicked's Delicates
Me to their practice win.

5 Better to meet ſevere rebukes
From thoſe that Goodneſs love:
Their wiſe reproofs, tho' ſmarting, will
A real kindneſs prove.
No precious Ointments, to the Head
So ſweet and gratefull are;
But to avoid miſchievous ways,
I'll make my daily Pray'r.

Part II.

6 How free from Malice is my Soul,
Saul's Captains witneſs bear;
Who at the ſtony Rocks deſcent,
Did my mild Language hear.

7 To us the favour of a Grave
Their rage will not allow;
Scatter'd and broke we lie, like ground
Divided by the Plough.

8 But Lord, mine Eyes on thee are fix'd,
My Truſt is in thee ſtill:

Do not abandon me to thoſe
That ſeek my Blood to ſpill.
9 Tho' ſubtil Plots to ruine me
Like ſnares the wicked lay;
Save me from thoſe that would my Life
To cruel hands betray.

10 May all their Gins for others laid
Themſelves alone inſnare:
Whilſt I eſcape the Nets they ſpread,
By God's preſerving Care.

Pſalm CXLII.

1 WITH fervent Cries I did implore
God's ſuccour and relief:
2 In long and ſad Complaints to him
Unboſom'd all my grief.
3 From all the ſtraits I'm in, God knows
A way for me t' eſcape:
In every Path of mine, is laid
A ſecret Snare and Trap.

4 I look on every ſide, and find
All hopes of ſafety gone:
Whilſt all are careleſs of my Life,
Or fearful of their own.
5 My Cries to thee, O Lord, ſhall tell
What truſt I have in thee:
Thou my ſure refuge whilſt I live,
My Portion thou ſhalt be.

6 Regard my low Eſtate, and from
My Perſecutors ſave;
Whoſe hope in God is leſs than mine,
But much more Pow'r they have:

7 From this ſad Priſon ſet me free,
That I may praiſe thy Name;
Then all good Men ſhall joyn with me
God's kindneſs to proclaim.

Pſalm CXLIII.

1 REgard the fervent Pray'rs I make,
The Hopes I have in thee;
And, Lord, according to thy Truth
And Goodneſs anſwer me.

2 Let not my failings be before
Thy ſtrict Tribunal try'd;
For, Lord, if thou ſhould'ſt be ſevere,
None could be juſtify'd.

3 See how my Life's purſu'd, for me
No ſafety can be found;
Forced to lie in Caves, like one
That's buried under ground.

4 Grief has ſo overwhelm'd my Soul,
That ſtupid I am grown;
With horrour and amazement ſeiz'd,
My ſtrength is overthrown.

5 This only ſerves, to raiſe me up
As I am ſinking lower;
To call to mind thy former works,
And lean upon thy pow'r.

6 I'll ne'er ceaſe asking till my Soul
Shall thy refreſhments gain;
Thy mercy which I gaſp for more,
Than thirſty ground for Rain.

Part II.

7 My Spirits ſink while thou delay'ſt
Th' aſſiſtance I would have;

If

If God ſtill frown on my requeſts,
'Twill ſink me to the Grave.
8 The Night is witneſs of my Tears,
As well as truſt in thee;
O let the joyful Morning tell
Thy Kindneſs towards me.

Lord, be my Guide that I may find
The way where I ſhould go:
9 Be thou my refuge from their pow'r,
Who ſeek my overthrow.
10 Teach me, my God, to do thy Will;
And let thy Spirit of Love,
Conduct me in the paths that lead
To Happineſs above.

11 Revive my fainting Soul, thy Name
And Honour to advance;
Thy Faithfulneſs will brightly ſhine
In my deliverance.
12 That my vexation from my Foes
May have a gracious End;
Deſtroy the Authors of my woes,
For I on thee depend.

Pſalm CXLIV.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 BLeſt be the Lord, the God of Might,
Who gives me ſtrength and ſkill to fight.
2 He is my Goodneſs, Tow'r and Fort,
Delive'rer, ſhield and ſafe reſort.

My truſt's in him; 'twas he compell'd
Thoſe to be ſubject who rebell'd.

3 I am amaz'd the great God can
Honour ſo much a poor weak Man.

4 Vain Man! whoſe Glories quickly fade,
Whoſe Life do's vaniſh like a ſhade.
5 Our Foes will ſoon their weakneſs own,
When the Heav'ns make way, and God (comes down.

Their ruine's ſure, that God provoke,
Whoſe touch makes proudeſt Mountains
6 His pointed Lightnings will create (ſmoke.
Such fears, their force will diſſipate.

7 Lord, rid me by thy Heav'nly aid,
From foreign Pow'rs that me invade;
Like ſwelling Waves their Numbers ſtand,
Threat'ning to overflow the Land.

(weight,
8 Whoſe Words and Oaths will bear no
But break all Faith their Right-hands
9 I'm ſav'd; and on my Pſaltery (plight.
Will ſing new Songs of Praiſe to thee.

Part II.

10 In God alone the Victories
Of Kings, and all their ſafety lies:
I'm ever bound to praiſe the Lord,
Who ſav'd me from the hurtful Sword.

11 Still ſave and rid me by thine aid,
From foreign Pow'rs that me invade:
Whoſe Words and Oaths are vain and (light,
Who break all Faith their Right-hands (plight.

12 May

12 May all things flouriſh with our peace;
Our Sons like Plants in their increaſe:
Our Daughters fair and proper grow,
As poliſh'd Pillars beauteous ſhow.

13 Our Garners full produce all ſtore,
Our numerous Flocks increaſe to more.
14 Our Oxen ſtrong for Labour be
Our Land from all invaſions free.

No Cries of mournful Exiles meet,
Nor no Complaints in any Street.
15 Bleſt People! whom ſuch Favours crown,
Thrice bleſt! whom God for *His* do's own.

Pſalm CXLV.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 I Will extoll thy ſacred Name,
Thou King of Saints and God of Love:
2 I'll bleſs thee daily now; 'twill be
My work eternally above.

3 Our Praiſes ſhould be high like thee,
Whoſe Greatneſs all our thoughts exceeds.
4 And what one Age do's not confine,
The next ſhall tell thy mighty Deeds.

5 I'll ſhew the Glories of thy State,
And thy amazing Works proclaim:
6 All men that hear my Songs of Praiſe,
Shall gladly join to do the ſame.

7 And like the unexhauſted Springs
Of mercy, ſo their Joys ſhall flow;
Their Tongues thy Faithfulneſs ſhall ſing,
And thine abundant Goodneſs ſhow.

8 Thou, Lord, art full of Grace and Love;
To Anger ſlow, but glad to ſpare;
9 To all thy Creatures thou art kind,
O'er all thy tender Mercies are.

10 Thou, Lord, from all theſe works of thine
Some thankful Tribute do't receive;
But where their Powers fail, thy Praiſe
Among thy Saints ſhall ever live.

11 Theſe happy Subjects to declare
Thy Kingdom's Glory never ceaſe;
12 That men the Triumphs of thy Grace
May know, and all thy pow'r confeſs.

Part II.

13 Thy Kingdom, Lord, ſhall ever ſtand,
Tho' often undermin'd in vain:
14 Oppreſſed Goodneſs is ſuſtain'd
By thee; when falling, rais'd again.

15 All Creatures do expect from thee
Supplies of ſeaſonable Food:
16 Thy open-handed Bounty fills
Their longings with deſired Good.

17 God's Goodneſs and Fidelity
In all his ways and works appear:
18 He gives kind Anſwers to their Pray'rs
That call on him, and are ſincere.

19 There's none that fear him need complain,
That they in vain have ſought his aid:
He hears their Cries when in diſtreſs,
And ſaves them when they are afraid.

20 God's preſervation ſhall reward
The good Man's duty and his love;

But

But the bold Crimes of wicked Men,
Shall at the length their ruine prove.

21 Mean while my Tongue shall be imploy'd
Thy cheerful Praises to proclaim;
Let all the World adore thy Pow'r,
And ever bless thy Holy Name.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 THY Sacred Name I will advance;
My King, and God of Love:
2 I'll bless thee now, 'twill be my Work
Eternally above.
3 Our Praises should be high like thee,
Whose Greatness all exceeds;
4 One Age t' another shall declare,
And praise thy mighty Deeds.

5 I'll shew the Glories of thy State,
Thy wond'rous Works proclaim;
6 All men that hear my Songs of Praise,
Shall joyn to do the same.
7 And as thy Mercy ever springs,
So shall their Comforts flow:
Their Tongues thy Faithfulness shall sing,
And thy great Goodness show.

8 Thou, Lord, art slow to wrath, but full
Of Love, and glad to spare;
9 To all thy Creatures kind, o'er all
Thy tender Mercies are.
10 Some thankful Tribute, Lord, from all
Thy works thou do'st receive;
But where they fail, thy Praise among
The Saints shall ever live.

11 Thy Kingdoms Glory to declare
These Subjects never ceaſe; (know,
12 That men thy wond'rous Grace may
And all thy Pow'r confeſs.

Part II.

13 Thy Kingdom, Lord, ſhall ever ſtand,
Tho' undermin'd in vain;
14 Goodneſs is ſtay'd by thee, when weak;
When falling, rais'd again.
15 All Creatures do expect from thee
Supplies of daily Food;
16 Thy open-handed Bounty fills
All their deſires with good.

17 God's Goodneſs and Fidelity,
In all his ways appear;
18 He gives kind Anſwers unto ſuch
As pray, and are ſincere.
19 There's none that fear him need complain
They've ſought in vain his Aid;
He hears their Cries when in diſtreſs,
And ſaves them when afraid.

20 God's Care and Preſervation
Rewards the good Man's love;
But the bold Crimes of wicked Men,
At length their ruine prove.
21 Mean while my Tongue ſhall be imploy'd
Thy Praiſes to proclaim;
Let all the World adore thy Pow'r,
And ever bleſs thy Name.

Pſalm CXLVI.

1 MY Soul to praiſe the higheſt Lord
Thy beſt affections raiſe:

2 For

2 For whilſt I live my God ſhall be
The Subject of my Praiſe.
3 Vain are our hopes from mighty Kings;
Whoſe Glories at their Death
4 Sink to the Grave; and all their thoughts
Do vaniſh with their Breath.

5 Happy is he, who in that God
That made the World do's truſt;
6 Which World may ſooner fail, than he
Ceaſe to be good and juſt.
7 He rights the injur'd, and defends
The good Man's cauſe oppreſs'd;
He feeds the hungry, and by him
The Priſ'ners are releas'd.

8 He cures the Blind, and ſorrow from
Dejected Souls removes;
And by his ſpecial Care protects,
The righteous whom he loves.
9 Strangers and Widows he preſerves,
He do's the Orphans own;
As for the wicked's proſp'rous State,
He turns it upſide down.

10 This mighty King ſhall ever reign,
As he do's ever live;
Let all the World he rules, to him
Eternal Praiſes give.

Pſalm CXLVII.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 O Bleſt Employment of our Lives
To praiſe the God whom we adore!

How grateful to our ſelves and him!
Nothing becomes a good Man more.

2 The Lord of Old the broken State
Of Captive *Iſr'ael* did repair;
3 The ſorrowful and broken hearts
He binds and heals with tender Care.

4 He numbers all the Stars, and knows
What vertue comes to us from thence;
For 'tis from him they borrow all
Their luſtre and their influence.

5 Unſearchable his Wiſdom is,
His Pow'r ſo great it knows no bound;
6 He raiſes up the meek, and throws
The ſtubborn Sinners to the ground.

7 To God your cheerful Praiſes ſing,
Whoſe Bounty all things do's maintain:
8 Who covers Heav'n with watry Clouds,
And for the Earth prepares the Rain.

He makes the tender Graſs to grow
On Mountains, which are parch'd and dry.
9 Wild Beaſts are fed without our Care,
And the young Ravens when they cry.

10 He in the Nimbleneſs and Strength
Of Horſe or Man takes no delight:
11 It's only Fear and ſtedfaſt Faith
In God, his Favour do's invite.

Part II.

12 O bleſt *Jeruſalem!* ſing praiſe
Unto thy God, and ye that dwell
On *Sion*'s Mount, in joyful Hymns
To all his Truth and Goodneſs tell.

13 It's

13 It's he thy City made ſo ſtrong,
Th' Aſſaults of Foes it now deſies;
His Bleſſing thine Inhabitants
To a vaſt Number multiplies.

14 Thy Borders, from Incurſions free,
Are ſetled all in quiet peace;
And thy fair Fields the choiceſt Wheat
Yields to an envied increaſe.

15 All Creatures haſt t'obey his word;
16 Like ſofteſt Wooll he ſends the Snows:
17 His Chryſtal Ice-like Morſels caſts,
And the Hoar-froſts like Aſhes ſtrows.

18 None can endure his piercing cold;
But at his word warm Winds do blow;
Then Rocks of Ice are ſoon diſſolv'd,
And the congealed Waters flow.

19 All ſee theſe Works; to *Iſrael*
20 He greater Favours do's afford;
The clearer knowledge of his Will
And Laws they have: Praiſe ye the Lord.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 HOW well are we employ'd, to praiſe
The Lord whom we adore!
How grateful to our ſelves and him!
Nothing becomes us more.

2 The Lord of Old the broken State
Of *Iſr'ael* did repair:

3 The ſorrowful and broken hearts
He heals with greateſt Care.

4 He numbers all the Stars, and knows
What vertue comes from thence;

For 'tis from him they borrow all
Their light and influence.
5 Unſearchable his Wiſdom is,
His Pow'r admits no bound:
6 He raiſes up the meek, and throws
Proud Sinners to the ground.

7 To God your cheerful Praiſes ſing,
That all things do's maintain:
8 Who covers Heav'n with Clouds, and for
The Earth prepares the Rain.
He makes the tender Graſs to grow
On Mountains, parch'd and dry:
9 Wild Beaſts need not our care, he feeds
Young Ravens when they cry.

10 No Horſes ſtrength, or nimble Legs
Of Man, are his delight:
11 It's only Fear and truſt in God
His Favour do's invite.

Part II.

12 O bleſt *Jeruſalem!* ſing praiſe
To God, and ye that dwell
On *Sion*'s Mount, in Hymns to all
His Truth and Goodneſs tell.
13 So ſtrong thy City's made, th' Aſſaults
Of Foes it now defies;
And vaſtly thine Inhabitants
His Bleſſing multiplies.

14 Thy Borders, from Incurſions free,
Are ſetled all in peace;
Thy Fields the choiceſt Wheat produce,
T' an envied increaſe.
15 All Creatures haſt t' obey his Word:
16 Like Wooll he ſends the Snows;

17 His

17 His Chryſtal Ice like Morſels caſts,
Hoar-froſts like Aſhes ſtrows.

None can abide his piercing Cold:
18 He bids warm Winds to blow;
Then Rocks of Ice diſſolve, and ſoon
Congealed Rivers flow.

19 [illegible] ſee theſe Works; to *Iſrael*
More Grace he did afford:
20 The clearer knowledge of his Will
And Laws. Praiſe ye the Lord.

Pſalm CXLVIII.

1 TO laud the Heav'nly King
Let all their Voices raiſe:
2 Ye Angels, firſt begin
The Great Creator's Praiſe.
3 Let Sun and Moon,
And every Star,
His Glory ſhow
That's brighter far.

4 Ye Regions of the Air,
And watry Clouds that move
Within the liquid Sky,
5 Praiſe ye the Lord above:
Whoſe pow'rful Word
Made you to be;
6 And fixt your bounds
By his Decree.

7 All that the Earth do's bear,
Whales in the Depths conceal'd,
8 Lightnings and Hail and Snow,
Vapours to Ice congeal'd:

The ſtormy Winds
Rais'd at his Will,
Which at his Word
Are calm'd and ſtill.

9 Praiſe him ye Mountains high,
And Hills that lower are;
Cedars with lofty Heads,
And Trees that fruits do bear:
10 Beaſts that in Fields
Or Paſtures lie;
Both creeping things,
And Fowls that fly.

11 Ye Kings that Sceptres ſway,
People of meaner Birth;
Princes that rule the World,
And Judges of the Earth.
12 Let every Sex
And every Age,
13 To praiſe the Name
Of God engage.

His Glories all that ſhines
In Heav'n and Earth excell;
14 He ſpecial Mercy ſhow'd
T' his People *Iſrael*:
A People dear
And highly rais'd:
His Holy Name
Be ever prais'd.

Pſalm CXLIX.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

1 PRaiſe God; and let your Songs be new,
As he freſh favours daily grants;
Publiſh your Joys by Hymns of Praiſe,
Among th' Aſſemblies of his Saints.

2 Let *Iſr'ael* whom he made, rejoyce;
Since his peculiar People made;
Let *Sion's* Children, whom he rules
As their great King, be much more glad.

3 Dances are proper to expreſs
The inward Motions of their Joy;
And to ſet off melodious Songs.
Their Harps and Timbrels to employ.

4 God's Kindneſs to his People will
Engage his Care their good t'advance:
He'll beautify the Meek, and make
Them great by his Deliverance.

5 And like the Glory of his Saints,
Their Triumphs ſhould be great and high;
And God's loud Praiſes will become
Their Beds, in which they quiet lie.

6 Theſe Pſalms of Praiſes in their Mouths,
Whilſt their Hands wield a two-edg'd Sword;
Will courage and aſſurance give,
To fight the Battles of the Lord.

7 They'll conquer, and with juſt revenge
The Heathen's inſolence chaſtiſe;

8 Their fetter'd Nobles captive lead,
Make chained Kings become their prize.

9 Such Judgments long ago foretold,
Shall God upon the Heathen bring:
Such Honour all his Saints shall have,
And praising Hallelujah's sing.

Psalm CL.

1 PRaise God within that sacred Place
Where he his Grace bestows;
Your wondering thoughts to Heaven raise
Where he his Glory shows.
2 Let all his mighty Acts of Pow'r
Your inward Passions move;
That your acknowledgments may suit
The Greatness of his Love.

3 Musicks soft Notes, and louder sounds
4 Of Instruments imploy,
5 T' excite Devotion, and attend
The Triumphs of your Joy.
6 Since all to this Creator owe
That breath by which they live;
Let every thing that breaths, to him
Their cheerful Praises give.

The End of the Psalms.

HYMNS

Taken out of the

NEW TESTAMENT;

Or, uſed in the

Church-Service.

HYMN I.

Benedictus.

[*The Song of* Zachary, *Luke* 1. 68.]

LET *Iſr'ael*'s pow'rful God and King
Eternally be bleſt;
Who came from Heav'n to viſit us,
And all our Bonds releas'd.
In *David*'s Houſe a Saviour rais'd
To ſit upon his Throne;
This, ever ſince the World began
His Prophets have foreſhown.

That he would ſave us from the Hand
Of all that did us hate:
The Mercy to perform, for which
Our Fathers long did wait.

Remembring all his Truth engag'd
By a Holy Covenant,
His ſolemn Oath to *Abra'ham* ſworn;
His Grace that he would grant;

To ſerve him without fear, from all
Our Adverſaries free'd;
And to continue all our days
A Holy Life to lead.
And thou, bleſt Child, to this high Lord
Shalt have a Prophet's place;
Like a preparing Harbinger
Shalt go before his Face.

By the Remiſſion of Men's ſins
To make Salvation known.
God's tender Mercy, when this Sun
Aroſe, to all was ſhown.
He will our ſad and diſmal State
With Light and Comfort bleſs;
And guide our Feet into the way
Of Peace and Happineſs.

HYMN II.

Magnificat.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

[*The Song of the Bl. Virgin*, Luke 1. 46.]

MY Soul doth magnify the Lord,
Tranſports of Joy my Spirits raiſe;
And God my Saviour ſhall be
The Subject of my Song of Praiſe.

For

For to his humble Handmaids ſtate
He ſhew'd regard, when 't was depreſt:
All Ages ſhall from henceforth judge
Me happy, and ſhall call me Bleſt.

He that is Great hath done to me
Great things, and holy is his Name:
His Mercy through all Ages is
To them that fear him ſtill the ſame.

He with his Arm his ſtrength hath ſhew'd,
Confounded what the proud Men thought;
Put down the mighty from their Seat,
And rais'd them who were ſet at nought.

He fill'd the hungry Souls with good;
The full and rich for want complain'd;
His Mercy he has call'd to mind,
And *Iſrael* his help has gain'd.

The Promiſe to our Fathers made
So long before, in which God ſtood
Engag'd to *Abra'ham* and his Seed,
Is all performed and made good.

HYMN III.

Nunc Dimittis.

[*The Song of* Simeon, *Luke* 2. 29.]

I Now can leave this World, and die
In Peace and quiet Reſt;
Since that mine Eyes, O Lord, have been
With thy Salvation bleſt.

The Prophecies are all fulfill'd,
Thy Promiſes are true;
And thy myſterious Love diſclos'd
In all the Peoples view.

All the dark Shadows fly away,
Now this bright Sun appears;
Whoſe ſaving Health the Gentile World
With unknown Comfort cheers.
Well may the long expected ſight
Make *Iſr'ael*'s Joys abound;
Before with ſpecial Favours grac'd,
But now with Glory crown'd.

HYMN IV.

[*Taken out of the Revelations.*]

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

Rev. 19. v. 5. YE faithful Servants of the Lord,
See that his Name ye celebrate;
And ye that fear him ſing aloud
Praiſes to God both ſmall and great.

Ch. 4. v. 8. Moſt Holy, Holy, Holy Lord
Almighty's his adored Name;
Who *was* before all time, and *is*,
And ever *ſhall be* ſtill the ſame.

v. 11. All Glory, Pow'r and Honour, thou
Alone art worthy to receive:
For all things by thy Pow'r were made,
All by and for thy Pleaſure live.

To

Ch. 5. To thee, O ſpotleſs Lamb of God,
v. 12. Riches and Pow'r of Right belong,
(ſtrength,
Wiſdom and Honour, conqu'ring
Glory and every praiſing Song.

v. 9. Thou, for to expiate our Sins
Waſt ſlain, and by thy precious Blood,
From every Nation Tribe and Tongue,
Thou haſt redeemed us to God.

v. 10. From thee, to be both Kings and Prieſts
To God, the Privilege we gain;
And ſhall hereafter be advanc'd,
With thee, O Chriſt, on Earth to reign.

v. 13. Bleſſing and Honour, Glory, Pow'r,
Ever by all in Earth, and Heav'n
To him that ſits upon the Throne,
And to the Lamb of God be giv'n.

Part II.

Ch. 15. O thou great Ruler of the World,
v. 3. Thy glorious Works our wonder raiſe;
Thou ever-bleſſed King of Saints,
How true and righteous are thy ways!

v. 4. Who would not fear, and glorify
Thy Name, thou onely Holy one?
(ſhip thee,
Th' whole World will come and wor-
(known.
To whom thy Judgments are made

Ch. 11. Now o'er the Kingdoms of this World
v. 15. God and his Chriſt as King do's reign;

Whoſe

(way,
Whose Pow'r, that for his Rule made
His Conquests ever will maintain.

v. 17. We give thee thanks, Almighty Lord,
Which *art*, and *wast*, and *art to come*;
Who hast exerted thy great Pow'r,
And for thy Victories made room.

v. 18. Let th' angry Nations rage; thy wrath
Is come; and it's thy time to rain (blood
Down Judgments, and t' avenge the
Of Martyrs barbarously slain.

And now thy suffe'ring Servants, Lord,
Great Saints and Prophets thou'lt re-
(gard;
And all that fear thy Name, tho' here
Despis'd, shall have a great reward.

All thy just vengeance will applaud
On them, who all their Pow'r imploy'd,
To turn the Earth t' a Field of Blood;
Their turn now comes to be destroy'd.

Ch. 12. Salvation to the Saints is come;
v. 10. God's strength and mighty aids appear,
T' advance his Kingdom among Men,
Who all the Pow'r of Christ revere.

He that before the Lord accus'd
The Brethren with false Calumnies,
Is now cast head-long down, and none
Give credit longer to his Lyes.

v. 11. He's conquer'd by the Blood of Christ,
And by their witness to his word:
These valued not their Lives, but dy'd
For Love unto their dearest Lord.

Ye

v. 12. Ye heav'nly Spirits above, rejoyce;
But woe to th'Earth below; whose hurt
The Dev'il with utmost rage contrives,
Knowing his time to do't's but short.

Ch. 19. Salvation to our God belongs,
v. 1. Glory and Honour are his due;
His Pow'r supreme, and all proclaim
His Judgments to be just and true.

v. 2. He the great Whore has judg'd, which
Corrupt with Idols every Land; (did
And has aveng'd the crying Blood
Of his slain Servants at her hand.

v. 6. Now let both Heav'n and Earth aloud
Their praising Hallelujah's sing;
For the Lord God Almighty reigns,
And shews himself a glorious King.

v. 7. In Honour of the Lamb of God,
Let's triumph on his Nuptial day;
The time is come, and his chast Bride
Stands ready drest in rich Array.

HYMN V.

Te Deum.

[*As the* 100 *Psalm.*]

O God we praise thee, and we own
Thee to be Lord and King alone.
All the whole Earth doth worship thee,
Thou Father from Eternity.

To thee all Angels loudly cry,
The Heav'ns and all the Pow'rs on high:
Cherubs and Seraphins proclaim,
And cry thrice Holy to thy Name.

Lord God of Hosts, thy presence bright
Fills Heav'n and Earth with beauteous light.
The Apostles glorious Company,
The Prophet's Fellowship, praise thee.

The crowned Martyrs Noble Host,
The Holy Church in every Coast,
Thine infinite perfections own,
Father of Majesty unknown.

Giving all Adoration
Unto thy true and only Son:
And to the Holy Ghost, from whom
As the sole Spring our Comforts come.

O Christ, thou glorious King, we own
Thee to be God's Eternal Son:
Who our Deliv'rance to obtain,
Did'st not the Virgins Womb disdain.

When Death's sharp sting destroy'd by thee
Gave thee a glorious Victory;
Heav'ns Gate, that Entrance had deny'd,
To all Believers opened wide.

Part II.

Thou, Lord, at God's Right hand art plac'd,
And with thy Father's Glory grac'd;
And we believe the Day will come,
When thou as Judge shalt pass our doom.

Promote we pray thy Servants good,
Redeemed with thy precious Blood;

Among

Among thy Saints make them aſcend
To Glory that ſhall never End.

Thy People with Salvation crown;
Bleſs thoſe, O God, that are thine own:
Govern and lift them up on high.
Thee, Lord, we daily magnify.

Thy Name we worſhip and adore,
Ever, when time ſhall be no more:
Vouchſafe this Day to keep us pure;
From Harms and wilful Sins ſecure.

O let thy Mercy, Lord, deſcend
On us, whoſe hopes on thee depend:
Lord, ſince my Truſt is fixt on thee,
O let me ne'er confounded be.

The Angels Doxology, Luke 2. 14.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

GLory to God in Heav'n above;
Let th' Earth below with Peace be bleſt:
From the Divine Benignity,
Greateſt Good-will towards Men expreſt.

[*To the common Tunes.*]

GLory to God in Heav'n above,
Let th' Earth with Peace be bleſt:
From the Divine Benignity,
Good-will tow'rds Men expreſt.

[*As the* 25 *Pſalm.*]

GLory to God in Heav'n,
Let th' Earth with Peace be bleſt:
From the Divine Benignity,
Good-will tow'rds Men expreſt.

Gloria Patri.

[*As the* 100 *Pſalm.*]

TO thee, O Father, to the Son,
And Holy Ghoſt whom we adore;
Be Glory, as it was of Old,
Is now, and ſhall be evermore.

[*To the common Tunes.*]

TO thee, O Father, to the Son;
And Holy Ghoſt we give
Glory that was of Old, is now,
And ſhall this World ſurvive.

[*As the* 25 *Pſalm.*]

TO thee, O Father, Son,
And Holy Ghoſt we give
Glory that was of Old, is now,
And ſhall this World outlive.

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FINIS.

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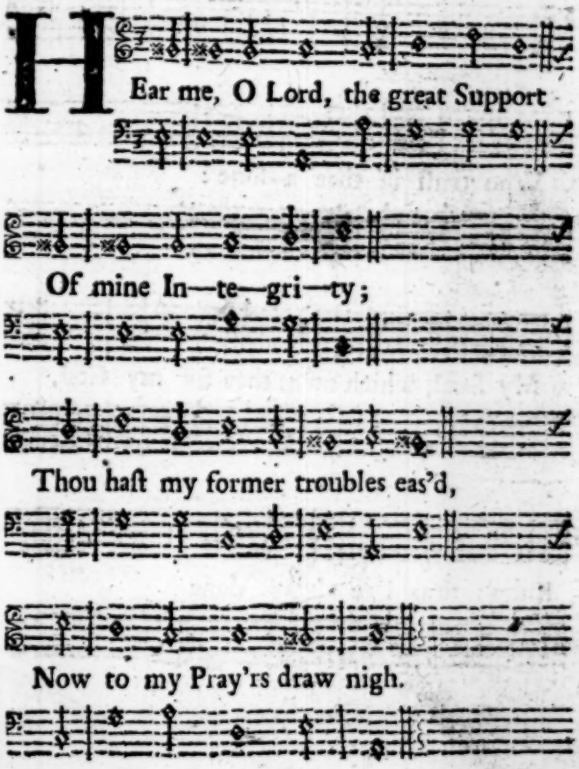
The End of the Table.

The Tunes of the Psalms.

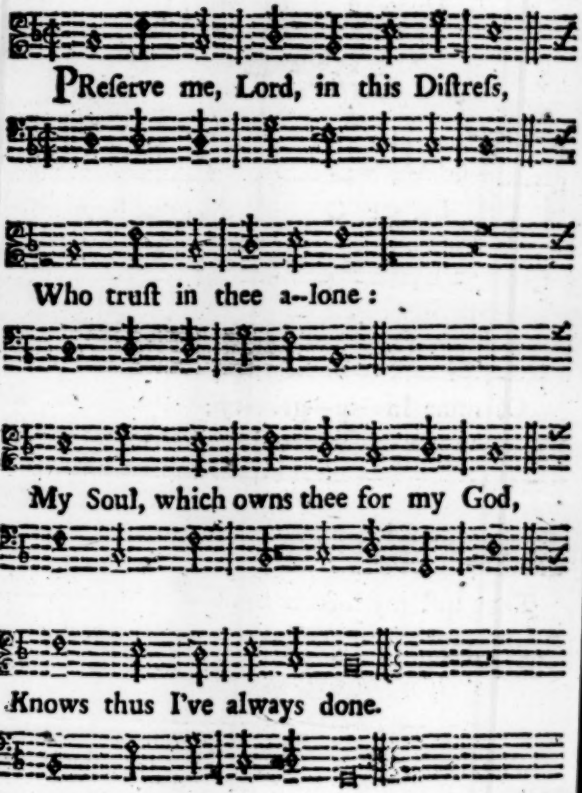
PSALM IV.

Oxford Tune.



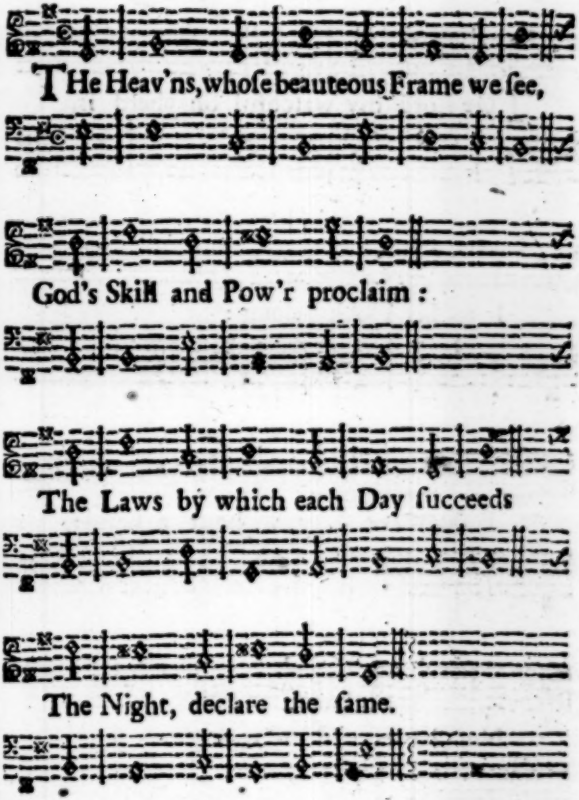
PSAL. XVI.

London Tune.



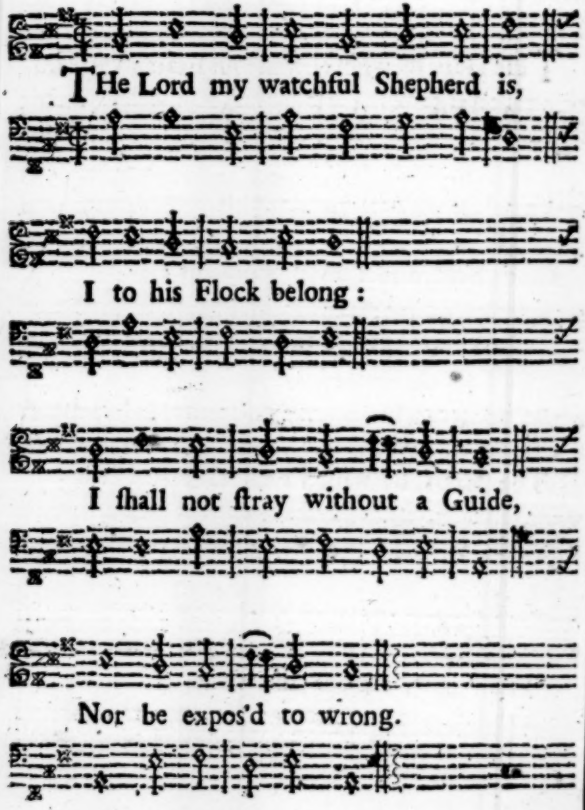
PSAL. XIX.

Martyrs Tune.



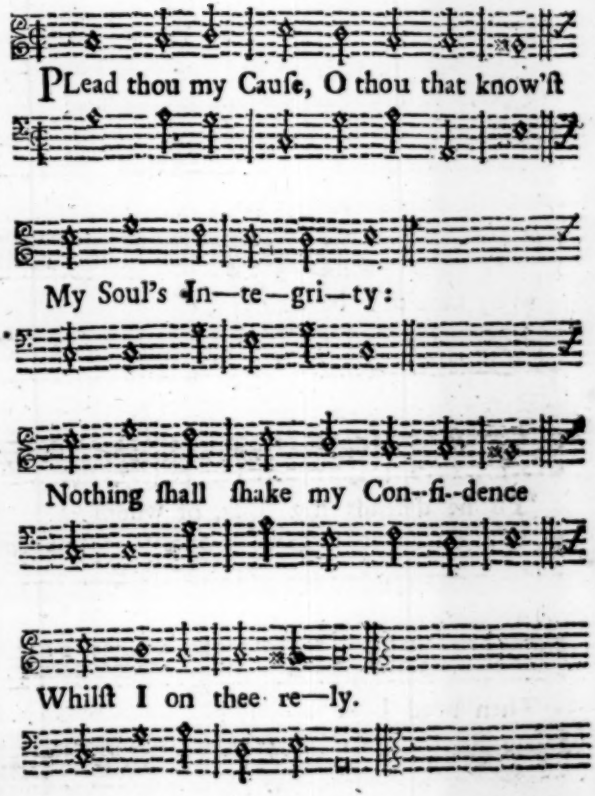
PSAL. XXIII. 2d Metre.

Canterbury Tune.



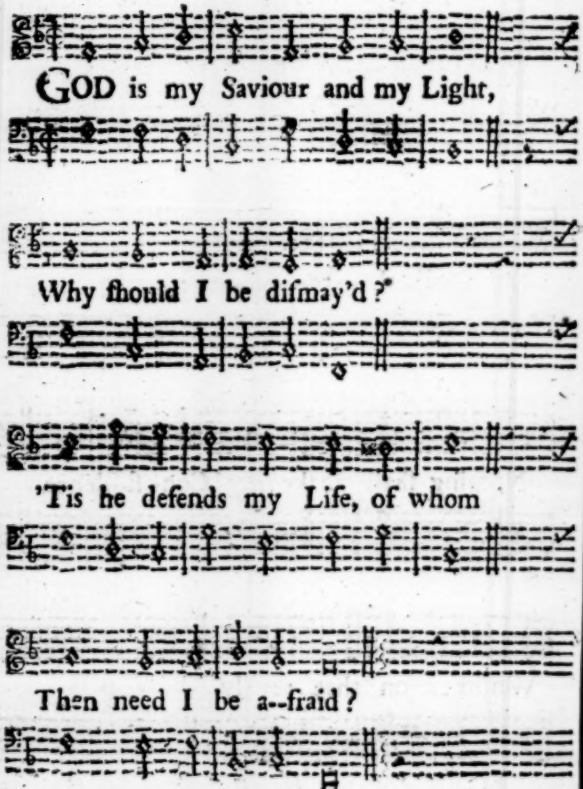
PSAL. XXVI.

Windſor Tune.



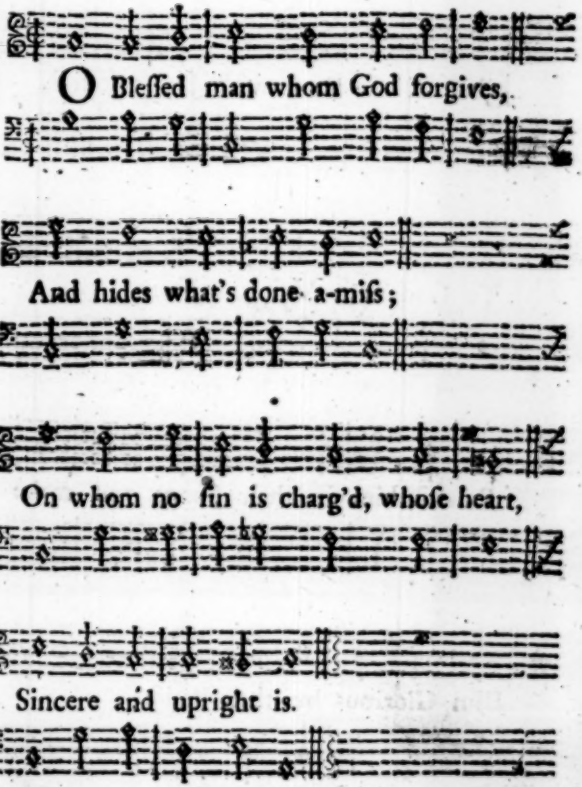
PSAL. XXVII.

Norwich Tune.



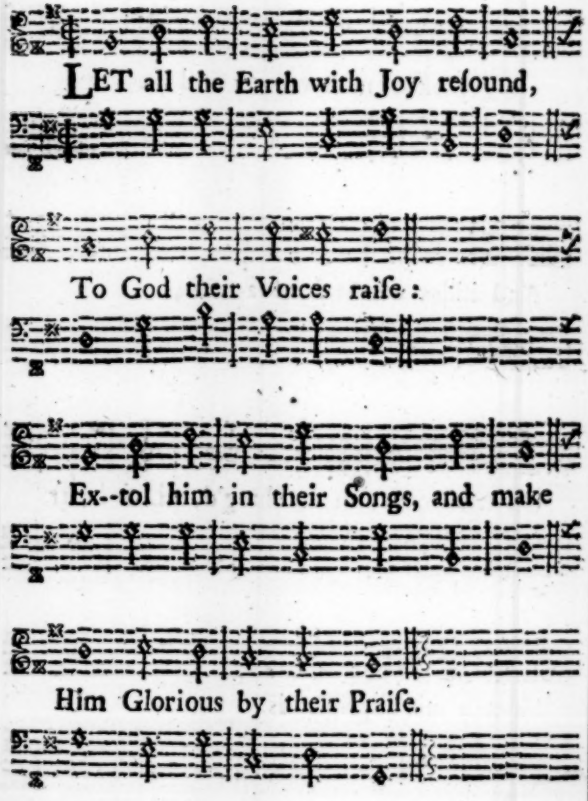
PSAL. XXXII. 2d Met.

Lichfield Tune.



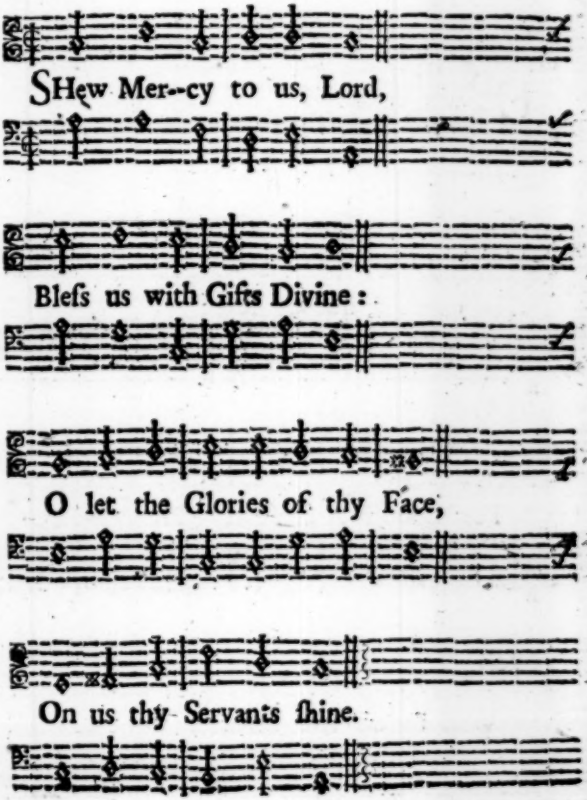
PSAL. LXVI.

York Tune.



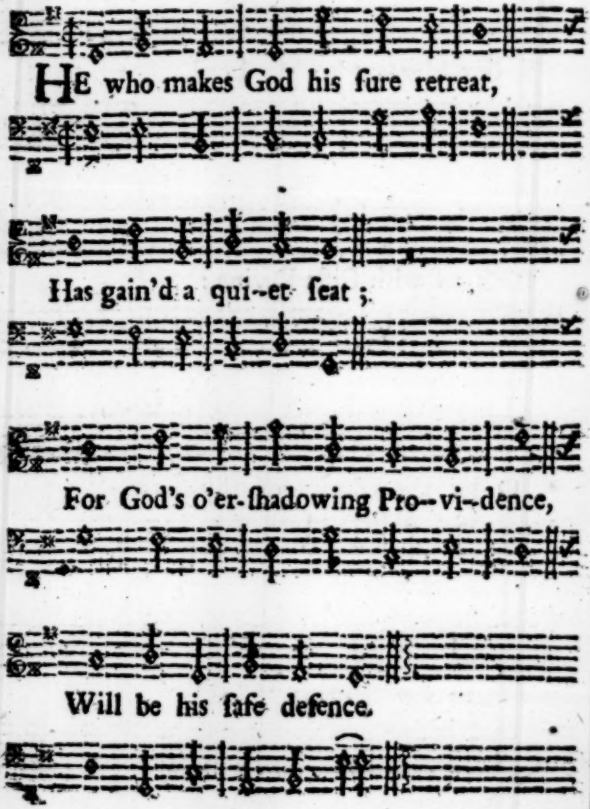
PSAL. LXVII.

Southwel Tune.



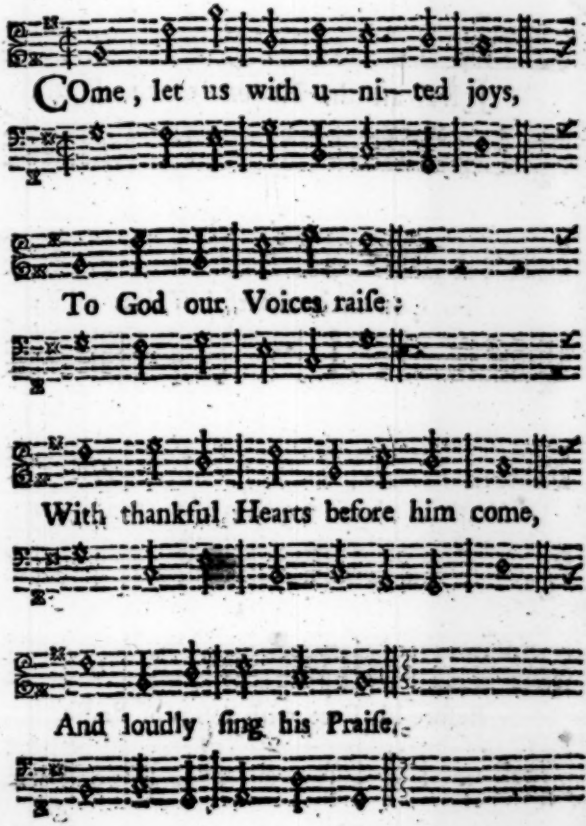
PSAL. XCI. 2d Met.

St. Mary's Tune.



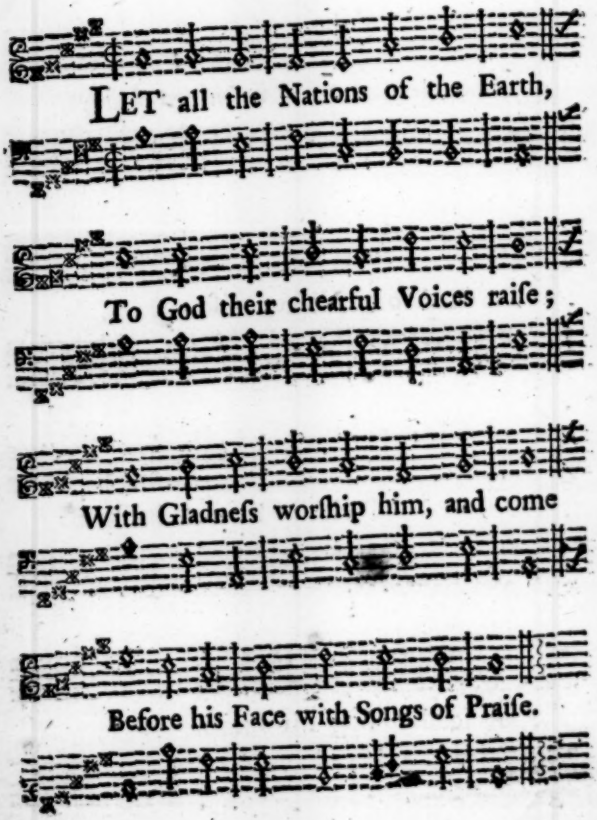
PSAL. XCV.

St. David's Tune.



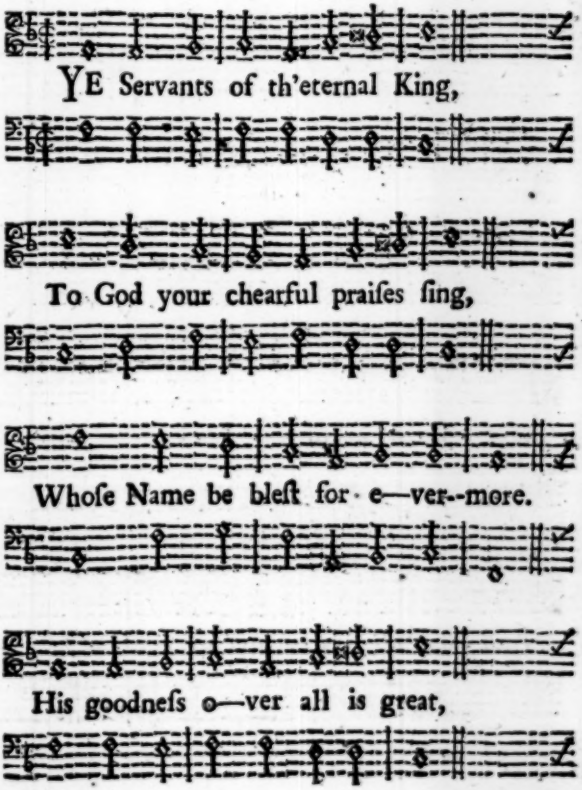
PSAL. C.

Proper Tune.



PSAL. CXIII.

Proper Tune.



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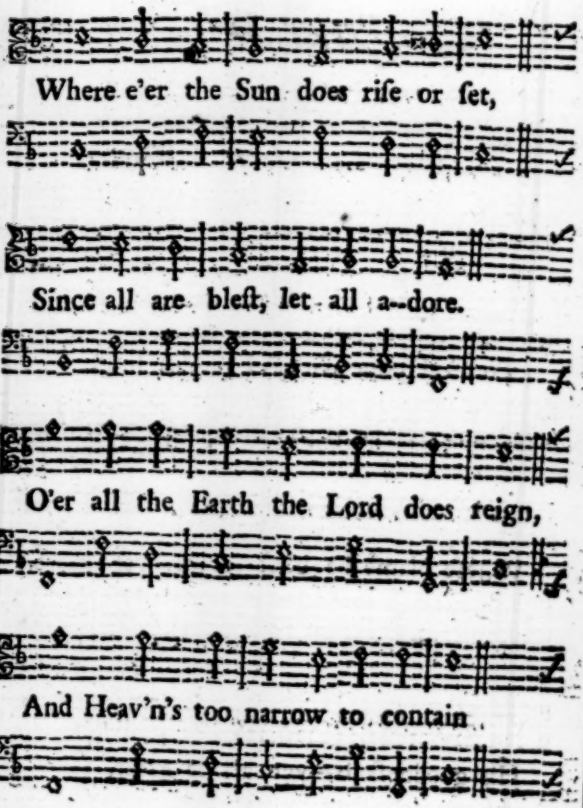
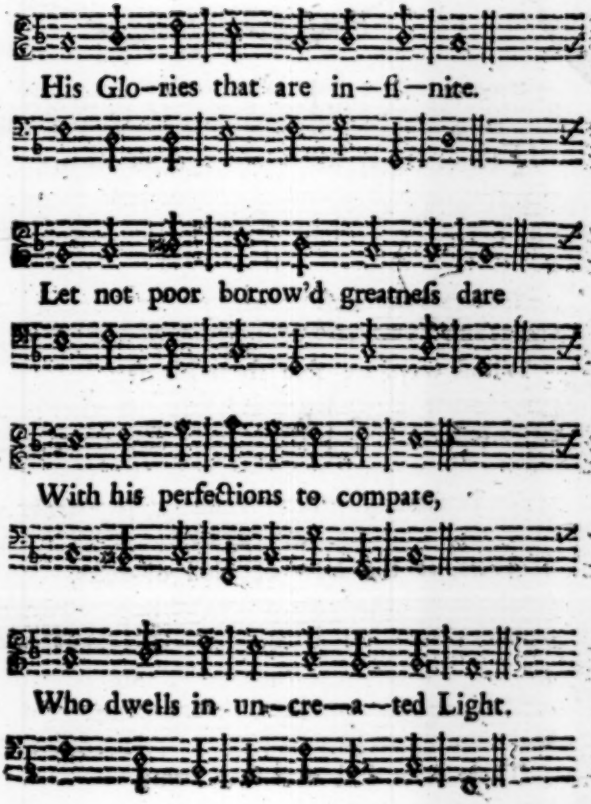
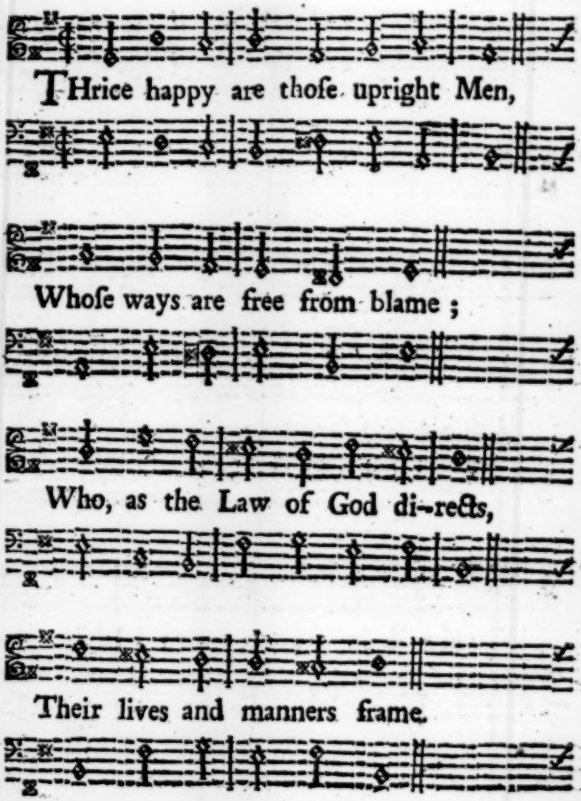


The ſame continu'd.



PSAL. CXIX.

Proper Tune.



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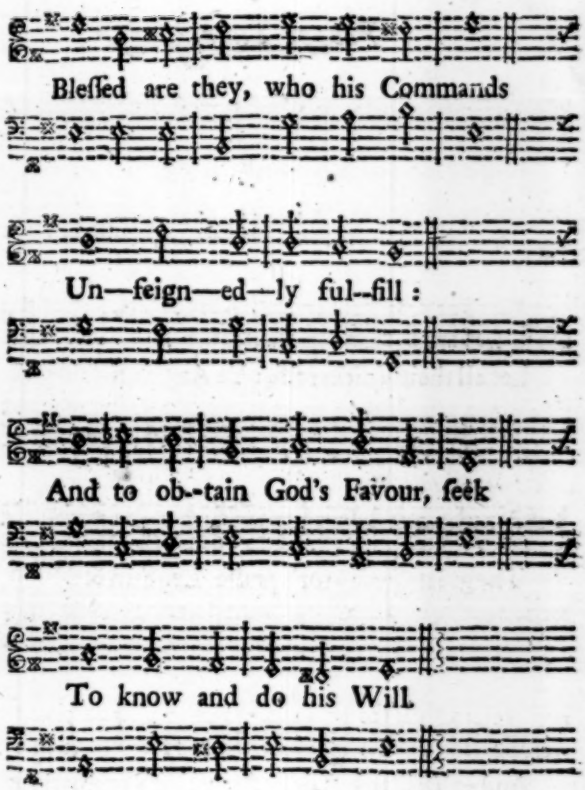
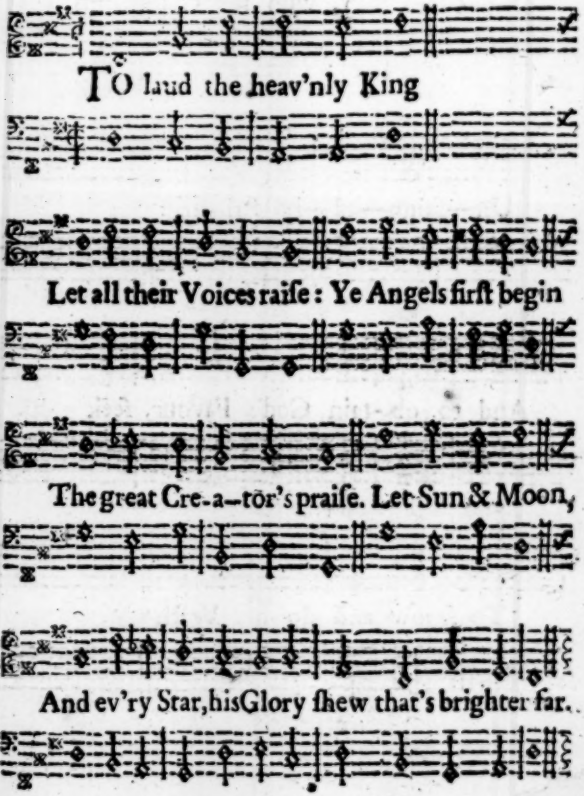


PSAL. CXLVIII.

Proper Tune.



The End of the Tunes.

Di-

Directions for the Singing of the Pſalms.

To Pſal. IV. or *Oxford Tune*, may be ſung, } Pſal. { 1, Second Metre. 2, 3.

To Pſal. XVI. or, *London Tune*, may be ſung } Pſal. { 5, 2d Met. 23, 2d M. 42, 2d Met. 57, 66, 100, 2d Met.

To Pſal. XIX. or, *Martyrs Tune*, may be ſung } Pſal. { 15, 2d Met. 34, 63, 92, 108, 118, 138.

To Pſal. XXIII. 2d Metre; or, *Canterbury Tune*, may be ſung } Pſal. { 12, 2d Met. 54, 56, 60, 64, 105, 146.

To Pſal. XXVI. or, *Windſor Tune*, may be ſung } Pſal. { 39, 2d Met. 90, 2d M. 120, 121, 123, 124, 128, 131, 141, 143, 150.

To Pſal. XXVII. or, *Norwich Tune*, may be ſung } Pſal. { 29, 2d Met. 75, 84, 86, 89, 117, 129.

To Pſal. XXXII. 2d Metre; or, *Lichfield Tune*, may be ſung } Pſal. { 11, 15, 16, 21, 22, 24.

To Pſal. LXVI. or, *York Tune*, may be ſung } Pſal. { 14, 2d Met. 19, 28, 65, 2d Met.

To

To Pſal. LXVII. or, *Southwel Tune*, may be ſung } Pſal. { 25, 53, 62, 70, 71.

To Pſal. XCI. 2d Metre; or, *St. Mary's Tune.* may be ſung } Pſal. { 8, 32, 2d Met. 94, 98, 102, 111, 142.

To Pſal. XCV. 2d Metre; or, *St. David's Tune.* may be ſung, } Pſal. { 43, Second Metre. 147, Second Metre.

To Pſal. C. *Proper Tune*, may be ſung } Pſal. { 1, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 12, 13, 14, 17, 18, 23, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 35, 37, 38, 39, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 48, 49, 51, 52, 55, 58, 59, 61, 65, 68, 69, 72, 73, 74, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 83, 87, 88, 90, 91, 93, 95, 96, 97, 99, 103, 104, 106, 107, 109, 110, 112, 115, 116, 122, 125, 126, 127, 130, 132. 133, 134. 137, 139, 140, 144, 145, 147, 149.

To Pſal. CXIII. or, *Proper Tune.* may be ſung } Pſal. { 20, 82, 85, 101, 114.

To Pſal. CXIX. or, *Proper Tune*, may be ſung } Pſal. { 26, 36, 40, 46, 47, 50.

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